PUBLISHED ON THE 22ND OF EACH MONTH.

THE ROYAL 3D. MAGAZINE

XMAS Nº

1898

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 3. VOL. I.—JANUARY, 1899.

Digitized by Google

3D. NET.

BODLEIAN
23 12 1 8
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

What Do We Live For, If Not To Make Life Less Difficult For Each Other.—GEORGE ELIOT

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.—WHITTIER.

Light When Thou Else Wert Blind!

SYMPATHY!—Strength When Life's Surges Rudest Roll.

Millais' Great Xmas Heart!

"Millais himself was occasionally induced to repeat the following anecdote, which is said by a personal friend to be new: I found myself (said the late P.R.A.) seated one evening at a rather grand dinner, next to a very pretty, gushing girl, to whom I had not been introduced. She fired into conversation directly she had finished her soup, and as it was May began it with the inevitable question, 'I suppose you've been to the Academy? I replied that I had. 'And did you notice the Millais? Didn't you think they were awful daubs? I can't imagine how such things ever get hung—I She was going on gaily in the same strain, while I sat silent, when suddenly the amused smiles of those around her and the significant hush brought her to a sudden *stop*. She coloured rather painfully, and whispered to me in a frightened voice, 'For Heaven's sake what have I done?. Have I said anything dreadful? Do tell me.' 'Not now,' I replied 'Eat your dinner in peace, and I'll tell you by-and-by.' She did so, rather miserably, vainly trying to extract from me at intervals what the matter was, and when the dessert came I filled up her glass with champagne, and told her to gulp it down very *quickly* when I counted three. She obeyed without protest, and I took the opportunity when she *couldn't speak*. *I grasped her hand and said, 'I am Millais, let's be friends.'*

MORAL:—*Never to blend our Pleasure or our Pride,*
With Sorrow of the Meanest Thing that Feels.—WORDSWORTH.

And such is Human Life—So Gliding On; It Glimmers like a Meteor, and is Gone!

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—"Did the world stand still or did the generation that is to be benefit very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world-famed 'FRUIT SALT.' *It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.* In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however arduously won or freshly gathered; and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this Magazine to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' *Residents in fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the tropics,* the *bon vivant* no less than the man to whom the recommendation, 'Eat and be merry,' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous."—*European Mail.*

ONLY TRUTH CAN GIVE TRUE REPUTATION. ONLY REALITY CAN BE OF REAL PROFIT.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE. WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a worthless imitation.*

PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

Digitized by Google

It speaks volumes for the excellence of the JOHN NOBLE Costumes, that although during the past quarter century, many firms in London and elsewhere have striven to imitate, none have succeeded in producing a garment which, in either make, material, style, or finish, was worthy to compare with

THE John Noble

HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

Promptly sent by Parcels Post direct from the largest Firm of Costumiers in the World.

PATTERNS sent POST FREE

To all who name the "ROYAL MAGAZINE," of the two durable cloths in which these Costumes are chiefly supplied.

1. John Noble Cheviot Serge, weighty and weather-resisting.

2. John Noble Costume Coating, smooth-surface, med. weight.

A Full Dress Length of either cloth (6 yards 52 inches wide) for **7/6**; carriage 8d.

Colours of all Costumes are Black, Navy, Electric, Brown, Ruby, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, Moss, Sage Green, and Purple.

The Three Sizes in Stock are 34, 36, and 38 in. round bust (under arms). Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 in. long in front. Any other sizes can be specially made to measure. 1/6 extra.

The New Winter Illustrated Dress and Drapery List, full of Wonderful Value in Ladies' and Children's Costumes, Dress Goods, Linens, Millinery, Window Curtains, &c., sent Post Free.

Model 999.

The Smart Bodice has a well-cut back and full front; saddle and wide skirt. Price carriage 6d. extra. **10/6** sleeves lined, full only 10/6 complete; Skirt only 5/6; carriage 5d.

GOOD FELT HAT

(as sketch), Black, Brown, Navy, or Grey, for **2/6** Carriage 4d.

Model 990.

A well-made and very carefully finished double-breasted Reefer Coat and Full Wide Skirt **10/6** complete, in the latest style. Price, 10/6 Carriage 6d. The Skirt alone for 5/6. Carriage 5d.

Jackets, Capes, Mantles, Waterproofs, House Linens, Millinery, Window Curtains, &c., sent Post Free.

SOFT FELT HAT, ☞ As sketch All Colours. **4 11** Postage 4d.

Model W1048.

The Countess Waterproof.—A stylish up-to-date garment, as sketch. Art check proofing. Guaranteed odourless. Bishop sleeves and two pockets. In Black, Blue, Brown, Light and Dark Fawn Paramattas, at 12/11. Carriage 5d. **12 11**

THE JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS

Made in strong Serge, with saddle top, full sleeves, and pocket.

21	24	27	30 in.
1 6	**2/-**	**2,6**	**3/-** each.

33	36	39	42 in.
3/6	**4/-**	**4/6**	**5/-** each.

Lengths are from top of neckband to edge of skirt in front. Carriage 4d. extra.

WOOLLEN KNITTED CAPS.

(As Sketch), **1/-** All shades.

Ladies can have these Costume designs or their own designs made up in any kind of dress fabric at very moderate cost.

A Box of 1,000 Patterns of Winter Dress Goods, including a fine selection of these Serges for which the house of JOHN NOBLE is famous, sent Post Free and LENT to select from.

MOURNING ORDERS EXECUTED IN TWELVE HOURS.

Bankers, "London & Midland Bank, Ltd."

Kindly name "ROYAL MAGAZINE" when writing to

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.

Brook Street Mills,

MANCHESTER.

Model 1016.

Stylish Blouse, Bodice, and neat Skirt. The Bodice is lined through, and made with prettily gathered front and shaped belt as sketch. Lengths from top of neck-band to bottom of Skirt in front—35, 38, 42, 46 inches. Prices 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, 9/11, each. Carriage 6d. Hat trimmed as sketch for 5/11. Carriage 4d. **6/11**

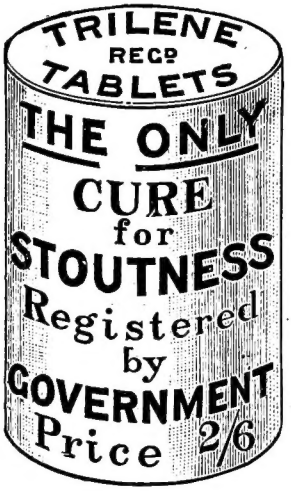
Digitized by Google

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

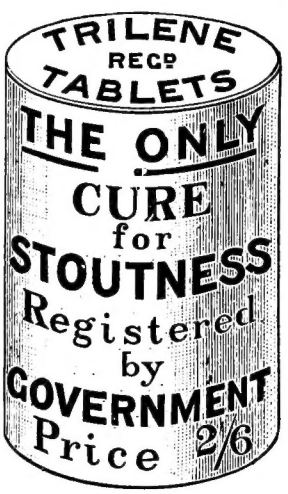


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. D. Burton, of Silverleigh, Tunbridge, writes: "I am very pleased with difference in size, my friends all tell me how much thinner I am getting."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs, says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

Mr. Butler, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.: I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mr. Claude Carter, of Thorn House, Johnstone, N.B., says: "Your Tablets reduced my weight. I waited to see if reduction proved permanent, and I am glad to find that it is so."

Miss Duggleby, 16, New Road, Driffield, writes: "The girl who took your Tablets is reduced about 2½st."

Miss McPherson, Balnagowan Lodge, Methuen, Perth, says: "I have taken one box, and am reduced 1st."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Miss B. McKenzie, of Greenhall, High Blantyre, N.B., says: "Am completely cured, being reduced 2st."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

Digitized by Google

We are old hands in the Cocoa industry. We grow Cocoa. We import Cocoa. We make Cocoa. We have always wished to excel. There are about 600,000 Cocoa Trees on Suchard's plantations. There are over 80 buildings used for making Suchard's Cocoa and Chocolate. We make more Cocoa and Chocolate to-day than we have ever made. Knowledge, experience, care and skill have made our reputation for high-class goods what it is, and secured the Highest Awards in Exhibitions.

OUR OFFER.

On receipt of a post card with your address and the name of this Magazine, to SUCHARD, 33, King William St., London, E.C., we will send you a sample of Suchard's Cocoa Free of Charge.

Hire Lists Gratis. Catalogues 6d. Post Free.

Apply to

RILEY BROS., Ltd.

55 & 57, Godwin Street,

BRADFORD.

Be Strong!

USE

PROF. J. SZALAY'S QUICK AND CERTAIN METHOD OF PHYSICAL CULTURE AT HOME.

Takes less time, and gives better results than any other. All the Champions use our

HOME TRAINERS

Weak, 8 6 Medium, 10 6 Strong, 12 6

Send Stamped Wrapper for Pamphlet and Testimonials to

J. SZALAY, 12, CULLUM STREET, E.C.

TRIAL BOTTLE FOR **6D.** **GREY HAIR**

TRIAL BOTTLE, PER POST 9D.

ALEXANDRE'S **SHADEINE**

Colours grey or faded hair, BLONDE LIGHT or DARK BROWN BLACK, AUBURN & GOLDEN It contains neither lead, silver sulphur, nor anything injurious

Guaranteed not to burn the hair produce an unnatural tint, but to be permanent, washable, free from grease or stickiness, and

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

A MEDICAL CERTIFICATE with every Bottle.

LARGE BOTTLE, 3/6. Post Free, 3 9
TRIAL " 6d. " 9d. } Secretly Packed.

N. M. ALEXANDRE, Hair Specialist. (Estab. 35 years.)

30, Westbourne Grove, London, W. (Paris Depot, 28, Rue de Chabrol.)

Digitized by Google

It's quite a HOME-MADE SOUP!

EDWARDS'

DESICCATED

SOUP

is made from Home-Grown Vegetables and Meat, and is a very Tasty Soup.

Made in 4 VARIETIES:
Brown, White, Tomato, Gravina.

Savoury Stews, hashes, and ragoûts are always welcome fare. These can be made to perfection from odds and ends that might otherwise be wasted, when Edwards' Desiccated Soup finds it proper place in a well-ordered kitchen. Thrifty housewives admit it to be a constant source of economy.

GRAVINA is a perfect gravy in itself without any addition, and is particularly suited for enriching gravies, sauces, stews, rissoles, ragoûts, minced collops, meat pies, hashes, etc.

You can get 1d. packets of Brown or White (Tomato 2d.), and Gravina in tins only, at 6d. and upwards, of any Grocer or Cornchandler.

Wholesale only:
Fredk. King & Co., Ltd.,
3, 4, 5 & 6 Camomile Street, London, E.C.

My Dear, **BUY IT!**

Digitized by Google

Never Fails.

Established
24 YEARS.

Have you a Cough?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

Have you a Cold?
A DOSE at BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

BE SURE YOU GET IT.

Try it also for
Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, Whooping-Cough.

Prepared by
W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull.
Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

A Most Acceptable Present.

An American DERBY Roll-Top Desk
IS THE ACME OF
STYLE, COMFORT, AND CONVENIENCE.

The DERBY Desk cannot be excelled; for the Office or Private Study it makes a life-long treasure. Suitable for Presentations or Xmas Gifts—always proves a lasting gratification. Satisfaction guaranteed. From **£7** upwards.

Elastic Bookcases, Solicitors' Tables, Tilting Chairs, Office Furniture, Filing Cabinets, Flat-top Desks, &c.

All goods of the Finest Quality, being the product of ample Capital, Inventive Genius, and Mechanical Skill.

Special Agents for the Celebrated **Blickensderfer £7 10s. Typewriter.**

FREE—Readers of 'Royal Magazine' can have one of our **Handsome Illustrated No. 90 Catalogues** free on Application.

Telephone 317 Holborn. *22 AWARDS.*

THOMAS TURNER (LEICESTER), LTD.,
44, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.;
23, Snow Hill, Birmingham; Newarke St., Leicester.

Allison's 'EGLINTON LEVER'

Price 30/- Post Free.

A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Cased Lever, jewelled in six holes, compensation balance, equal in appearance and time-keeping to a £5 5s. Watch. GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS.

Famed Silver HUNTING WATCH.

Price 15/- Post Free.

A really handsome and highly finished Watch, with strong solid Sterling Silver Cases. First-class timekeeper, and **guaranteed for five years.** Sizes to suit Lady or Gentleman. Ladies' size beautifully engraved in new style.

ALLISON & CO., *Jewellers,*
197 EGLINTON STREET, GLASGOW.
ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY.
Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

DON'T HAVE CORNS

Bunions, or Enlarged Toe Joints, when a packet of **THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER** will cure you. It is thin as silk, and removes the pain at once Post free, 14 stamps. Beware of imitations.

TONE UP

YOUR SYSTEM and ward off disease by taking **"NERVETONINE."**

It is a Positive Cure for All Nervous Diseases and Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains. Bottles, 1/9, 2/9 and 4/6, post free from—M. F. THOMPSON, *Homœopathic Chemist*, 17, GORDON STREET, GLASGOW

Ask for Thompson's "Guide to Health," free gratis.

I Beg Pardon! But do you clean your BRASS and METAL WORK with

NEEDHAM'S METAL POLISHING PASTE

There's nothing like it for quick, clean work. **No Acid in it.**

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS,
Sole Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD.

Given Away

Peach's LACE Curtains

21s DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS CARR. PAID **21s**
POPULAR PARCEL

LOT 825 contains one pair superb **Drawing-room Curtains,** choice rich lace, 4yds. long, 2½ds. wide; 2 pairs (alike) handsome **Dining-room Curtains,** 3½ yds. long 60in. wide; 1 pair neat fancy floral **Bedroom Curtains,** 3yds. long; length fine quality **Sash Curtaining,** to make 1 pair; 1 Guipure **Sideboard Cover,** 60in. long, fringed. All Curtains taped. Hem if desired. Sent carriage paid for **21/-** The most marvellous value ever offered.

GIVEN AWAY with each parcel: 6 **Lace Covers,** fringed, for dressing-table, one 45 in. long, and 5 smaller. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.

"The Young Ladies' Journal," says: "We can confidently recommend Peach's Curtains, having proved their wear for many years."

ESTABLISHED 1857. Prize Medals, Chicago, Toronto. Price List post free. **300** Illustrations of Lace, Frilled Edge, and Swiss Curtains, from 2/- to 60/- per pair. Madras Muslin Laces, &c. Lace Capes, Fichus, &c. Also Hosiery List. "Stand-Hard Wear" factory prices. *Lace Edged Roller Blinds any size, half usual cost. Est'mates and Patterns sent.*—**S. PEACH & SONS,** 1, Lister Gate, **Nottingham.**

Digitized by Google

A Big Hit for OGDEN'S 'GUINEA-GOLD' CIGARETTES

British made by British Labor.

Digitized by Google

"Infants fed on this Food are neither fretful nor wakeful"

Allen & Hanburys' Food.

"It is excellent in quality and flavour." —The Lancet.
"Very digestible, nutritious and palatable." —British Medical Journal.
"No better Food exists." —London Medical Record.

Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Food.

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS and the AGED.

FROM

A Lecture on Cocoa

BY

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

"A Cocoa Bean is a kind of Vegetable Egg, which contains all that is needed to build up a living body . . . . Cocoa is a combination of foods—of true foods in every sense of the term . . . . But see that you get a really good Cocoa. I should say use

FRY'S
PURE CONCENTRATED
COCOA

which is my IDEAL OF PERFECTION.

There is NO BETTER FOOD."

N.B.—Sold only in tins with gilt tops.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY AND PLATE, FRESH FROM THE FINISHERS' HANDS, SAVING 25 to 50 per cent.

Any quantity Supplied Post Free.

SAMPLES OF ANY OF THESE GOODS POST FREE ON APPROVAL

ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.

Full Size. Strong & Elegant. Hand-Engraved.

Half-dozen Supplied Post Paid.

To encourage Trade with Colonies first orders of £1 and up sent post free to Australia, South Africa, or Canada.

The *Christian Commonwealth*, 15th March, 1888, says: "We can honestly say we are surprised that such articles can be supplied at so small a cost. Table knives (6/- doz.) are both strong and handsome, and would be cheap at double the price. The same remark applies to the nickel silver."

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. Money returned or Goods exchanged if not approved. Cheques crossed "Sheffield Union Bank."

SHEFFIELD GOODS MANUFACTURING SUPPLY COMPANY, R Dept., Havelock Works, Young St., SHEFFIELD

Digitized by Google

Frog in your Throat

COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGE.

Chemists themselves take "Frog."

READ THIS!!

Messrs. J. PHILLIPS & SON, Chemists, NEWPORT, MON.:—"'Frog' sales perfectly astonish us. At first customers bought single boxes to try it, then, finding how good the 'Frog' is, frequently returned for three or four more boxes at a time. We are constantly receiving most gratifying testimonials about it from all classes. . . . The writer having a bad throat last week found the 'Frog' excellent, and as he used them, freely distributed them amongst friends and customers who came in."

At all Chemists, 7½d. and 1/1½ per Box.

THEY GIVE THE THROAT EASE AND REST!

BEDSTEADS *of Every Description for Institution or Domestic Use.*

Carriage Paid. Packed Free. Discount for Cash.

DIRECT FROM MANUFACTORY.

Bedding, Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c., &c.

Latest Designs & Improvements

Large Stock. Quick Delivery.

5 Years' Guarantee given. Best Value for Money in the Market.

Showrooms: **31, Albert Street.**

CHARLES RILEY, Albert St., Birmingham.

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

Please cut out for future reference & mention Magazine.

WANTED

EVERY YOUNG WOMAN and GIRL

TO READ THIS.

If you have paleness and want of colour of the complexion, cheeks, and lips, breathlessness, palpitation, nervousness, languor, low spirits, &c., you are suffering from ANÆMIA or bloodlessness.

MAYHATINE BLOOD PILLS

Quickly remove this condition, bring back the ruddy glow and blush of health to the pale sickly-looking face, and transform a delicate girl into a strong well-developed woman.

Many thousands of totally unsolicited Testimonials have been received from the United Kingdom, America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Egypt, The Transvaal, Cape of Good Hope, Turkey, and various parts of Europe.

Nicholl's Mayhatine Blood Pills (Regd.) **1/1½, 2/9, 4/6;** *of all Chemists Stores & Patent Medicine Vendors; or Post Free from*

Mr. NICHOLL, Pharm. Chemist, 25B, High St., Belfast

INSIST upon having your FURNITURE Upholstered in

"PANTASOTE"

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)

The BEST SUBSTITUTE for LEATHER.

Equal in appearance and wear at HALF THE PRICE!

WRITE for NEAREST AGENT to

WM. E. PECK & CO.,

(INCORPORATED)

8, BRADFORD AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

THE BEST BROWN BREAD IN THE WORLD!!

MANHU Regd.

Made from **MANHU** FLOUR, a happy medium between the impoverished white flour which is robbed of its best nutriment, and the now common Germ flour which is overloaded with offals from the white flour. No mixture can possibly be as useful as that of the constituents in wheat made by Nature. **MANHU** FLOUR is Nature's combination of all these constituents, and bread made from it is in reality the "staff of life."

It is a Whole Wheat Flour of superior quality, and makes the healthiest, quickest and largest quantity of Bread, with the least trouble, of any flour in use.

MADE BY ALL GOOD BAKERS FROM "MANHU" FLOUR.

MANUFACTURERS:—

IRVING, SON & JONES, LIVERPOOL.

London Office: 83, Charing Cross Road.

WHOLESALE PROVINCIAL AGENTS:—**WRIGHT, CROSSLEY & CO., LIVERPOOL; and at 60, ST. ENOCH SQUARE, GLASGOW.**

TEREZOL

Regd.

An Improved Preparation for

POLISHING FURNITURE.

Any sort of Furniture rubbed lightly with a few drops of

"TEREZOL"

upon a piece of flannel, and polished off with a cotton duster, will

REFLECT CREDIT

upon the household where it is used.

A FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE

will be sent to any lady kind enough to ask for one and willing to make a trial.

Also **TEREZOL CO.'S LIQUID PLATE POLISH,**

Absolutely Pure and free from Acid. Marvellous preparation. Large Bottles, **6d.** each.

Address: **"TEREZOL" Co., Ltd., Pendleton, Manchester.**

Digitized by Google

OVER SEVENTY YEARS' ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR

INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

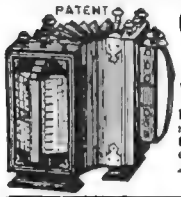
"This is an excellent Food admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons; and, being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., *Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

HAS FOR SOME TIME BEEN USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

A most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

Cheerful Winter Evenings.



CAMPBELL'S *Gold Medal* **MELODEONS**

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Sweet Bell Accompaniments. **No Home should be without one.** The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful Song, and the merry Dance, can all be played on these charming Instruments. *No Knowledge of Music required.* Used throughout the world

200,000 TESTIMONIALS.

Special Offer to the Readers of "THE ROYAL MAGAZINE."

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon	price only	6/9
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon	"	10/9
Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon	"	14/-
Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon	"	16/6

Cut out this and send P.O.O. for the amount.
Either sent carriage paid to any address in Great Britain & Ireland.

All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's New Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for Season 1889, now ready. 150,000 sent out yearly. Send 1d. Stamp to—CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate GLASGOW. *Est. 50 years.* BEWARE OF **WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.**

IN USE 70 YEARS

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR

THE GRAND OLD REMEDY FOR LUNG DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS and BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

Affords **great relief** *in* **Asthma** *and* **Chronic Bronchitis.**
Invaluable for **Hoarseness. Splendid** *for the* **Voice.**
Of all Patent Medicine Vendors, **1/1½, 2 9, 4 6, 11/-,** and **22/-**

NOT A PATENT MEDICINE.

250 doses for 4/6.

IF YOU SUFFER from any kind of Throat, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Blood, Skin, or Nervous Trouble or Weakness, and have not heard of the great NATURAL remedy VITÆ-ORE, send a postcard for a V-O Pamphlet,

V O

giving full particulars and ANALYSIS of this PURE NATURAL PRODUCT.

The most marvellous DISEASE DESTROYER ever discovered.

This Oxydised Magnetic Ore is soluble in water, and perfectly harmless under protracted use.

It is not a patent or quack medicine, but a pure unadulterated product of nature subjected to no artificial process or addition.

V-O can only be obtained from the specially appointed Agents, or post free for **4/6** *(enough for 250 doses), from the VITÆ-ORE CO, Ltd., 39F, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.* *Sample Bottle, 2/-.*

HEADACHE

If you suffer from headache, brain-fag, fatigue and exhaustion you will be glad to know of a cure which is prescribed by all doctors, which is absolutely safe to take, and which acts as an invigorating tonic to the tired and weary brain.

BISHOP'S CITRATE OF CAFFEINE

will speedily clear the brain and remove the most painful headache. It acts like a charm. See that each Label bears the Name of ALFRED BISHOP, and do not accept the worthless imitations often offered by dealers as being the same as BISHOP'S. A booklet on headache sent post free on application to **SPECKS FIELDS, 48 SPELMAN ST., LONDON, N.E.** Of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d. and 2/- per bottle.

CURED.

Digitized by Google

FIVE MILLION OXEN

have been used by the Liebig Company since their commencement at the South American Factories for the preparation of their **J. v. Liebig** extract; all reared in the most salubrious climate and under the most healthful conditions it is possible to imagine.

Note this Signature in BLUE on every Jar.

J. v. Liebig

AVOID INFERIOR SUBSTITUTES.

Liebig Company's Extract

GREENOCK KNITTING WOOLS

Direct from Makers.
No Middlemen's Profits.
Guaranteed Pure.

Many Qualities
in large assortment
of beautiful Colourings
suitable for
ALL KINDS OF KNITTING OR CROCHETING.

Samples (which need not be returned), with Knitting Instruction Book, free on application to—

Scotch Wool & Hosiery Stores
REGISTERED

FLEMING, REID & CO.,
(Proprietors)
The Worsted Mills, GREENOCK.
Central London Branch: 135, REGENT ST., W.
Branches in all the principal towns of England & Scotland.

PASS-WORD?

"DOCTORS SPECIAL"

Admitted . . Everywhere as the Medical Whisky . of . The World.

ROB^T Mc NISH & Co.
GLASGOW

Digitized by Google

THREE LITTLE MAIDS.

Three little maids went out one day,
Out in the rain—the deuce to pay—
Caught bad colds, as I've heard say,
Three little maids had coughs.

Playing and dancing all are done,
No more parties, no more fun;
Life is a choke that's just begun,
Three little maids with coughs.

One little maid in a fit of sneezing,
Nose all red, the reverse of pleasing,
Given to any amount of wheezing,
Three little maids with coughs.

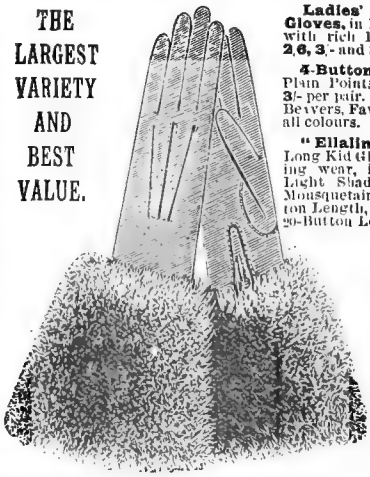
One little maid had a cold in her head,
What can be "horrider"? more ill-bred;
Two little maids retired to their bed,
Three little maids with coughs.

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES cured all three,
Made them as well as well could be,
Sure to cure *you*, and safe to cure *me*,
Whenever we get bad coughs.

If you cough take Géraudel's Pastilles

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S

THE LARGEST VARIETY AND BEST VALUE.



Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves, in Black or Brown, with rich Fur Tops, **1/11, 2/6, 3/-** and **3/6** per pair.

4-Button Real Kid, Plain Points, **2/4, 2/8** and **3/-** per pair. In Black, Tans, Beavers, Fawns, Greys and all colours.

"Ellaline" Quality.—Long Kid Gloves for Evening wear, in White and Light Shades; 12 Button Mousquetaire, **2/11**; 16-Button Length, **3/11** per pair; 20-Button Length, **4/11** per pair.

"Merveille" Quality Suède.—12-Button Length Mousquetaire, **1/9**; 16-Button Length, **1/11**; 20-Button Length, **2/3** per pair. In White, Cream, Biscuit, Tan, and all Light Colours.

Gentlemen's and Children's Gloves of every description at equally moderate prices.

Postal and Post Office Orders to be made payable to The London Glove Company, at the General Post Office.

Send Post Card for Price List of Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, and Fans, Free by Post.

Sole Addresses:

45a, Cheapside, London, E.C., & 83, NEW BOND ST., W.

WIRE CYCLE SADDLE.

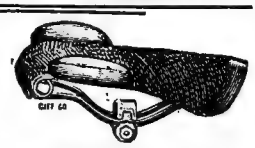
WOODS' PATENT.

An Ideal Saddle for Lady or Gentleman.

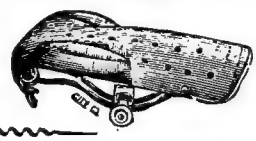
NO MORE CHAFING.

Saddle Soreness Entirely Prevented.

ONE MONTH'S TRIAL ALLOWED.



Fitted with Leather Cover.



WOODS' PATENT GALVANISED

STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES AND BEDSTEADS

Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

Guaranteed for Five Years.

EXHIBITED CARRYING ONE ..... TON .. at .

Liverpool, Manchester, and other Exhibitions.

Catalogues and Prices free on application to the

LONGFORD WIRE CO., Ltd., WARRINGTON.

London Office:
61, ST. MARY AXE, E.C.

Liverpool Show Rooms:
159, DUKE STREET.

Please mention this Magazine.

GOLD MEDAL
Folding Chairs and Suites.
IN BROCATELLE, SILK, VELVETS, OR SADDLEBAGS.
BEST QUALITY WORKMANSHIP.
SUPERIOR DESIGNS. EXCEPTIONAL VALUE
Marsh & Eland,
380-6, EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W.
LIST SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

To ASTHMA Sufferers.

Immediate relief in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough is gained by the use of

POTTER'S DATURA ASTHMA CURE.

Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at **1/-** each. Free Sample sent on receipt of Post Card to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, London, E.

R WYLIE HILL & CO.'S "SAFETY"

Hot Water Bottles

Made of best quality Para Rubber and Patent Safety Stopper with valve to allow steam to escape when filling.

Hundreds of Testimonials.

Size 10 in. × 8 in. .. price **4/6**
„ 12 in. × 8 in. .. „ **5/3**
„ 12 in. × 10 in. .. „ **6/9**
„ 14 in × 10 in. .. „ **7/9**

EXTRA LARGE.

Size 16 in. × 12 in. .. price **9/11**

Felt Covers, any size, **1/6.**

Delivered Free by Post on receipt of Remittance.

R. WYLIE HILL & CO.,
20, Buchanan St., GLASGOW.

Google

Made entirely of White Absorbent Wool.

Southalls' "Sanitary Towels"

ABSORBENT ANTISEPTIC. (IMPROVED).

1/-, 1/6, & 2/- per doz.

FREE SAMPLE on application to the Lady Manager, 17, Bull St., Birmingham.

ALSO A CHEAPER MAKE AT 6d. PER DOZEN.

Superior to any Halfpenny "Towel" on the market.

Mixed Sample packets (three of Size 0, one each 1, 2, & 4) post free from the Lady Manager for 8 stamps.

Sold by all Drapers, Outfitters, and Chemists throughout the world.

GOODS ONLY.

London and Paris Direct

(From any part of England to any part of France),

WITHOUT TRANSHIPMENT.

Address— THROUGH RATES.

BURNETT'S, 14, MINCING LANE, LONDON, E.C.

INDIGESTION

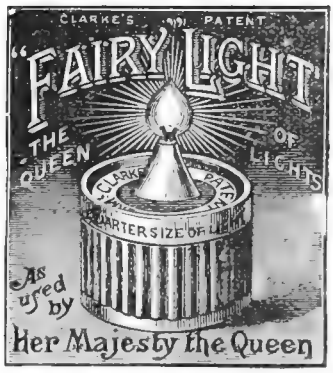
Shown by Pain after Eating, Flatulence, Heaviness, Disinclination for Work, Depression of Spirits, Nervousness, and Sleeplessness, may be prevented or removed by using at table a saltspoonful of the Natural Digestive

PEPSALIA

From Chemists and Grocers, 1/- and 2/-

FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

CLARKE'S "FAIRY" & "PYRAMID" LIGHTS

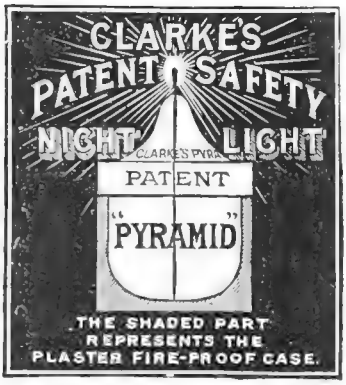


"FAIRY" LIGHT.

With double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each.

To burn 6 hours, 10 Lights and Glass in box.

CLARKE'S "Pyramid" Nursery Lamp FOOD WARMER.



In Patent Fireproof Plaster Casing.

"PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Single Wicks, burns 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 Lights.

To burn 6 hours 12 Lights in Box.

2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

N.B.—There is no paraffin or other dangerous material used in the manufacture of any of the above Lights, which are the only Lights which can safely be burnt in Lamps.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID AND FAIRY LIGHT CO., Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

Digitized by Google

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

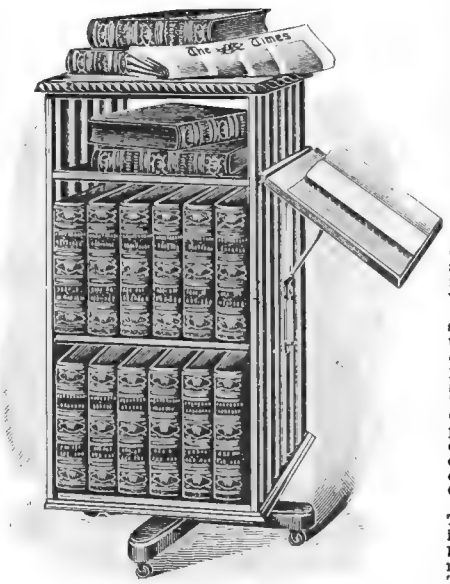
The Greatest Work In the World.

The Celebrated Ninth Edition at Half Price.

FOR EIGHTPENCE A DAY.

THE Ninth Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is the most wonderful work yet produced in the English language. It not only cost more than any other (upwards of £200,000), but its various articles and treatises, whether upon history, science, industry, the fine arts, or other of the vast range of subjects treated under its 16,000 separate headings, were written, not by hacks but by the most distinguished specialists in every field. Its 1,100 contributors included men of the type of Lord Kelvin, Matthew Arnold, John Morley, Robert Louis Stevenson, James Bryce, Prof. Max-Muller, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Lord Rayleigh, Dean Farrar, Lord Macaulay, Sir Batty Tuke, the poet Swinburne, Sir Norman Lockyer, Sir Wm. Crookes and Prof. Huxley. Completed nearly ten years ago, the "Encyclopædia Britannica" at once assumed its position as the highest authority among English speaking people.

This splendid reference library—it is far more than a mere encyclopædia—is now to be had at a reduction of more than 50 per cent. from the publisher's former price. Hitherto the cost of the cheapest binding, that in cloth, has been £37. This same binding may now be had for but £16. "The Times" in issuing this reprint of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has adopted the method of dealing with the public direct, and it is this method which has enabled it to cut the price to less than half the publisher's former figure.



Furthermore, "The Times" offers to those who desire it the easy little-at-a-time payment plan under which the purchaser of the "Encyclopædia" actually involves an outlay of but eightpence a day.

All that is necessary is to sign the Order Form printed below, and enclose this with a single guinea to the Manager of "The Times." The complete work, *the entire twenty-five volumes*, delivered all at one time, is then promptly forwarded to the subscriber. Thereafter he has to pay but a guinea each month, no matter which style of binding he selects, until his payments are complete. In other words, he has the use and profit and enjoyment of the work, while he is paying for it in this comfortable way.

The handsome Revolving Bookcase, shown in the cut, is to be had for three additional payments to be made *after* the payments for the "Encyclopædia" itself are completed. A single guinea paid now may secure both the "Encyclopædia" and the Bookcase. Of course if the subscriber wishes to pay for the work all at once he may do so, and thus effect a further saving of a shilling in the guinea. In this case it is not necessary to sign the Order Form.

Such an offer as that made by "The Times" has never before been known in the history of English bookselling; but it cannot remain open long, as the number of sets for which "The Times" has arranged is limited and these sets are being taken rapidly.

TEMPORARY PRICES FOR THE 25 VOLUMES.

☛ *Sufficient provision will be made for the filling of Orders promptly posted, either from the United Kingdom or the Colonies; but applicants who hesitate may find that the offer has been withdrawn, or the prices increased, without further notice.*

MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

[**ONE GUINEA** *is to be sent with Order: nothing more to be paid until the 25 volumes have been delivered, all at one time, to the purchaser.*]

CLOTH BINDING, 16 Monthly Payments of **ONE GUINEA** each or with Bookcase, **19** Monthly Payments of **ONE GUINEA** each.

HALF MOROCCO BINDING (*which we recommend*), **20** Monthly Payments of **ONE GUINEA** each, or with the Bookcase, **23** Monthly Payments of **ONE GUINEA** each.

FULL MOROCCO BINDING (*the very best binding*), **27** Monthly Payments of **ONE GUINEA** each, or with the Bookcase, **30** Monthly Payments of **ONE GUINEA** each.

NOTE.—If the Purchaser sends a cheque for the full amount at the cash prices: £16 for the Cloth Binding, £20 for the Half Morocco Binding, £27 for the Full Morocco Binding, he will effect a saving of One Shilling in the Guinea, and no Order Form need be used. All Cheques should be drawn to Order of H. E. HOOPER. The Form which follows is for the use of purchasers who prefer to make monthly payments.

[The Cloth binding is of the same quality as that sold by the publishers at £37, and is as strong as a cloth binding can be. But it can be recommended only to purchasers who feel obliged to take the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA in that form or not at all. The size and weight of the volumes, and the permanent value of the work, alike call for a solid Half Morocco binding; and if the price of the Full Morocco is within the purchaser's means, it makes a splendid addition to the equipment of a handsome house.]

MONTHLY PAYMENTS.—ORDER FORM.

[Date] 18

All Cheques should be drawn to Order of H. E. HOOPER.

THE MANAGER, "THE TIMES," PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

I enclose One Guinea. Please send me *Times* Reprint of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA {Cloth, price 16 guineas, / Half Morocco, price 20 guineas, / Full Morocco, price 27 guineas} bound in {*Strike out two of these lines*} the balance of which sum I agree to pay you, or anyone you appoint, at the rate of one guinea a month; my next payment upon delivery of the complete 25 volumes, and my succeeding payments on the corresponding day of each month following. Until such payments are complete, I engage that the volumes, not being my property, shall not be disposed of by sale or otherwise. I further agree that, if owing to unforeseen circumstances, of which you shall be the judge, the volumes cannot be delivered, the return of the deposit of One Guinea to me shall cancel this agreement.

Please also send a **Revolving Bookcase**, for which I agree to make three further monthly payments of One Guinea each, after the payments for the book are completed. {*Strike out if Bookcase not desired.*}

[*Signed*] .....

[*Address*] .....

Orders from Abroad should be accompanied by Cash Payment in full, in order to avoid the expense and complication of repeated foreign remittances.

Please address the package to .....

If books are to be delivered beyond London postal district, the purchaser should add here the name of the railway company or shipping agent in London to whom delivery is to be made. Beyond the London postal district, carriage will be at subscriber's cost. } .....

A Table of the Principal Contents of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and a Pamphlet containing Specimen Pages, Coloured Plates, and Brief Extracts from the Work, will be sent, Post Free, upon application to the Publisher of "The Times." The name of this Magazine should be stated in the application.

RESIDENTS of the West-End who cannot conveniently visit "The Times" Office may examine, at the establishment of Messrs. Chappell & Co., Pianoforte Manufacturers, No. 50 New Bond-street, Specimen Volumes of "The Times" Reprint of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. A sample of the Revolving Bookcase may be seen, and Orders for the Volumes and the Bookcases may be given, at that address.

Google

☛ DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS!

PREPARE for the Winter ☚ NO SMOKE! NO SMELL! NO DIRT! NO TROUBLE!

by obtaining a Petroleum

OIL WARMING STOVE.

PORTABLE, CLEANLY and POWERFUL.

The most Effective and Powerful Oil Stove on the Market.

The Largest Variety in the World to select from, and at

PRICES TO SUIT ALL,

from

3/6 to £9.

SOLD BY ALL IRONMONGERS.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF WARMING and COOKING STOVES, and every description of Lamps, Lanterns, and County Council Vehicle Lamps.

☛ *Write for New* ☚

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES

of Latest Designs, just out.

Upwards of One Million of our Stoves in actual and successful use at the present time in all parts of the World!

LIGHTED and EXTINGUISHED in a moment.

The result of 25 years' experience.

Illustrated Catalogue Free,

from—

"Rippingille's" ALBION LAMP CO., Ltd.,

(The ORIGINAL "Rippingille" Firm. Established 1872.) **ASTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.**

London Depot: 65, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Contractors to H.M. War Office, India Office, &c.

"THE NIMBLE 9D."

GREAT REDUCTION in price to 9d. per lb. in order to reduce stock, but

QUALITY GOOD AS EVER.

NEARLY 100,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD

TO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

NEWHAM'S LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS

THESE BEDS are warranted doubly purified, dusted and perfected in our own extensive factory at Boston, Lincs., made in strong linen bordered tick. The quality, softness, and purity of every bed guaranteed. These beds ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION, and many thousands of purchasers have sent us flattering testimonials and other orders for beds. Note following prices, *which are 25 per cent. less than our recently advertised prices.*

No. 1—Single Bed, Bolster and Pillow, 6ft. 3ins. by 3ft. 6ins. weighing 40 lbs. ... **30/-**

No. 2—Double Bed Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. 6ins., weighing 50lbs. ... **37/6**

No. 3—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. 6ins., weighing 55lbs. ... **41/3**

No. 4—Extra Size Bed, Bolster and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 5ft., weighing 65lbs. **48/9**

Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., *Carriage Paid* to any station in the United Kingdom. FEATHERS ONLY **9d.** PER LB. Tue trade supplied. All orders must be accompanied by cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days). Send for samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., which will be sent *Post Free*, and need not be returned. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

Please mention this Magazine.

R. M. NEWHAM & CO., *Boston, Lincolnshire.*

SALUTARIS

THE MOST VALUABLE TABLE WATER IN THE WORLD.

A SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT FREE ON RECEIPT OF 1d. STAMP.

SOLD BY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, &c., EVERYWHERE

In QUARTS, PINTS, NIPS (¼ Bottle) and SYPHONS

SALUTARIS WATER Co

236 FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

Digitized by Google

FOR INDIGESTION

"Bermaline" BREAD.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING BAKERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:—"This Bread should be eaten by all who are in any way affected by digestive ailments."

OSBORNE BAUER & CHEESEMAN'S

WINTER SOAP

"GLYMIEL SOAP"

DELICATELY PERFUMED.

Possessing all the properties of the World-Renowned

"GLYCERINE AND HONEY JELLY."

"*Glymi-I*" PREVENTS CHAPS

SOFTENS THE SKIN.

Price 6d., or 3 Tablets in box, 1 6

Sample Tablet (post free) 6 stamps

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN,

Perfumers to the Queen,

19, Golden Sq., Regent St., London.

FOR SKIN DISEASES.

DR. ROBERTS

POOR MAN'S FRIEND OINTMENT

Particularly recommended for removing all unsightly **Blotches, Pimples, Chilblains** (broken or unbroken), &c. It has over **100** years' reputation for **CHRONIC SKIN DISEASES, Ulcerated Legs, Hæmorrhoids, Fistula,** and all long standing and painful wounds.

DR. ROBERTS' ALTERATIVE PILLS

For all Impurities of the Blood.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½ & 2/9 each, or post free for Stamps from

SOLE MAKERS: BEACH & BARNICOTT, LTD., BRIDPORT.

GET RID OF THAT COLD.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S

Catarrh-Cure

SMELLING BOTTLE

Will immediately Cure it. INFLUENZA, CATARRH, COLD IN THE HEAD, NERVOUS HEADACHE, HAY FEVER, and NEURALGIA in the Head are at once relieved and effectually cured by it. Is the best remedy for FAINTNESS and DIZZINESS.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

PRICE ONE SHILLING

If unable to obtain at your Chemist, do not be put off with worthless imitations, but send 14 stamps and it will be sent post free from Sole Proprietors—

Mackenzie's Cure Depot, Reading.

YES SIXTY GLASSES OF DELICIOUS NON-INTOXICATING WINE CAN BE MADE INSTANTLY FROM A SIXPENNY BOTTLE OF

MASON'S WINE ESSENCES.

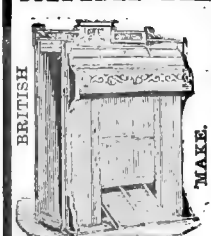
MASON'S GINGER WINE ESSENCE.

A Sixpenny Bottle will, in six minutes, make sixty glasses of Delicious Non-Alcoholic Wine. Also try **Mason's Extract of Herbs** and **Mason's Coffee Essence.** Sample Bottle of either, sent post FREE, 9d. Two, assorted, 1s. 3d.; Three, assorted, 1s. 8d.

Agents Wanted.

NEWBALL & MASON, Nottingham.

MAXFIELD (Worked by Hand or Motor) AUTOMATIC ORGANS & ORGANETTES



MAKE.

Giving great satisfaction and pleasure everywhere. Anyone can play them.

Prices 25s. to £9 10s.

Special Discount for Cash to Customers mentioning this Magazine. Music from 3d. per Tune. Will play every description of music with accuracy and refinement. Gives more pleasure in one week than a 30-guinea piano would in 12 months.

Send for Lists and Testimonials.

CARRIAGE PAID. FREE TRIAL. EASY TERMS

Best value now in the market.

ESTAB. 1850.

Manufctrs. by appointment to T.R.H. Prince & Princess of Wales.

Offices—326w, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

Boys and Girls can get a nickel-plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, for selling 1½ dozen packages of Bluine at fivepence each. Send your full address, including name of county, by return mail, and we will forward the Bluine, post paid, and a large premium list. No money required.

BLUINE CO., Dept. K, 241, Gipsy Rd., West Norwood, S.E.

Digitized by Google

3

The great and ever increasing popularity of Schweitzer's Cocoatina, popularly known as the *ROYAL COCOA,* may be ascribed, amongst others, to the following reasons:

I.—SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA is a Pure Cocoa, made from the finest beans obtainable, and the choicest of the world's markets. Before the initial stages of manufacturing are commenced these are carefully inspected, and ONLY THOSE in sound condition are used.

II.—In the process of manufacture all the valuable properties natural to Cocoa are preserved intact, thus rendering Cocoatina absolutely full of nourishing and strengthening properties, and any so-called beneficial admixture would only lessen its value.

III.—By an unique process of manufacture, the valuable PHOSPHATES—of vital importance to children—are rendered perfectly soluble and assimilative to the weakest digestive organs, so much so that children using it regularly become perfectly supplied with RED BLOOD corpuscles, and are independent of unpalatable and digestive-disturbing chemical tonics.

3

These three instances will show that this "truly great Cocoa" is the favourite cup in the Palace, and amongst celebrated Scientists:

I.—"THE QUEEN has a cup of Schweitzer's Cocoatina brought to her at 7.30 a.m., and two hours later uses the same beverage at the breakfast table."—*Society.*

II.—*Telegram from St. Petersburg:*—"Send immediately to office of Marshal, Imperial Court, Petersburg Winter Palace, 20 half-pound tins Schweitzer's Cocoatina—Colonel Anitschkoff."

III.—That eminent practitioner the late Sir Andrew Clark's invariable advice was: "Let the patient have Schweitzer's Cocoatina, if you please."

Canfield Dress Shields

are indispensable in every lady's waist, and are especially necessary in bicycling, golf and other athletics

RELIABLE, WATERPROOF, SOFT AS KID, EASILY WASHED.

For sale everywhere.

CANFIELD RUBBER Co.,
WM. E. PECK & CO. (INCORPORATED)
Sole Agents,
8, Bradford Avenue
London, E.C.

TRADE MARK
Canfield
Trade-Mark on every Shield.

KEATING'S LOZENGES

THERE IS NO BETTER REMEDY IN THE WHOLE WORLD FOR ALL COUGH AND THROAT TROUBLES THAN KEATING'S LOZENGES. ONE GIVES RELIEF. THEY WILL CURE, AND THEY WILL NOT INJURE YOUR HEALTH. THEY CONTAIN ONLY THE PUREST DRUGS.

Sold everywhere in 1/1½ Tins.

IF YOU WEAR
P.S. Corsets
TRADE MARK
YOU FEEL a better woman
YOU LOOK a better woman
YOU ARE a better woman
ASK YOUR DRAPER FOR THEM
Illustrated Catalogue Free from
W. PRETTY & SON, IPSWICH.

Google

WATCH BUYERS PLEASE NOTE

THAT

Henry E. Peck's PIONEER Lever Watch

as shown, is the most marvellous Watch ever offered to the public.

It can only be bought from Henry E. Peck.

Read carefully the description underneath. You will see every point as described faithfully. There,

I COURT EXPERT CRITICISM.

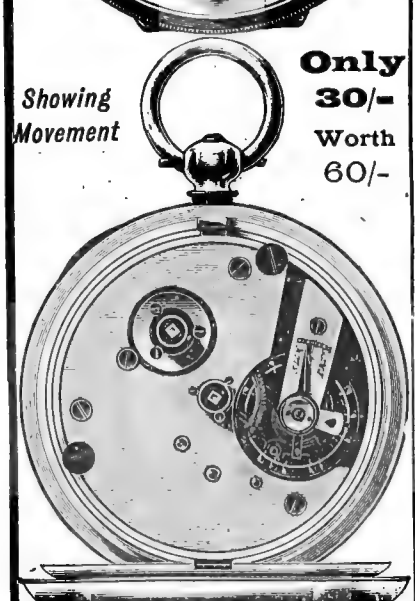
It cannot be bought at any other Shop.

Showing Dial.

Only 30/- Worth 60/-

Showing Movement

Only 30/- Worth 60/-



Don't listen to the Watch jobber, who tells you he has a watch just as good, which only means that he wants you to buy something which possibly his grandfather had in stock, something very inferior, and could not possibly compare with the **Pioneer Lever** if you gave **£5 5s.** for it.

The "PIONEER" WATCH

Gent's Solid Silver Hall-marked Cases, crystal glass, three-quarter plate movement. Properly adjusted.

Patent Lever, straight line escapement, compensation balance, jewelled in 15 actions, visible ruby pallets, hard white enamel dial, sunk seconds.

Interchangeable movements made on the one gauge system. Hardened and tempered hair-spring. Dust-protecting rim caps. Timed and fit for pocket. No delay whatever.

H. E. PECK, 71, Ludgate Hill, LONDON. **Only 30/-** Worth 60/- **Keyless, 35/-** **H. E. PECK, 71, Ludgate Hill, LONDON.**

ONE OR TWO OTHER POINTS.

One Month's Free Trial.

A 60/- Watch for 30/-

I guarantee it to last a lifetime. Five years' warranty. Money refunded if not more than satisfied.

***PLEASE NOTE.*—I rely upon you to submit this bargain Watch to all your friends, thus helping me to enhance sales, as the infinitesimally small profit received by me for the "*Pioneer*" Lever necessitates my selling immense quantities.**

ALSO SPECIALLY NOTE.

I Stock a very fine range of Ladies' Watches and Jewellery.

SEND CASH. We send Watch next Post. No delay. Always in Stock.

MY handsome Catalogue of every description of Watches, Jewellery, Electro Plate, Cutlery, Clocks, &c., &c., is printed and published and waiting for YOU. SEND FOR IT AT ONCE. Post Card will do. All goods sent subject to customer's approval, and may be returned and money refunded if not thoroughly satisfactory.

HENRY E. PECK,

Lever Watch Manufacturer,

71, LUDGATE HILL, AND LUDGATE ARCADE, LONDON, E.C.

Post Office Orders to H. E. PECK, General Post Office, London.

Google

THE DOCTOR.

DR. T. H. SMITH, Royal Colonial Institute, Northumberland Avenue, W.C., writes: "I have much pleasure in testifying to the superior qualities of your Vi-Cocoa over any similar preparation in the market. I do this willingly and unsolicited, as I consider it a great boon to the public. I have personally experimented with the cocoas in the market, and find that the great drawback to all of them was the slow process of digestion and assimilation. Vi-Cocoa also accelerates the digestion of other foods that are taken with it. This I have personally tested, and can, therefore, speak from actual experience. Its wonderful recuperative power after exhaustion from fatigue is marvellous."

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa has positively popularised cocoa as a beverage; many people who never could make a habit of cocoa-drinking, and only took a cup on a rare occasion, are now regular drinkers of Vi-Cocoa. Its praises are sounded on every hand, and tradesmen unanimously testify to its growing sales, and the continual demand for the wonderful food-beverage, which form, even to the veriest sceptics, convincing proofs of the hold it has taken in public favour.

THE NURSE.

NURSE ROBERTS, 33, Cottage Grove, Bedford Park, Clapham, S.W.: "I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. My youngest son, who has been feeling very badly, assures me that he feels much better and stronger since he has taken Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and we shall continue to use it. I find it has a pleasant flavour, and it is also the most sustaining and invigorating beverage I have ever met with. I shall have much pleasure in recommending Vi-Cocoa to my friends and patients, and you may use this testimony if you like."

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa has become a household word, and this wonderful Food-beverage has come to take an important place in the dietary of the best regulated families. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is a natural food, and by its merit alone—having been once fully and fairly placed before the public—it must become a national food, to the general advancement of British health and vigour

The unique vitalising and restorative powers of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa are being recognised to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of any preparation. Merit, and merit alone, is what is claimed for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and the proprietors are prepared to send to any reader who names *The Royal Magazine* (a post-card will do) a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa free and post paid.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or from **60, 61, and 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.**

THE **PINNACLE SOAP STAND** Each. **1/-** PATENT.

FITS ANY SOAP DISH.

Prevents the Soap from gelatinising, and keeps it always dry and pleasant for use.

Three Shapes—ROUND, OVAL, OBLONG.

From all Chemists, Stores, &c., or post free for ONE SHILLING, from the Proprietors of the

PINNACLE SOAP STAND,

BUSHELL STREET, LONDON, E.

Please mention this Magazine.

Buy Direct from the Blender and thus obtain a . .

REALLY GENUINE AND HONEST WHISKY.

Old Duke Regd.

Blends of specially selected

Highland Whiskies.

AGE AND QUALITY GUARANTEED.

"SPECIAL" - - - - 40/- per case.
"EXTRA SPECIAL" - 45/- "
"OLD LIQUEUR" (15 yrs. old) 55/- "

One Dozen Case, containing 2 gallons in 12 bottles (as facsimile), sent free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O. or cheque

MATTHEW HENDRIE, Whisky Blender.
78, Wellington St., GLASGOW.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY,

LIVERPOOL,

And 73 to 76, King William Street, LONDON, E.C.

Liberal Commission allowed for Introduction of Business.
AGENTS WANTED.

For Winter wear

LEWIS'S WONDERFUL 2/- a yard VELVETEEN

Can only be obtained DIRECT from LEWIS'S, in Market Street, MANCHESTER, who will forward a large box of PATTERNS POST FREE on application. (Ladies should write a post card, mentioning this Magazine.) Black and all the most beautiful colours now worn. *Fast Pile, Fast Dyed, Every Inch Guaranteed.* LEWIS'S pay Carriage on all Orders to any part of Great Britain and Ireland.

A New Occupation and AMUSEMENT.
HARBUTT'S MARVELLOUS MODELLING MATERIAL.

PLASTICINE. Hundreds of Testimonials. Free Sample.

Always Clean and Plastic without Water.

Perfect DELIGHT of Children.

Endless Gratitude of Parents.

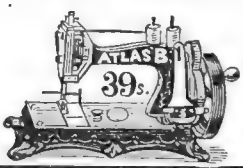
ARTISTIC,

Constructive, Inventive and most Fascinating.

A Pound Packet Post Free for 1/6. Agents Wanted.

Money returned if not satisfied. ✣ **W. HARBUTT** ARTIST, Hartley House, **BATH.**

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5s. MONTHLY. Write for designs and samples of work—The Atlas Sewing Machine Co., 182E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. (Mention this Magazine).

HALFPENNY

'MENE' TOWEL

FOR LADIES.

Sixpence per Dozen.

HEALTHY, COMFORTABLE. CLEAN.

Cheaper than Washing.

Will last twice as long as any penny towel sold.

To be obtained from all Ladies Underclothing houses and Chemists. If unable to obtain, 2 doz. will be sent post free for 1s, or 12 doz. for 6s

A Free Sample will be sent to any lady naming this Magazine.

MISS HAYNES,
65, Fann St., Aldersgate St., LONDON, E.C.

HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Strength supplants Weakness and Ill-health wherever

PROF. D. L. DOWD'S

HOME GYMNASIUM

is used for a short time daily. *It exercises all the muscles of the body without the slightest fatigue.* This Health Exerciser may be easily fixed in any corner of a room or office, as it occupies only 6 inches of floor space. Yet it combines the benefits of every form of out-door exercise. It embraces all the advantages without any of the disadvantages of Rowing

Running, Bicycling, Dumb Bells, Horizontal Bar, Indian Clubs, &c. **Cures Cyclists' Stoop.** Suitable for

BOTH SEXES, ALL AGES, EVERY DEGREE OF STRENGTH

Send for **"HOW TO BECOME STRONG,"**

Circular, Illustrated, 40 Engravings; no Charge.

SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE SCHOOL, PRESTBURY ROAD, **MACCLESFIELD.**

SULPHOLINE ✣

SHILLING BOTTLES. **SKIN LOTION**

GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Clears off Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Roughness, all Disfigurements and Cures Irritation. Develops a Clear, Smooth, Healthy Skin.

Google

TWO CLEVER INVENTIONS FOR THE HAIR.

MOORE'S "ITA" HAIR FASTENER ensures a comfortable and firm coiffure positively without even bruising a hair of the head. When purchasing of your Hairdresser or Draper, see the name is stamped thereon and take no other. Two qualities, **6d.** and **1/-** each.

MOORE'S "SECURE" HAIR SWITCH. Made on the principle of the "ITA," but further in such a manner as to allow hundreds of fine strands of hair to be firmly attached all round the sheath, and thus when fastened on the wearer's head, it has exactly the same appearance of an ordinary "ITA" Hair Fastener, but with the addition of any quantity of hair desired, which being attached in a perfectly natural manner, can be arranged in any prevailing fashion, equal to nature in every respect. Your Hairdresser can obtain this Switch for you, or we will supply direct under cover from **2/6** upwards, according to quantity and quality of hair required. Money returned if not approved of within 7 days.

ADDRESS –

EDWIN MOORE (Patentee),

Priory Rd., Aston, BIRMINGHAM.

RHEUMATIC CURE

Removes Pain and Swelling of Joints in a few days.

ZEROOMA

TESTIMONIAL.

M. J. Pursglove, of Jessamine Cottage, Dunchurch, writes, September 21, 1898:—I was completely helpless, for weeks I could not move hand or foot without assistance. *My Doctor recommended me to try 'Zerooma,' which in my case has worked wonders.* After I had taken the second bottle I felt like a new woman. *I feel I cannot say enough in praise of 'Zerooma'*

2-oz. Smpl. bottles, 3 days supply, - **1/1½**

6-oz. Bottles, 10 days supply, **2/9**

12-oz. Bottles, 20 days' supply, **4/6**

From all Chemists, or Post Free from the Sole Proprietor—

J. RICHARDSON CRAIG, E. Department,

205, Buchanan Street,

GLASGOW.

Send for Pamphlet, Testimonials and Analysis Post Free.

RHEUMATIC CURE.

A REVOLUTION

IN THE PRICE OF

WHITE SHIRTS.

Unlaundried White Shirts.

Straight from the needle to the customer at wholesale prices.

Hundreds of thousands have already been distributed through Great Britain and the Colonies, and from all quarters unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders are being daily received.

IN 3 QUALITIES.

No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. A wonderful shirt, **2/6** each, **14/6** half dozen, post free.

No. 2.—"THE CONQUEROR." Reversible cuffs, to button back or front. **3/3** each, **18/9** half dozen, post free.

No. 3.—"THE CITY SHIRT." Fit for a duke to wear. Reversible cuffs, and to button back or front. Sample free by post, **3/9**, or **21/6** per ½-dozen. Also the "CITY EVENING SHIRT," with broad front and one stud-hole, at the same price, **3/9** each.

WHEN ORDERING MENTION SIZE OF NECK-BAND, AND SAY WHETHER TO BUTTON BACK OR FRONT.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Manufacturers, 191, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.

HUBBARD'S

50 Years' Reputation

Light, Nourishing, and Attractive

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF ITALY

SCOTCH

Invaluable to Infants and Invalids.

RUSKS.

OF GROCERS, CHEMISTS, AND STORES.

WALTER HUBBARD, Partick, GLASGOW.

Stenhouse Whisky.

"A singularly pure spirit of peculiar softness and mellowness of flavour."—*Lancet.*

Wm. STENHOUSE & Co., West Regent St., GLASGOW.

London: Mowbray House, Victoria Embankment. Manchester Office: 2, Station Approach, Oxford Rd

---

AVOID IMITATIONS.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK

SAFEST SWEETMEAT.

ALEX. FERGUSON, Melbourne Place, Edinburgh.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Satisfying. Strengthening. Soothing for Infants Agreeable. Digestible. Nourishing

Digitized by Google

The Ideal Hostess

Delights in the pleasure and enjoyment of her guests, and never neglects their creature comforts ; it is to her a labour of love to lay before them the daintiest of dishes. This she can easily do when BROWN & POLSON'S two specialties find their proper place in the kitchen. B. & P.'s "PATENT" CORN FLOUR of old and world-wide fame makes light and delicate puddings, blanc-manges, custards, jellies and many other tempting things, while their new PAISLEY FLOUR—of rapidly growing fame—helps to make dainty and tempting tea scones and cakes, ensures the success of all home-baking, and makes all light and digestible.

Of Paisley Flour Brown & Polson are the sole makers—but their Corn Flour has a host of imitators, and if the best results are to be obtained, every precaution must be taken to see that only

BROWN & POLSON'S

is delivered.

BROWN & POLSON'S.

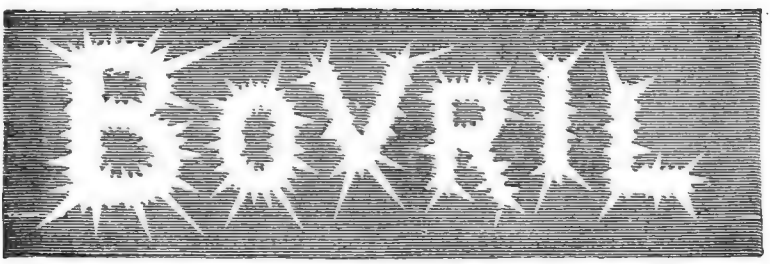
Our First Line of Defence

against the attacks of every kind of disease is to

STRENGTHEN THE CONSTITUTION

by regular nourishment at regular hours. Bovril is strength—concentrated strength. Easy of digestion and assimilation, it contains in the smallest possible bulk the greatest possible amount of nutriment ; it makes blood, brain, bone and muscle. It stimulates and fortifies the system, and leads the way through speedy convalescence to perfect health. Bovril is the vital principle of prime ox beef, and as such is

A Factor in our Empire's Strength.



Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1899.

		PAGE
HE LEAPED ASIDE AND SEIZED HER BY THE WRIST		*Frontispiece*
By Harold Copping.		
THE TIGER LILY. A Complete Story	E. & H. HERON	195
Illustrated by Harold Copping.		
THE ART OF THE CAMERA	RODERICK GREY	204
Illustrated with Photographs.		
AFTER THE ACCIDENT	JEFFREY DENISON	214
Illustrated with Photographs.		
THE SPANISH CEMETERY AT LAS PALMAS		219
Illustrated with a Photograph.		
THE CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS. A Complete Story	W. A FRASER	220
Illustrated by Marie Miles.		
SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS		227
Illustrated with Photographs.		
THE BEST SHOT IN THE WORLD	WILLIAM WILL	230
Illustrated with Photographs.		
MODERN INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE	WALTER FLORENCE	236
Illustrated with Photographs.		
A FORGOTTEN LIAR	CALEY WAINWRIGHT	238
Illustrated from Old Engravings.		
THE SAINTS' REST. A Complete Story	W. L. ALDEN	244
Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.		
WASTED AFFECTION. A Poem	PHILIP HEMERY	250
Illustrated by J. S. S.		
DETONATORS	W. G. TARBET	251
Illustrated with Photographs.		
SNAPSHOT INTERVIEWS		258
MONSIEUR COQUELIN. Illustrated with Snapshots.		
THE FIRST MATE AND THE SECOND. A Complete Story	ALFRED SLADE	260
Illustrated by Vera Christie.		
A CRYPT OF SKULLS	LESLIE MACGREGOR	266
Illustrated with Photographs.		
A CURE FOR LUMBAGO		268
Full Page Illustration by Leslie Willson.		
A BATCH OF PUZZLES	H. E. DUDENEY	269
Illustrated by the Author.		
GRANDMOTHER'S GRANDDAUGHTER. A Poem	MACGREGOR JENKINS	275
Illustrated.		
WHALES	CHARLES RAY	276
Illustrated from Old Engravings and with Photographs.		
A MILLIONAIRE'S REVENGE. A Complete Story	W. ALEX. ROSS	281
Illustrated by Alec. Ball.		
A CHURCH WITH TWO STEEPLES		288
Illustrated with Photographs.		

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.

GOLD MEDAL,
Health Exhibition, London.

BENGER'S
FOOD FOR INFANTS,
INVALIDS and the AGED.
Delicious, Nutritive, and Digestible.

Balmoral Castle,
25th Sept., 1896.

"Sirs,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 Tins of Benger's Food for H.I.M. the Empress of Russia, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff."

"Yours truly,
"F. Coster."

(Published by special permission of the Russian Court.)

Benger's Food is sold in TINS by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Digitized by Google

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

The Old and the New.

In the courtly days when Madame sipped her chocolate amid the buzz of wits and beaux, cocoa was not the beverage it is now. The magic of science had not then intervened. Now the careful scientific processes adopted in the manufacture of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa, retaining as they do all the nutritious properties of the most carefully selected cocoa-beans, produce a strengthening, stimulating, easily digestible cocoa unheard of in those times. Besides, then it was a rarity. Now, for an exceedingly small outlay, a big breakfast cupful of Rowntree's Elect—fragrant, and of a most delicious flavour—is within the reach of all. How trivial is the cost of a cup is obvious when you can make thirty breakfast cupfuls with a ¼lb. tin costing only 9d.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c. In Tins only. Price, 6d., 9d., 1s. 6d. and 3s.

STONE'S GINGER WINE

A GRAND THING FOR WINTER.

STONE'S GINGER WINE is prepared from the finest Jamaica Ginger, and is a most healthy and palatable drink. **Ginger** is noted for its gentle stimulating qualities, and the most convenient form for taking it is **STONE'S GINGER WINE.** Be sure to ask for **STONE'S**, and see that you get it!

Sold by all leading Wine Merchants, Stores, and Grocers, or on draught at Bars and Refreshment Rooms.

Wholesale—THE FINSBURY DISTILLERY COMPANY, LONDON, E.C.

MACONOCHIE'S

Dainty Foods *ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.*

NOW READY. Soups. *A tureen of Rich Soup in a few minutes. Small Cost! No Trouble!*

For Breakfast or Tea— **PÂTÉS, CAMP PIES, POTTED MEATS, SALMON & SHRIMP PASTE.**

TRY THEM FOR SANDWICHES:

A really Superior Sauce: **MACONOCHIE'S CHUTNEY RELISH:** A valuable aid to Digestion.

MACONOCHIE BROS., 131, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

Google

HE LEAPED ASIDE AND SEIZED HER BY THE WRIST. (See page 203.)

Google

By E. and H. Heron.

PART I.

The tremendous facts of life and death are somewhat lightly esteemed in Mexico, and when it comes to be considered that to each one of us life is the supreme possession, to be held—so far as we certainly know—but once, why then, if a man must lose it, he is wise to get what value he can in exchange.

A red-eyed, sun-baked man, passing slowly through the streets of the city of Mexico, may have had some such thoughts as he threaded his way from one narrow lane to another without raising his eyes from the ground, until a national guard clattering past roused him and drew his gaze from the roadway.

It was the hour of the siesta, and the day was hot beyond description. A brief break in the rain had filled the air with golden radiance, and as the passer-by looked up at the barred and silent windows of the grey old Mexican houses, he felt that the brilliant environment of sunshine and flowers only served to deepen that vague suggestion of sorrow endured and dumb suffering which hangs for ever about the old city with its long record of immemorial wrongs.

Another turn, and the great white towers of the cathedral stood up fair and splendid against the deep blue of the sky. Quickening his pace, Alderson crossed to the gardens which lie like a many-coloured carpet about the feet of the cathedral, and took refuge under the shadow of the heavy trees. At that hour the Zocalo was silent and empty; the flower-scents hung on the stagnant air, and even the hum and drum of insect-life had sunk into an overpowering stillness.

Alderson threw himself upon a garden-bench in a remote corner, put his elbows on his knees, and fell once more to staring at the ground. He became so buried in thought as he sat waiting, that the hurrying footsteps of a man coming from the palm-bordered terrace failed to arouse him. The newcomer was handsome with the extreme beauty often seen in the Spanish type during adolescence and for some few, very few years after, but which too readily ages into fleshiness and jowls. Under his black brows his swarthy skin showed the lemon-white pallor of excitement. He reached Alderson's side unnoticed and stood for a moment gazing down with dark, unhappy eyes on the Englishman's bent head.

"I have come," he said at last abruptly.

Carlos Carpio spoke English with a scarcely perceptible accent, for he was the son of an English mother, although his father had been a Cuban. Alderson moved along the bench as if to make room for the other beside him, but Carpio drew back with a brusque movement.

Alderson smiled slightly under the shade of his wide-leaved hat.

"Well?" he said.

"I have arranged everything."

Copyright, 1898, in the United States of America, by E and H. Heron.

Google

"All right," replied Alderson. "Now I want to ask you a question. For five years we have been a good deal together, and there may as well be plain speaking in this last transaction between us. You struck me after rehearsal this morning, which means, of course, that—we fight." He leant back and looked up. His face was thin with fine rather than correct outlines, and there was a suspicion of humorous cynicism about the lips. "The Señorita, I suppose?"

Carpio trusted himself to no reply in words—he nodded.

"Just so—a woman!" went on Alderson, with a tinge of bitterness. "However, the stage of reasoning is past now. But listen—I have been thinking the matter out, and I suggest that we do not fight—"

"I'm sorry for it, but you must!" broke in Carpio insolently, as much to whip his own anger as anything else. "You don't mean to give up your claim; I shall never give up mine! So there is only one way, you see."

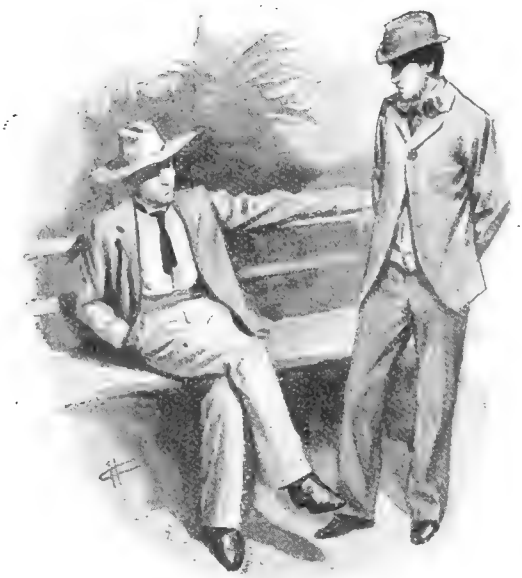
Again Alderson smiled.

"Naturally," he remarked in the same tone of good-humoured indifference he had used throughout, "I merely proposed to devise a plan for the benefit of one of us—for the benefit of the survivor, in fact."

"Go on."

"If I kill you to-morrow at Sapecha, I have no money; if you kill me, you have none, and the Señorita's tastes are expensive."

"Yes," continued Alderson, after a pause as if the other had spoken, and he shrugged his narrow, high shoulders. "You and I have made very little capital out of our lives so far; perhaps one of us may make something out of the other's death. I want coin because it means good cigars, and—if you will—the Señorita. Failing money, I want death, for that means escape into a land where it is for ever shady."



"I want coin," said Alderson, "because it means good cigars and—the Señorita."

Carpio's fingers betrayed his almost uncontrollable impatience.

"We are to fight in any case," resumed the other, "why not on the stage? The caste of the new play meets the case—rival lovers and all the rest of it. For the duel in the last act let us substitute ball for blank cartridge, and these bloodthirsty beggars will bring the house down in their delight at the relish of a murderous wind-up. Old Le Lacheur is clever enough to catch on to a paying notion, and he'll see what an advertisement this will be for the opening night at the new theatre. We'll draw a crowded house, and Le Lacheur can be made to come down handsomely to the survivor. D'you see?"

Carpio sat down rather suddenly at the extreme end of the bench. The cold-blooded simplicity of Alderson's scheme took him unawares. A rush of conflicting thoughts and feelings shook him. For the first time, seen in the light of this horrible suggestion, the prospect of the duel he had provoked, shocked him. When he spoke there was a sharp note in his voice, and his words ran athwart Alderson's.

"What is there between you and—and her? Why did you deceive me? I saw her look at you, and my brain seemed on fire. You are of a different race; you cannot understand! I did not believe you could have deceived me, but you know what you have done! And I am not to blame, for I love her!—I love her!"

The passionate voice died upon the still air. It was only after an interval that Alderson replied.

Google

"Life has not held so many pleasures for either of us that we need shrink from the loss of it," he said with a laugh; "if you kill me I shall be infinitely obliged to you. As for the survivor, he will have a short life and a merry one—as far as the company of the Tiger-Lily is concerned. The most that Le Lacheur could give us will not long meet the Señorita's demands. I'm afraid she's hardly built for domestic bliss."

Carpio sighed irritably.

"Cheer up, Charlie," said Alderson lightly, as he stood up. "After all, the affair will help to break the monotony of the hot weather."

The sound of the flippant voice bit like an acid into the young man's consciousness. He also rose.

"Alderson——" he began.

But Alderson did not meet the reproachful eyes.

"Do you agree, then?" he asked more coldly.

"Oh, yes!" cried Carpio, flinging away.

"Hold on a minute. We must see the manager at once. Let's go round now."

A girl Le Lacheur had discovered in Peru and named "The Tiger Lily."

For some time past Carlos Carpio and Hal Alderson of the Tiger-Lily Dramatic Company, which happened to be touring in Mexico at that time, had for separate and various reasons felt sick of life. Their only comfort was that they found a certain pleasure in being miserable together. But of late this alleviation had been withdrawn as one result of the bewildering smiles of the leading lady, a singularly beautiful girl, whom Le Lacheur had picked up in Peru. In recognition of her numerous attributes, he had, very happily, named her the Tiger-Lily, and by this title the audience and the playbills knew her.

Under the circumstances, the end for Carpio was a foregone conclusion. All the phases of a passion, perfervid as became his age and nationality, were poured into Alderson's ears, until a casual word dropped by someone, he had forgotten whom, aroused a sudden suspicion. Of all the varying moods and wiles which went to make up her fascinating personality, the Tiger-Lily reserved one, a scornful petulance, for Alderson alone, who met it with the same manner of gentle unconcern and raillery that he habitually used towards the world in general.

Inconsistently enough, it was this indifference on Alderson's part which, more than anything else, fed the Cuban's jealousy. He had many rivals, but Carpio felt that his treacherous friend was the one whom he could not forgive, whose success would be intolerable.

PART II.

Without exchanging a word, the two men walked along the flowery paths of the Zocalo. Alderson, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, uttered only one sentence as they parted at the entrance.

"We'll need a few paragraphs in the papers about it," he remarked thoughtfully.

Carpio flung a look at him, and their glances met. Something in the other man's eyes struck the Cuban with misgiving, they were the same kind eyes that had watched him through long nights of fever at Santos. Yet it was Alderson who had suggested taking blood-money.

Alderson walked on in silence. Presently he came to a blotched red door in a dismal side-street. This led into a passage, through which, leaving the stage on his left, he turned into a second passage, where Carpio joined him. Alderson stopped at a door overhung

Google

by a grimy curtain; a nasal voice bade them enter, and the two men filed into the office of the manager of the Tiger-Lily Dramatic Company.

Le Lacheur was seated on an old cane chair, smoking a cigarette, while a packing case opposite was occupied by the cause of all the trouble, the Tiger-Lily herself, in a clinging flame-coloured robe, just as she had appeared at the rehearsal an hour or two earlier.

She looked up with a flash in her dark eyes.

"There is a man," and she pointed a slender brown finger at Le Lacheur, "who refuses me another ten dollars a week!"

Le Lacheur smiled fatuously, and threw a glance of admiration at his leading lady, which was intended to have the effect of softening the unpleasantness of his refusal, and deprecatingly shook his big head.

"I can but what I can, Señorita," he said.

"Chut!" she cried, springing up into a superb pose, the soft folds of the flame-tinted gown accentuating its grace. Then, putting her hands behind her, she challenged her audience of three.

"Am I not worth it?"

Alderson, seeing that a reply was expected from him, bowed in his courtly, careless way.

"Without doubt, Señorita!"

Carpio scowled, then, kneeling, he kissed the girl's hand passionately.

"What are you not worth?" he cried. "A man's soul!"

The Tiger-Lily dropped her white eyelids and looked down into his upturned face and smiled, as one smiles who sees a beautiful thing. Then she withdrew her fingers from his.

"Alas, Carlos; praise is the beggar's bag, and words won't fill it! But when it turns to a question of dollars," she snapped her fingers symbolically, "it becomes at once another matter. Is it not so?"

"I will prove to you that I mean what I have said," he replied with a strenuous quietness.

"Good luck to you, then," she laughed, "prove it to me in diamonds if you will; it is the most convincing way! Meantime," she nodded imperiously at the manager, "my ten dollars!"

Le Lacheur, with the same blandishing smile, shook his head.

"But you see, Señorita, I am a poor man. I do all I can for you!"

The Lily's moods changed like the wind.

"Oh, but I know that is false! You are rich, but you are mean—mean as the dust, and yet I work for you! Señor, tell him it is shameful to treat me so;" she swerved round upon Alderson, holding out her hands. "Help me!"

"Help you, Señorita? I wish I could, with all my heart," he answered, with his half-sad, half-quizzical smile. "Le Lacheur must be made of stone to refuse you."

But Le Lacheur was still shaking his head. This was too much for the Tiger Lily's patience. Her temper, though often charming, was never serene, and what she said was direct and forcible before she swept out of the room through the further door.

It almost seemed as if the light went with her. The dark, beetle-haunted den, with its squalid, whitewashed walls, its dirty floor and thick atmosphere, seemed at once to grow more squalid, more unsightly without her presence. Le Lacheur's fat figure squirmed for a moment under the lash of her anger, but he quickly recovered himself, rattled the money in his pocket, raised his shoulders and his eyebrows together, and spat expansively upon the stained floor.

"What will you?" he remarked, philosophically. "The charming creatures are created to worry us. She is, indeed, a fine actress and a pretty woman, but every hour of every day a difficulty. If I could coin the Pacific, she would but cry 'More.' And now for your business, señores?"

"We have a proposition to make to you," said Alderson.

Le Lacheur's face clouded. He was only the manager of a travelling company, and, after the manner of his kind, perennially short of cash.

"Let me hear what it is," he said, dubiously.

Alderson took his seat upon the packing case, and rolled a cigarette, while Carpio, leaning his shoulder against the wall, fell to studying a flaming poster of the new play which had been laid out on the floor for the inspection and approval of the Tiger-Lily.

"We move into the new theatre next Thursday?" began Alderson.

The manager rubbed his close-cropped, greasy black head impatiently.

"How can I tell? The decorators do nothing, absolutely nothing. I could have finished the auditorium from floor to ceiling ten times over single-handed since I let loose those lazy ruffians on it."

"I daresay you'll have it ready. But that is not the matter we came to discuss. In the first place, you must provide understudies for

Google

Señor Carpio and myself, as one of us may not be available on the second night of the play."

Le Lacheur's mouth set grimly.

"Look here, Alderson," he said, shortly, "if it's a case of a rise of salary, don't be afraid to say so. I've my answer handy."

"Stop! There are certain matters between Señor Carpio and myself which we have agreed to settle in the way usual with gentlemen. Think what an advertisement it would be for your opening night if we were to fight—actually—in the last act? It would bring the house down."

A light shot into the manager's heavy eyes. This was something like a notion. But he replied, warily:

"It might also chance to bring the National Guard down on us."

"You know better! It is just a matter of business — nothing more. We propose to give you a boom, on condition that you pay the survivor handsomely."

"My dear sir, is not this rather a one-sided arrangement?" began the manager. "You and Carpio will no doubt fight elsewhere if not on the stage. You simply shift the scene of your little affair to the boards instead of carrying it through in some one of the usual places. I agree with you in thinking that it may prove a draw, and whichever of you happens to survive, will benefit in due course by the increased takings.

"Not good enough," said Alderson, conclusively.

Carpio listened to Alderson's relentless bargaining and sickened at the sordid details. It was almost incomprehensible! Alderson, who was generally so careless about money, now held out stiffly, increasing his demand at every fresh objection urged by Le Lacheur.

"This is the last offer I will make," said Alderson at last. "We want to fight and are willing to make the affair public for your benefit, but—you must make it worth our while."

Le Lacheur thumped his fist down upon the arm of his chair.

"I give in to your monstrous demands!" he roared, "but what shall I gain by it?—Nothing—not one single *centavo*! You desire to ruin me. I leave it to your sense of honour to arrange that one of you shall be killed outright, otherwise—" and the manager enacted a pantomime of ruin and despair.

The two men filed into the office of the manager of the Tiger-Lily Dramatic Company.

"Ah, that's a vital part of our programme," returned Alderson hardly, "and as we fight at fifteen paces, the contingency is not too remote."

"The quarrel shall be well advertised," continued Le Lacheur. "And you, señores, must endeavour by your behaviour to heighten the excitement and the expectations of the public."

Carpio had had enough by this time. With a curt nod to the manager, he left them. Le Lacheur looked relieved.

"These young fellows are so absurdly in earnest," he said. "Now that he has gone, may I ask you, señor, the cause of the quarrel?"

Alderson stood up before he replied.

"A private matter."

"Quite so. A natural and interesting sequence of events—shall we say?" the manager smiled meaningly. "We may trust the public to draw their own conclusions."

"If the name of any lady appears in any of your inspired paragraphs, the thing is off," said Alderson, turning towards him abruptly.

"But my dear Alderson, the whole point lies in that," remonstrated the Frenchman.

Google

"Remember what I've said," was Alderson's reply as the filthy red curtain swung to behind his tall figure.

Le Lacheur first groaned, then laughed.

"It is the Tiger-Lily who is at the bottom of all this solemn folly! I wonder if she knows. It is a good joke without doubt."

The inner door opened quietly, and the Lily stepped out into the office. She wore a large coquettish black hat which lent an added charm to her soft dark face.

"Those two fellows are going to fight," chuckled Le Lacheur, nodding towards the door.

"Actors are always jealous of one another," she remarked indifferently.

"This time it seems they are jealous of you"—and he laughed again—"you who have promised to be my wife," he added in an altered manner, as he put out his hand and drew her to his side. Then he noticed the flush on her cheeks and the radiance of her eyes. "How happy you look, Inez! You are lovely, *ma belle!* No wonder they fight for your sake!"

The girl stood quite still, with who knows what dream of impossible love in her woman's heart.

"You say you love me," she said at last in a low voice. "Would you fight for me—at fifteen paces?"

"In my case," he replied with a smirk, "there is no need to do so. Why discuss the notion, then? At the least, Inez, I can give you that ten dollars which you asked me for."

She sighed, and put on her gloves with conspicuous care, and darted an ambiguous glance at Le Lacheur from under her long lashes.

"Many men might be ready to spend money upon me," she said, "but perhaps only one would die for me."

The Frenchman looked after her as she walked out, and blessed the particular saint to whose care he committed himself and his concerns, and said below his breath:

"After her first youth, one woman is worth exactly as much as another, as I shall live to teach you, *ma toute-belle!*"

PART III.

THE opening of the new theatre was an event of considerable interest in the city. For some days the wildest rumours had been going round of a quarrel between the two leading actors about—with a laugh and a nod—it was easy to guess whom. The local papers published carefully-worded but suggestive paragraphs on the subject, for Le Lacheur kept well inside the letter of his agreement with Alderson; but, indeed, there was no need to specify the name of the lady concerned. Thus, the first night of the play which ran so much upon the lines of fact was awaited with immense excitement.

The Tiger-Lily's popularity rapidly increased. Her beauty, her charm of voice and manner, and her dramatic possibilities were the chief topics of conversation in all the *cafés*. Le Lacheur hugged himself with delight, and doubled his prices, yet every seat was taken within forty-eight hours.

On the eventful evening the streets were strings of stagnant pools, for the rainy season was in full swing; but, in spite of all drawbacks, the last of the rainbow-hued sunset was still adding its glory to the flaring posters outside the theatre when the crowd began to collect round the entrances.

Behind the scenes Le Lacheur was hurrying hither and thither, ordering, scolding and cursing, while the rising hum of voices from the other side of the curtain came pleasantly to his ears. He had seen the heavy pistols loaded, each with a smashing cartridge, and, acting on the advice of the Señorita, had carried them for safe custody into her dressing-room. As he entered the Tiger Lily was belting her slender figure with a jewelled girdle of pliable goldwork, the offering of a coterie of prominent citizens.

"See, how exquisite it is!" she exclaimed as the manager entered. An unusual note in her voice drew his attention. He surveyed her with anxiety.

"Pull yourself together, Inez!" he said roughly; "you are pale, and your eyes are blazing. Pull yourself together, or you will break down and ruin us both by giving way to an absurd excitement."

He laid his hand on her delicate shoulder as he spoke, and even shook her gently in his irritation. She shrank from him with a petulant disgust.

"I am quite well. Let me alone!"

The manager had sense enough to see that this was perhaps the best course, so he turned to the pistols, and placing them before her, he said: "Take care of them. Tell the dresser to allow no one to come in here during your absence. You were right to warn me, for I heard Carpio and Alderson talking to each other as I passed their room just now."

"You may leave the pistols to me. I promise to be careful," said the girl as he left her.

As a matter of fact, the talk carried on in

Google

the dressing-room allotted to Carpio and Alderson was of the most meagre kind. Carpio, in a picturesque costume, was seated astride a bench pulling on a loose, spurred riding-boot. Alderson, whose turn came after Carpio's, was laying some accessories for his make-up on the ricketty table under the hanging mirror.

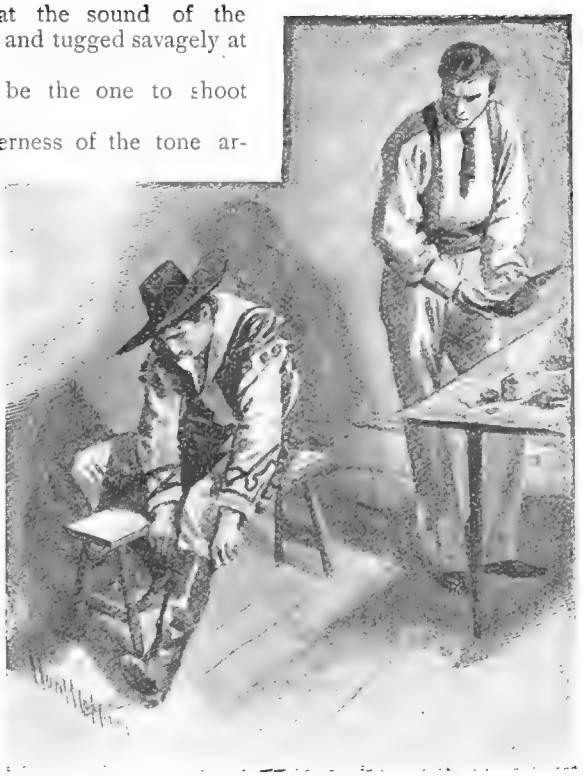
"By the way, Charlie," he said suddenly, "you should know where to find my will in case of a casualty. It's in the tin box, you know it, and the key is here." He touched his breast pocket.

Carpio started at the sound of the familiar "Charlie," and tugged savagely at his boot.

"I hope you'll be the one to shoot straight," he said.

The intense bitterness of the tone arrested Alderson's hand. He stopped, and looked at him over his shoulder.

"You are taking this affair very hardly, Carpio, but it is the common lot of friends when a woman comes in the way. We have no right to growl if we are forced to share and share alike with the rest of the world. You are a younger man than I am, and it's to be hoped, therefore, the luck will fall to you. Put your heart into it—think what victory means to you!"



Carpio started at the sound of the familiar "Charlie," and tugged savagely at his boot.

Carpio raised his haggard eyes to his companion's face.

"Have I not thought of it over and over? It's driving me mad!" he replied violently, then dropping into a calmer tone, he went on, "This is the last talk we are likely to have, and you shall be told one truth. I can't refer to the cause of our quarrel; but it is plain from your conduct since I challenged you, that you have all along been false. You listened to my confidences, and I trusted you; but I can believe now that you laughed over them afterwards with her! Jealousy and—and love are bitter things, Heaven knows; but, I swear to you, not half so bitter to me as the awful deception you have played off upon me!"

Carpio looked very handsome and boyish as he stood waiting for some reply. But Alderson sat down before the glass without turning.

"A callous, treacherous brute, in fact!" he rejoined, with an odd laugh. "Well, well, it can't be helped!"

By his accusation, Carpio had perhaps meant to appeal once more to feelings that now seemed dead in Alderson; but that Alderson should meet his blasting words with a jest, virtually accepting their truth, was worse than anything he had anticipated. With a sudden oath he was rushing from the room, when the other called to him.

"It is a mere matter of sentiment, Charlie," Alderson said, with an unmoved face, while the younger man stood almost breathless beside him. "But shall we shake hands, now?"

Carpio looked at him with a kind of horror and, turning on his heel, left the room. A few minutes later the theatre shook with the applause accorded to a very tolerable opening scene,

The play was good, and, for the locality, the caste might be called remarkable. The Tiger Lily, untrained and ignorant of much of the technique of the stage, was nevertheless convincing, for she was more than half a natural actress; and Carpio rendered his part with an intensity and abandon that was magnetic, and fired the audience, whose southern passions responded readily to such a stimulus.

Google

It has been said that the tenour of the play was suited to the occasion. Alderson and Carpio were rivals, whose love for the Tiger Lily culminated in a duel during the last act. In the original play Alderson, as the villain of the piece, fell mortally wounded. To-night the question thrilled the benches—how would the revised version run?

As the fourth act approached its conclusion the excitement rose, and it was amidst a breathless pause that Alderson and Carpio faced each other in bad, greenish moonlight that projected those exaggerated shadows which renders stage night-scenes so difficult of arrangement.

Alderson saw the cavalier-like figure of Carpio thrown out in strong relief against the dark funnel-mouth of the wings.

Each man advanced five paces and halted. The second dropped the handkerchief, and the last thing Alderson remembered was the kick of the pistol in his hand, followed immediately by a blinding red mist—then nothing more.

A tumult of applause went up as Alderson staggered a step backwards and fell on his side, with his bloodstained face turned towards the spectators; for Carpio, the handsome hero, was a great favourite with the public, who shouted again and again because his enemy, the villain, had got his deserts.

Thus the play had after all been carried out in its integrity.

Again the curtain rose. This time Carpio was seen kneeling beside the wounded man in an attitude of despair, while the face of a well-known English doctor, forcing his way through the throng of supers at the back of the stage, was quickly recognised. Then the crowd knew it had tasted blood, and trooped out jesting, and laughing, and satisfied. From all the exits the stream of tossing lives was vomited forth into the Plaza. Only a few Press representatives remained, clambering as rapidly as they could across the empty stalls towards the stage.

Under the limelight Le Lacheur was venting an assumed rage upon the scene-shifters; the doctor, upon his knees, was placing a temporary bandage round Alderson's brows with a gentle adroitness; while Carpio, sick and shivering, looked on helplessly.

Presently they carried Alderson away, and then someone detained Carpio with a message from the Tiger-Lily.

He went to her dressing-room. She opened the door herself and bolted it behind him. Le Lacheur knocked almost at the same instant, but she bade him go, in a tone which he recognised as one it might be well to submit to for the moment. She listened until his footsteps died away, and then she turned to Carpio.

The young man gazed back into her wild, gleaming eyes, and a sudden blank yawned in his life, the worst and most hopeless blank of all—the blank of a dead desire. He had loved, and raged, and hungered for her; and now, when she might be his—or so he fancied—he knew that he no longer cared to possess her. The face that ached in his heart was not hers, but that pinched, painted, blood-smeared face turned in a death-stare up to the garish ceiling of the auditorium.

"Tell me the truth!" commanded the girl sharply, all her entangling witcheries laid aside in the stark, terrible stress of her womanhood.

"We had had a quarrel ——" he began lamely.

"I know—I know—."

"We fought for you—but you know that too! If I won, you — I —"

"I was to be yours!" she laughed contemptuously. "Well, you have won! What next?"

He forced himself to look at her again. She seemed now so ineffably remote from every feeling he had ever experienced for her or associated with her.

"Nothing," he blurted out, "Nothing!"

She thrust her head forward like some beautiful angry bird.

"Then what had he done that you should kill him?" she cried out.

"He knew that I loved you and he tried to supplant me—" Carpio warmed as he went on, "not openly—I could have borne that!—but he duped me. You met, when or where I cannot tell, but I could see that there was some secret understanding between you. He tried to trick me while he pretended to be my friend, so I shot him;" the hot sullen blood surged up in him once more—"and I am glad!"

"Fool! fool! Beast that you are!" screamed the girl, clenching her hands as she held them out stiffly behind her, "He died for you!"

Carpio eyed her suspiciously from under his black brows.

"Listen!" she went on rapidly, "I had charge of the pistols, and I drew the ball cartridges and replaced them by the blank ones we always use. And now judge how much I love you," she bent forward again, her white teeth showing through her scarlet lips, her whole lithe body tense with signifi-

Google

cance, "I reloaded the ball in one, so that he might kill you! For I am tired of you! Oh, how you have wearied me!—I told old Gaspár, but he made a mistake, he handed you the wrong pistol!"

Carpio stood staring before him, he was beginning to comprehend.

"Yet—yet—had you been anything but the blundering fool you are—he might have escaped! But you aimed at his head. And he—" she sobbed out suddenly, "he, not knowing what I had done, fired into the air!"

"It cannot be true!"

"Ask old Gaspár. He was present, he told me; but what does it matter now, when you have killed him! For I loved him—how I loved him! He never treated me as other men did and—I loved him! And at last because he would not understand—I sent for him," she stretched out her arms, "at least he knew—he may die, but he will have known that I loved him!"

Still Carpio waited.

"I taunted him with loving some other, and he answered with that sad smile of his, that perhaps I was right—that there was one who must for ever stand between us. Now I know who that one was! It was you! I would tear you into pieces if I could!"

She sprang at him at the last word, and stabbed viciously at his throat. But Carpio was too quick for her. He leaped aside, and, seizing her by the wrist, shook the stiletto to the ground.

"You came between us! Curse you!" she panted.

Then she caught her breath to listen, for a voice was calling for admission. She flew to the door and drew the bolt with eager hands. The English doctor stood outside.

"I have brought you news of Alderson, Señorita," he said, "as you asked me to do. He is not dead—not even seriously wounded, I hope."

The girl flung herself face downwards on the couch and broke into wild sobbing.

"How came it that you had bullets in your pistols?" asked the doctor, with a keen glance at Carpio. "Had you fired the eighth of an inch lower you would have blown the top of his head off. As it is, he has a severe scalp wound and slight concussion of the brain."

"There was some mistake—some unlucky mistake," stammered Carpio.

The doctor said good-night, and walked thoughtfully home through the steaming, streaming streets. He had heard some hints of the affair, he had guessed a good deal more, and was now fairly certain of the main facts of the story.

"Alderson fired up into the air," he reflected, "which proves that he knew the pistols were loaded with ball. It was a question of love—or hate. Who knows? But in this corrupt country it's always well to let sleeping dogs lie," he ended cynically as he crossed his own threshold.

The girl flung herself down on to the couch and broke into wild sobbing.

That night Carpio, sitting beside Alderson's tossing head, heard the same weak murmur again and again.

"I never had a thought about her—I never cared for her, Charlie. Win her if you can, lad, and good luck."

Carlos Carpio looked down on the drawn, unconscious face.

"May God forbid!" he said, piously, raising his eyes to the dirty ceiling.

Which was a very good ending to the matter for him and for Alderson, no doubt. But for the Tiger-Lily it was a whole week's tragedy.

Google

THE ART OF THE CAMERA.

By Roderick Grey.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

Miss Kate Cutler.

Madame Garet-Charles.

There are few, if any, photographers who produce more charming work than Madame Garet-Charles. There is a distinct air of refinement in all her pictures, and a grace and easiness of pose that is the outcome of a peculiarly artistic temperament. Madame Charles, in fact, is an instance of how sure an element towards success in photography is a really artistic taste. She makes no claim whatever to a profound knowledge of the technique of photography. What she does know by intuition is the easiest and most charming pose that will not only create a picture, but, in the case of portraiture, will result in a production which does full justice to the individuality of the sitter. She has all a woman's taste and faculty for arranging the folds of soft drapery, and herein she is very strong in her belief that photography is more than a legitimate profession for her sex. She avers—and there is much justice in her opinion—that a woman's taste in the arrangement and manipulation of a skirt or curtains, or any loose material, is not to be equalled by a man.

The requirements for a woman who desires to set up as a professional photographer are, Madame Charles has often been heard to remark, artistic feeling, patience and personality—and, she will add—money. Success does not come to many without a period of waiting, and it is while the grass of coming prosperity is growing that the enterprising artist perishes. Another assertion of Madame Charles is that there is no such thing as an ugly woman; that the very plainest of her sex has invariably some redeeming feature. Perhaps, on reflection, the assertion can scarcely be termed original, for the truth of it is so abundantly visible to anyone who looks around.

Experience seems to have demonstrated to Madame Charles the fact that men are far more difficult to photograph than women. There are such limitations in a man, and he is, in his ordinary nineteenth century attire, almost incapable of developing into a real picture. On the other hand, children are delightful, although they require unlimited patience. It is essentially a question of mood with them, and given that they are not in the mood to

Google

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

A TYPE OF ENGLISH GIRL.

Digitized by Google

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

Very thoughtful!

be photographed, discretion suggests an abandoment of the effort.

Except for the camera itself, there is little of the stereotyped photographic establishment in Madame Charles's studio. Once an ordinary conservatory, it is without the stiff-backed chairs and impossible, elaborately carved pedestal and tables one is so accustomed to. In fact, the whole secret of her success, or a very large portion of it, lies in the lighting, whereby she obtains the wonderfully soft shadows which are so characteristic of her pictures. Her methods are peculiarly her own, and often enough decidedly daring; yet they are invariably justified by success.

The Camera as an Illustrator.

THE modern illustrated magazine has opened up a wonderful field for the photographer, whether amateur or professional. There are few portions of the globe into which the camera has not been brought, and there is no doubt but that photography has worked miracles by way of easy education. Apart altogether from the standpoint of art, a most mediocre photograph will convey to the ordinary mind a more vivid idea of a place than a masterpiece of word-painting. Not but what photography has distinct limitations, and one of them is in attempting to act as a substitute for the black-and-white artist in illustrating short stories or novels. So long as a picture is illustrative of an imaginary situation, or an imaginary hero or heroine, the work of a good artist is not to be equalled by anything done with the camera. But when the subject is a tangible and definite thing, an exact representation of which the reader would like to have before him, then the camera takes up the running, and, to use a racy simile, comes right away and wins in a common canter.

A glance through this number proves this assertion. The description of a detonator factory, fascinating as the letterpress is, would, without the photographs, lose its real interest. If the pictures were the work of an artist, there would be lacking just that grim and, possibly, inartistic realism, which is

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

Just a little summer shower.

Google

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

WHEN WILL HE BE HERE?

Digitized by Google

summed up in the belief that "the camera cannot lie."

Of course, it can. We all of us know that. And, what is more, a number of magazines have, with questionable wisdom, set to work to prove that there is no limit to the unreliableness of a photo. It is a pity, because, properly used, the photo does bring with it an air of reality, and honestly used it is reliable. The everlasting harping on, and proving by ridiculous pictures, the capacity of the camera for falsehood is likely to shake the confidence of the average reader, and quite spoil the enjoyment which he now derives from a photograph of any incident.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

Baby Eve.

However, there is still a market for an interesting photo; indeed, great as is the rage for taking photographs, still greater is the demand for good ones—that is to say, photos which are not only well taken and properly developed, but which also have a distinctly unique or interesting subject. There are many people nowadays earning excellent incomes by their skill in collecting or taking a series of photographs which will serve as illustrations to a magazine article. The article on "Detonators" is an excellent instance of one description of work, whilst "Whales" and "A Crypt of Skulls" comprise a different class. With a little judgment a thirty-shilling camera is capable of providing anyone with an excellent livelihood. This, of course, does not mean aimlessly walking about and snapshooting anything and everything that comes into view. The essence of success is careful selection.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

"I wonder what you're thinking of"

Google

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

WASHING-DAY.

Google

Tennyson's Statue.

THE news that Mr. Watts, R.A., has undertaken a large-sized statue of the late Poet-Laureate is not only good news, but records a remarkable illustration of how great a man Mr. Watts really is. To enter on such an undertaking at the age of 81 is truly astounding, and, what is even more wonderful, there can be little doubt but that no one could do better justice to the subject. In a sense, Mr. Watts has had peculiar advantages, inasmuch as he was an old and intimate friend of the late Lord Tennyson. The poet constantly sat to him, and some six famous pictures are the result. Curiously enough, Lord Tennyson never sat to any sculptor except Woolner, and then only for busts and medallions. All the world will watch and wait for the completion of the task Mr. Watts has taken in hand, and it may well eventuate that the venerable artist will crown his career with his greatest masterpiece.

Photo by Lambert Weston & Son.

The Lord of the Manor.

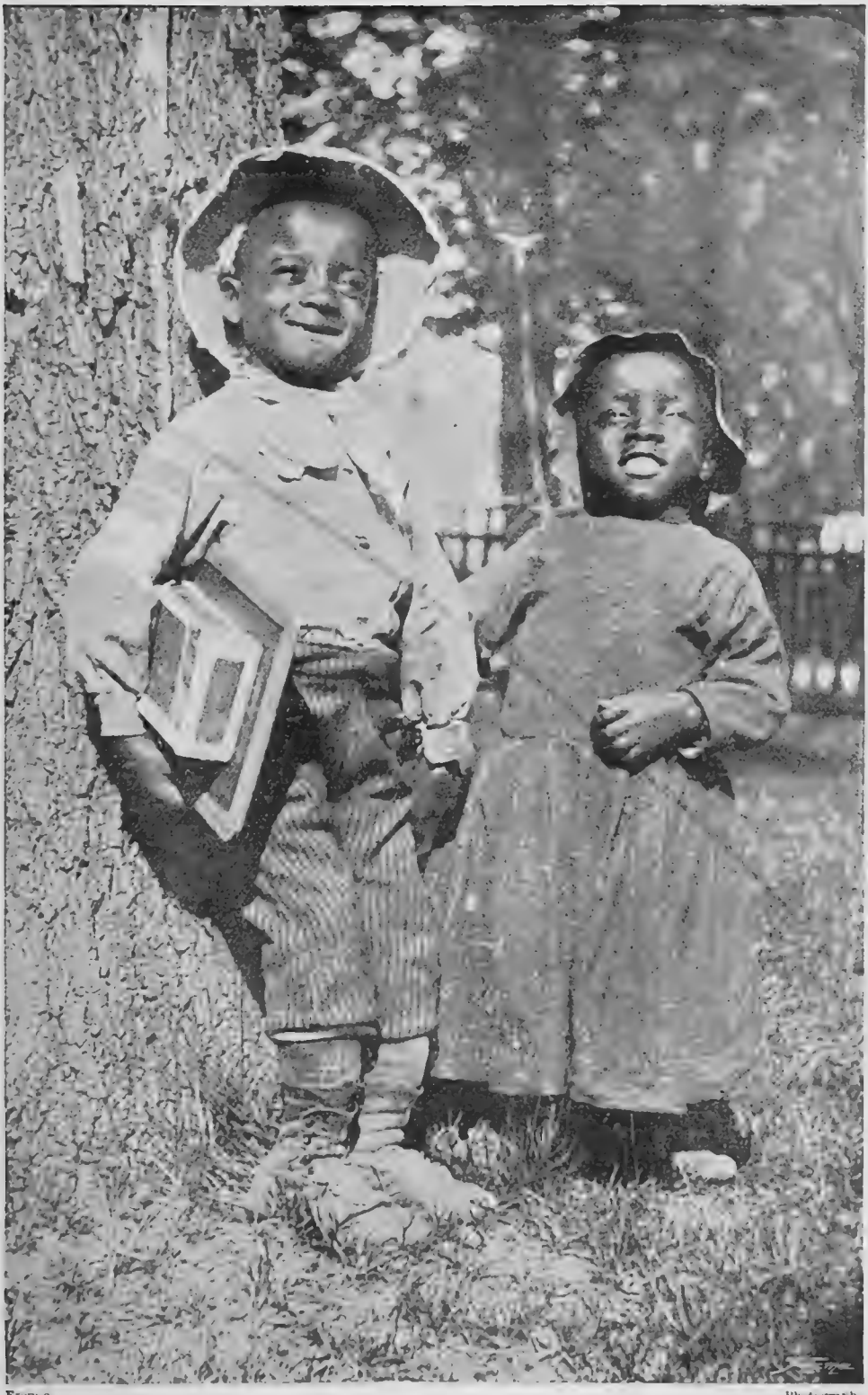
A Wonderful Machine.

A TRULY unique specimen of portraiture is likely to be available to anyone visiting the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and one that is likely to herald a most remarkable revolution in an enormous industry. Wonderful as have been the strides in the machinery used for the weaving of patterns and designs, it is still a by no means simple or rapid process. Once the looms are at work, the progress is quick enough, but between the designing by the artist of the pattern to be worked and the commencement of the loom at its task, there is a very considerable period of time.

It would be impossible, and probably not very interesting, for me to enter at any length into all the steps which have to be taken from the moment when the artist's sketch is finally approved to the time when the loom commences its work. Suffice it to say, that the design has to be drawn out to a scale and squared off into the most minute subdivisions. Each one of these subdivisions ultimately has an equivalent perforation in a large sheet of metal, which sheet of metal forms, as it were, the guide of the loom on its road to the completion of the design. All this, done as it is chiefly by hand, takes a very considerable amount of time—indeed, in the case of some of the large tapestries, it becomes almost a matter of years.

The invention which is likely to revolutionise a process unquestionably capable of improvement has for an essential feature photography; whilst a further and almost equally important improvement is effected by means of electricity. The machine which has been constructed for the Paris Exhibition represents the most complete form of the new invention. It will be possible, having slipped a certain coin into a slot, and

Google



From a Photograph.

"HAVING THEIR PHOTOS TOOK."

Google

Photo by J. E. Dumont.

THE REHEARSAL.

Google

taken up a certain position in front of the machine, to be photographed, and a quarter-of-an-hour afterwards to receive a copy of one's photograph, not printed in the ordinary way upon paper, and thus easily perishable, but in the form of a pocket handkerchief, with one's features weaved into the material with all the exactitude of a silver-print.

The inventor of this wonderful machine has proved himself to be a little more shrewd than the average inventor. Whilst realising the revolutionary effect of his methods, he was quite aware that their magnitude might prove their undoing. The substitution of entirely new machinery in the great weaving establishments of the world is a thing not likely to be brought to pass for many a long year, or without terrific opposition. He, therefore, set himself at once to work to devise a means of readily adapting the existing looms so that they might reap, to some extent, at any rate, the benefit of his invention. This the inventor has succeeded in doing, and whilst one of the existing machines modified by his improvement may not be as economical or efficacious as an entirely new machine, it will, at any rate, enable the material to be produced with a rapidity which will result in a marked decrease in the cost to the general public. This ought to be distinctly pleasant reading to those of my lady friends who delight in fabrics beautified with elaborate designs.

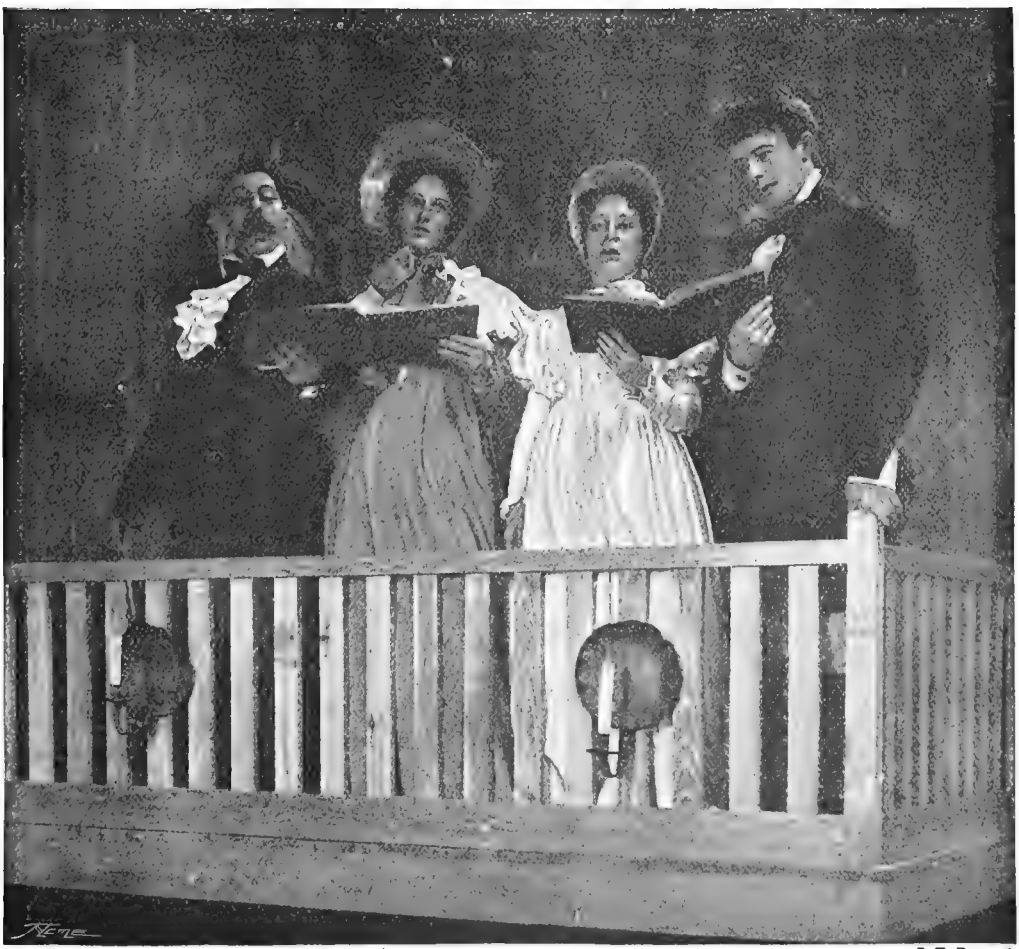


Photo by J. E. Dumont.

The Village Choir.

Google

Photo by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.

The Tay Bridge, after the terrible gale of 28th December, 1879, when a portion of the bridge was blown away and a whole train engulfed.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT: THE RISKS WE RUN.

By Jeffery Denison.

No. III.

It has been proved conclusively within the past few months that accidents come, not singly, but in battalions. The thrill of horror caused by the news of the loss of the French liner *La Bourgogne* with 565 lives, had hardly passed away, when another appalling wreck occurred—that of the *Mohegan*, which foundered on the Manacles Rocks, and resulted in nearly a hundred English families being thrown into mourning.

Railway accidents, too, within our shores, seem to have occurred lately with terrible frequency and the number of lives lost during the latter half of the year, has been considerably above the average.

From a Photo.

Collapse of a Bridge.

On 15th March, 1887, a bridge across a street of Boston, Mass., gave way under a train. Many lives were lost.

It is the suddenness and completeness of an accident which impresses itself so indelibly upon the public mind. Who, for instance, has forgotten the awful Tay Bridge disaster, which occurred in 1879, only three days after Christmas? How intense was the horror on the morning of December 29th, when it became known all over the kingdom that a North British mail train had been dashed ruthlessly into the swiftly flowing river and nearly a hundred people had perished. This disaster was the most appalling to be found in the records of British railway catastrophes. A terrific gale had blown in the mouth of the Tay throughout that fatal Sunday, but never had it crossed the mind of any of the local officials that the great iron bridge which spanned the Tay for more than two miles, and had cost over £350,000 to build, was in any danger.

But after darkness had set in, a portion of the bridge, which must have been weakened during the day, was carried away, and an awful fate awaited the next train which should essay to cross the river. The accident to the bridge passed undiscovered, and the mail train carrying between eighty and ninety passengers, was allowed to leave its last stopping place, and set out on the fatal journey. At the inquest it transpired that certain people standing at or near the

Google

Copyright Stereo Photo of Underwood & Underwood.

Effect of a Tornado, Grinnell.

station which the train had just left, saw through the darkness and the gloom a large number of sparks coming from a spot about the middle of the bridge where the train would then be. Following this display, a line of tiny lights appeared to leave the bridge, and rush down into the water, after which all was darkness. This line of lights was evidently the train crashing down to its doom, and it afterwards transpired that the display of sparks must have been caused by the friction of the brakes as applied by the engine-driver in his frenzied and desperate attempt to stop the train. Efforts such as his would have proved effectual in ordinary circumstances, but the lines were slippery owing to the heavy rain, and the train was going at such a great speed, that it would have been impossible to have stopped it even in treble the distance.

The ill-fated train met its doom about a quarter past seven in the evening, but exactly how long before that time the bridge had been wrecked was never proven. For nearly six months the recovery of the bodies went on, but altogether only forty-six could be found, the others either being crushed below the *débris* of the train or washed out to sea. The old Tay Bridge, which, according to the Board of Trade report, was "badly designed, badly constructed, and badly maintained," had certainly received a heavy tribute of human lives during its short career. Not only was it responsible for the terrible disaster described above, but during its construction no fewer than twenty men were killed in one way or another.

Another terrible disaster caused by the collapse of a bridge occurred at Boston in Massachussets on March 15th, 1887. The scene after the catastrophe may be realised in some measure from the photograph which we publish. A street in the suburbs of Boston was spanned by a truss bridge, across which the railroad was carried. On the day in question a train approached the bridge, and the engine, with the three foremost carriages passed in safety. The driver stated that he felt no jerk or anything at all unusual, but happening to look round he discovered, to his horror,

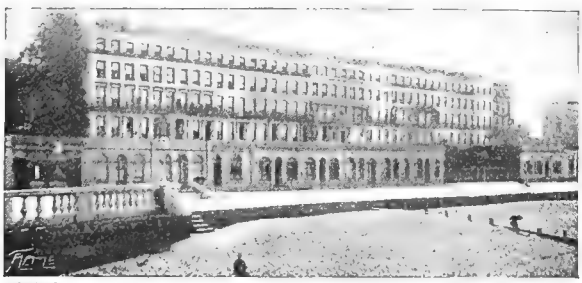


Photo by Crulk, Herne Bay.

Herne Bay.

The Marine Parade before ——

Photo by Crulk, Herne Bay.

and after the great storm of September, 1897.

Google

that the bridge, together with six of his carriages, had disappeared.

The man could scarcely believe his eyes, but he quickly brought his engine to a standstill, and on going to the edge of the embankment the full horror of the terrible catastrophe was visible. One carriage in falling into the street had struck a stone abutment, and was literally smashed to pieces, nearly every occupant being killed. Many other lives were lost, but there were also some miraculous escapes. The last car, for instance, a smoker, containing fifty people, turned completely over as it fell into the street; all the occupants were severely injured, but, extraordinary to relate, only one was killed. As in the case of the Tay Bridge, the accident at Boston was also caused by defects in the structure of the bridge.

In this series of articles, we have published some interesting photographs showing the damage done by cyclones and tornadoes. This month we are able to give a unique photograph taken at Grinnell, Iowa, after the great tornado of June 17th, 1882. It shows the complete wreck of a house, the whole of the interior being laid open to view. In the background will be seen two chests of drawers, whilst in other parts are a feather bed, a pillow, a table, a broken bedstead, and other household articles reduced to wreckage.

From a Photo.

Port au Prince, Hayti.

In December, 1897, a terrific fire threatened at one time to devastate almost the entire town. Fortunately the wind changed in the nick of time.

Gales on the British coast, of so disastrous a character as to wreck the frontage of seaport and seaside towns, are fortunately of rare occurrence. Exactly a year ago, however, a terrific gale visited the South-East coast and did enormous damage to property in several towns. Herne Bay seems to have borne the brunt of this battle with the elements, and it is estimated that property to the value of more than £10,000 was destroyed. Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitants had such a calamity come upon the town. The wind reached its height at the same time that the full tide was due, and this combination resulted in a flood which swamped half the streets and houses in Herne Bay.

Photo by W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

Brighton Pier after a Fire.

On 25th January, 1881, the refreshment pavilion at the end of the pier caught fire. The night was bitterly cold, and the water froze on the ironwork into icicles.

The waves, which frequently rose to a height

Google

Photo by A. Vanderwyde, N.Y.

Effect of a Flood.

This carriage was portion of a New York Central Railway train, which was pitched over an embankment, owing to a flood having undermined the rails.

of 30ft. or 40ft., beat with terrific force against the breast-work of the parade, and so fierce was this cannonade that it was not long before a great portion of the stonework was carried away. This was unfortunate, as the balustrade at the west end of the Parade was a relic of old London Bridge. The entrance to the pier was partly destroyed and washed away, the remaining portions being terribly battered.

Some idea of how far the tremendous tide penetrated into the town, may be gained from the fact that a plot of building land lying between Beech Street and the High Street was covered with water to a depth of 10ft. Garden walls were broken down, chapels and schools and houses were filled with water, and the main streets became for the time being, swiftly flowing rivers. When the water had subsided, the terrible damage to the town was apparent and the sea front appeared as though it had sustained a severe bombardment.

Our photograph of Port au Prince, the capital of Hayti, gives the idea of a ruined city of the ancients. The whole of the foreground, which shows the western portion of the city, is in ruins, and this state of affairs was brought about by a terrible fire, which raged in December last, destroying eight hundred houses, a church, a number of large shops, and rendering five thousand unfortunate people homeless. Port au Prince seems to be at the mercy of incendiaries, and it is supposed that the fire referred to above, like many scores of smaller fires, was started by some malicious person or political malcontent. The flames raged with terrific vehemence and had it not been for the fact that the wind changed while the fire was in progress, probably the whole city would have been reduced to a heap of cinders. There is no efficient fire brigade in Port au Prince and the people were quite powerless to stop the flames.

From a Photograph.

A Parisian Catastrophe.

The train failed to come to a standstill on entering the station and ran through the stops and across the platform, and finally fell with its tender into the street.

Google

Photo by B. Pettigrew, Wexford.

An Uncomfortable Position.

The *Mermeriss*, a brand new steamer, bound down Channel for Turkey, ran, during a fog, on to the rocks at the foot of the Tuskar lighthouse. A couple of days later she broke in two.

A good deal of excitement was caused in Brighton on 25th January, 1881, when the fine refreshment pavilion at the end of the West Pier was discovered on fire. The utmost efforts were at once made to put out the flames, but what a deal of damage was done will be seen by our photograph. The sheets hanging from the upper ironwork formed the copper covering to the pavilion, but the great heat melted the seams, and the whole roof fell in, as shown, whilst it was red hot. The fire occurred on the coldest night which Brighton has experienced in the whole of its annals, and, after the flames had been put out, the water froze on the ironwork forming countless icicles. These will be noticed in our photograph.

A truly curious photograph taken after an accident is that which shows the result of a disaster some time ago at the Montparnasse Terminus in Paris. A heavy locomotive and tender with a train of carriages failed to stop in time, and, crashing past the buffers, penetrated the front wall of the station and fell into the street below. The engine stood almost upon end in the roadway, the tender remained suspended above the entrance to the station, and the first carriage, which consisted of a brake van, projected over the coping. Previous to the removal of the *débris* and the suspended locomotive, thousands of people went to the spot to see so novel a sight.

Although shipwrecks were very frequent at one time on the Tuskar Rock, off County Wexford, Ireland, such casualties rarely occur now that the rock is provided with a lighthouse. This beacon stands upon the principal rock, which rises some 15ft. above high-water mark. Several smaller rocks lie between that and the shore, and, although coasters and small vessels may freely pass through the channel, formed by the rocks and the shore, large vessels are recommended to sail or steam outside the Tuskar.

The steamer shown in our photograph, which has come to grief, is the *Mermeriss*, a fine new vessel, which was on her first trip. She was going down channel bound for Turkey, and ran upon the rock during a dense fog. The vessel went so far up that the crew had no difficulty in getting ashore over her bows. The unfortunate vessel was fixed so tightly that no efforts to get her off could be effective, and after remaining in this position for some days she broke in two, and was washed off during a storm. This

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

Dynamite at Scotland Yard.

On May 30th, 1884, a terrific explosion took place at Scotland Yard with the above effect. The unfortunate public house sustained the worst damage.

Google

occurred in the year 1895. The Tuskar light consists of an oil lamp which has three rings; one only being used in ordinary weather. The other two are lighted in thick or foggy weather. The light is a revolving one, showing red and white alternately at intervals of a minute, and is visible in clear weather at a distance of nineteen miles. During very thick weather an explosive rocket is discharged every five minutes, and when a vessel is seen standing into danger a warning in the international code is hoisted, and a special explosive signal discharged. These warnings are repeated until they are observed from the ship, and in this way much loss of life is saved.

Explosions are, happily, little known in this country. At the time of the dynamite scare, however, a great deal of damage was done in London by explosions at the Government Offices and at various railway stations. We reproduce a photograph taken after the attempt upon the Detective Department of Scotland Yard. This explosion took place on May 30th, 1884, and resulted in a large number of people being injured. A portion of the wall of the official building was blown down, and the windows broken; but the greatest damage was done to a public house next door, which was almost completely wrecked. Two vehicles standing by the roadside at the time of the explosion were also wrecked. Some of our readers may remember that it was on the same evening, and at about the same time, that an explosion occurred at the Junior Carlton Club, resulting in much damage and injury to several people.

The Spanish Cemetery at Las Palmas.

THE illustration we are enabled to give represents the Spanish Cemetery at Las Palmas, in the Grand Canary. There are a few handsome monuments to be seen in the cemetery, but not many. These comprise those erected to the old Spanish family. The majority of those who have been buried here have been laid to their final rest in the stone walls, the wide slabs which cover the recesses appearing in the picture like a series of large windows.

The poor are placed one on top of another in the waste ground in front, and at the end of twelve months if the annual rental is not paid by the relatives they are disinterred, and with their coffins are thrown into the Bone Yard, a place presenting such a dreadful spectacle that it has been closed to the public.

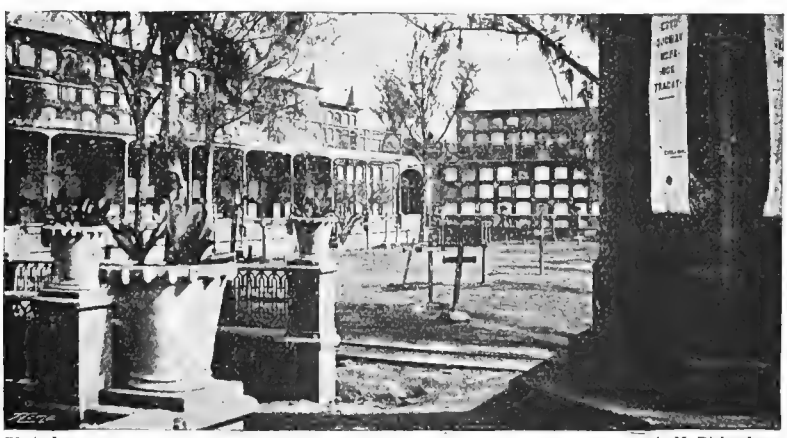


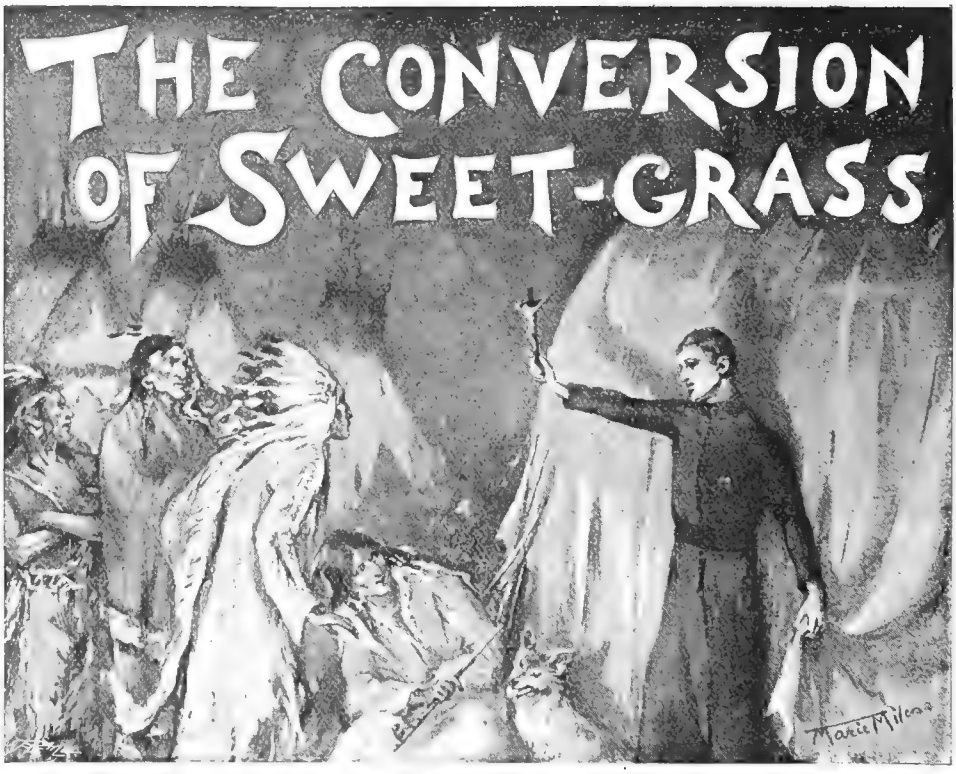
Photo by A. M. Richardson.

The Cemetery at Las Palmas.

The white marks in the walls are tomb stones.

Google

THE CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS



The light from the aspen camp-fire flickered against the brass image.

By W. A. Fraser.

THE CHILDHOOD OF SWEET-GRASS.

What the great chief Crowfoot was to the Blackfoot, was Sweet-Grass to the Crees. He was the Seneca of this great tribe; that was when he was Sweet-Grass.

At the beginning he was next to nothing; a wee mite of a copper-coloured Pagan Cree. His father had been too indifferent to even fight well, so he had been slain like an obese buffalo bull.

In the hunt there was no warrior to kill the buffalo for the widow's wigwam. She followed up the others, and gleaned what they left. In times of plenty this was not so difficult; but when hunger stalked through the flapping tepees of the Indians in the winter months, the gleaning was nothing, and existence for the squaw and her little brown papoose became a struggle with the coyote-like dogs of the camp for the things the others threw away.

That was the childhood of Sweet-Grass. He did not even own a name—he was only the Nokum's child; nobody had time even to dream a name for him.

If in the scramble for bits of jerked buffalo he and the dogs fell out, and he struck his canine rivals, somebody would retaliate—the dogs were in the right of it; it was only the Nokum's child anyway. The dogs belonged to somebody after a fashion—so many to each tepee; but Sweet-Grass was only the Nokum's child.

His mother carried wood, and smoked meat for others; stripped the red willow and made Kinnikinick for lazy braves with lazier wives, and in return she was allowed to poke through the offal and find her living there—if she could. She was like the village poor-woman, with the usual boy, who scrubs and washes, and does all the village drudgery. Sweet-Grass was the boy.

As soon as he opened his eyes on the pleasant world he began to discover that life was a fight. This conviction deepened as he grew older; and the village outcast always grows old fast. His years outstretched his stature: at fourteen he was small but hard as nails; fighting for existence had not tended to soften him.

Digitized by Google

At fourteen he said to the Nokum: "Mother, I am now a warrior; I have not even a name. As I lie on my buffalo skin at night the wind whispers to me through the grass and the purple moose flowers, and asks me what is my name. What can I answer, mother?

"I answer that I am the Nokum's child; and the wind laughs and sweeps away, and the pack-dogs howl, and my heart grows black with anger. If I were a maiden the water would trickle from my eyes, my heart grows so sad. But I am a warrior, mother—a brave; and my heart beats hard and fast against my ribs, and I know that it is knocking that it may grow—grow big, and strong, and fierce, like Black Wolf's.

"Yesterday a big black eagle flew over the snow mountains, and his shadow swept like a cloud across the grass that is like the yellow gold. He flew towards the sun, mother—South, toward the land of the Blackfoot—and he called to me. I looked up, and I saw his eyes—they were bright and fierce, just like Black Wolf's.

"But he was looking at me, mother, and he whistled shrill and sharp, as though the Great Spirit called me to follow.

"To-night I am going, mother. In five nights, if I do not return, it will not matter, for I have no name. I will bring a name if I come back."

The Nokum's eyes were old and blurred; the pupil was glazed with a bluish cast, and the whites were streaked yellow and red—so not much expression could creep into them. They did not tell what she thought — they were like badly-coloured beads. Her tongue did not know how to give expression to sentiment; her poor old heart tugged and strained at its lashings and hurt her, but she was used to pain. It never occurred to her to complain because of mere pain.

So the boy looked in the poor gnarled eyes and saw nothing. The white, withered lips told him nothing; and he thought, "the Nokum is glad—she would like her boy to have a name."

He took his bow, and his knife, and his tenderly-feathered arrows, and held them in his arms as a lover fondles the roses he takes to his lady love. It was a man's bow, for the boy's arms were like steel—got of the fighting with the dogs and everything else in the camp.

Cheap little bits of finery he togged himself out with; trifles of brass tied in his long, black shining hair; a little remnant of bead work, blue and yellow and black, that his mother had saved from the deer-skin shirt of his worthless father, he fastened about his neck.

When he was ready to start the Nokum made his young heart bound with delight when she handed him a pair of delicately-beaded moccassins; they had been worked for a young chief.

"For when you are coming back," she said.

Then the sky swallowed him up. The Nokum saw only millions of stars blinking at her as she sat in the rent of her battered old

If in the scramble for bits of jerked buffalo he struck his canine rivals someone would retaliate—he was only the Nokum's child.

Google

tepee, and looked toward the land of the Blackfoot.

Thus the childhood of Sweet-Grass.

THE NAMING OF SWEET-GRASS.

The Chinook wind blew through the feathers of the boy's arrows and rubbed against his cheek. How light his heart was! For fourteen years he had fought for existence without a name; in a few days he would come back again with one, and wearing the beautiful moccassins now tied up in the little pack on his back.

He reached up his hand and patted them affectionately. As he did so he came to earth with a smash that shook his body—he had put his foot in a badger hole.

As he rose he chided the rose-pink flowers which hid the hole. They were the badger-hole sentinel — the cleome.

"Why did you not tell me, little brothers?" he said, as he tore them up by the roots reproachfully. "They could not tell me because I had no name, I suppose," he muttered, as he sped on again.

The thought stopped him — he turned and called back to the crushed blossoms: "When I come again this way you will know my name."

All night he travelled, his feet crushing eagerly through the bunch-grass and the silvered wolf-willow; the long purple-tipped wild pea caught at his legs and caressed them gently. The gaillardies and the daisies stared sleepily at him as he passed like a grey shadow.

When the light began to steal up in the East he crawled down into a coulee, and hid himself like a coyote and slept.

That night he travelled again, across the shallow "Battle River" and the shallower "Nose Creek;" until before morning he knew that he was close to Sounding Lake, and closer still to the Blackfoot encampment he had been travelling toward.

In a little bluff of white poplar he hid and waited for the coming of day——the day that was to give him a name, or see his scalp hang drying in the tepee of some Blackfoot.

It was a Medicine Man in all the awful grandeur of his barbaric splendour.

Close to where he crouched the Indians' ponies were herding. How his heart throbbed with exultation as he watched them passing in and out among each other as they fed.

As the grey light began to turn the dark brown of the earth to orange, his eyes singled out the leader of the herd, a heavy-quartered chestnut. Beyond the horses, a quarter of a mile away, were the Blackfoot tepees, cutting the bright horizon like the jagged teeth of a saw.

Like a general he waited, and strung his bow taut as a musician keys up his harp.

"They will come to the horses," he thought, "some of them; for I must have scalps as well as ponies."

His heart grew warm as he thought of what it meant for the Nokum. With a name as a brave he would take part in the hunt, and a share of the buffalo would fall to the lot of his mother. She would always have plenty to eat.

Something gorgeous caught his eye. It was a Medicine Man in all the awful grandeur

Google

of his barbaric splendour. Eagle feathers, paint, bead work, and charms seemed to have been poured upon his tall figure like fruit from a cornucopia.

He was coming straight toward the boy—coming to commune with the Great Spirit in what was evidently his private prayer ground.

On a grey willow bush, forty yards from where the boy crouched, three pieces of red cloth hung limp in the morning sunlight. It was one of the Medicine Man's propitiatory offerings.

Behind the Medicine Man stalked a brave.

"He is coming to round up the horses," thought the boy.

He took an arrow from his quiver, held it up toward the East, and let the sunlight kiss its V-shaped head. Then he placed it to his heart. That was that it might go with unerring aim to the heart of the Medicine Man.

Then he knelt reverently, and kissed the earth.

The steel-nerved arm drew the bow string until the arrow-head came back against the hand that grasped the bow.

The Medicine Man was standing in front of his red-streaked bush, his lips muttering an incantation to the particular spirit he was having dealings with. His broad chest, thrust well out, seemed to invite the death-shaft.

"For mother's sake!" hissed the boy; and "twang" went the stretched sinew string. The jagged iron head of the arrow tore a ghastly hole just where a streak of yellow beads cut through a body ground of blue, almost in the centre of the strong chest of the Blackfoot priest.

Never a sound he gave — only a little hoarse gurgle as he fell forward in a crumbled heap, and writhed over on his back, where he lay staring up at the smiling sky.

The boy's brain surged hot with a blood-like fury. He rushed from his concealment, and pulled the feather of another arrow to his ear as the dead Blackfoot's companion faced him.

It, too, found a mark, but only through the shoulder; and too eager for further combat of this sort, he and the brave drew their knives, and closed in upon each other.

But the devil was in the boy—he had been blooded; while the other man had an arrow in his shoulder, which is not so good as an incentive to fight.

In a few minutes two Blackfoot scalps were dangling from the boy's shirt-front, and he was taking breath after his fierce struggle. He was mad with delight; the delirium of triumph was strong upon him. He felt like rushing upon the whole encampment; he wanted to kill, kill, even if he died killing.

He pulled a handful of "sweet grass,"

Never a sound he gave, but lay staring up at the smiling sky.

Google

and dabbled it in the blood of the Medicine Man.

He held it aloft, and screamed in his triumph. His high falsetto voice trilled the "Hi, hi——!" of the Cree battle song.

That was the first sound the camp heard from the battlefield.

He thrust the wet grass in his breast, and raced for the horses as an answering cry came back from amongst the blue columns of upward curling smoke.

In his pack was a little woven horse-hair halter. He pulled it out as he ran. He had lived among the ponies and dogs in his own camp—their ways were his ways.

Two or three of the ponies were hobbled as sheet anchors to keep the others steady. He tore the hobbles off—from the chestnut stallion last; then, grasping the strong mane, he swung himself on to the eager back and started the herd.

The Blackfoot warriors were running from their tepees, but the Cree laughed in victorious glee.

Round the herd of ponies he dashed on the chestnut with a wild yell, and when they were fairly stampeded he swung into the lead. Their fast-beating hoofs pounded the grass-knit turf until it gave forth a sound like the roar of many drums.

A shower of arrows came hurtling after him. A few of the Blackfoot had muzzle-loading guns. A little puff of smoke here and there among his pursuers, a tiny white cloud of dust thrown up to one side or in front of him told of the useless shots.

They were pursuing him on foot; they had no choice, for he had all their horses.

As he drew rapidly away he uttered once more his shrill note of triumph. Then he sat down on the stallion and rode with judgment—eased him up a little.

The Nokum pressed forward. She thrust her hand in at the opening of the deerskin shirt and drew out a bunch of blood-stained grass. "It's sweet-grass!" she cried, and there arose a cry of "Sweet-Grass! Sweet-Grass!"

All that day and all the next night he rode resting his band of horses after he had forded the Battle River the first evening.

At daybreak on the second day he sighted his own camp.

The appearance of so many horses on the distance excited the Crees. They thought their enemy, the Blackfoot, had swooped down upon them.

When the boy rode into the camp at the head of his footsore troop of ponies, the warriors swarmed about him.

Modestly he told his story, for the long ride had quieted down his spirits.

He showed them the scalps and his band of loot.

The braves pressed about him closely, and

Google

felt his arms and his legs to see where the strength had come from.

Suddenly there was a little commotion. An opening was made in the crowd, and the Nokum pressed forward to the feet of the tribe's idol.

"My boy, my boy!" She stopped, her eyes caught sight of the blood on his breast. "Are you wounded?" She thrust her hand in at the opening of his deerskin shirt, and drew it back, clutching a mass of blood-stained grass.

"No," replied the boy, "that's Blackfoot blood, Nokum."

"It's sweet-grass," she cried exultingly, holding the well-known grass aloft in her hand.

Contagiously the others took up the cry, "Sweet-Grass! Sweet-Grass!"

As by inspiration the tribe Medicine Man stepped forward and said, "He is a brave now. He must have a name. Let his name be Sweet-Grass."

Thus was the naming of the great chief "Sweet-Grass."

THE RULING OF SWEET-GRASS.

That was the beginning. Sweet-grass had graduated from his dog's life. The braves that had been before were as nothing to what Sweet-Grass became.

Black Wolf, who had been his model, was soon outclassed by the pupil. Brains and pluck and muscles of steel made the little man the greatest among all Crees.

He was an ideal Pagan. No glinting of a light that illuminated the wrong-doing side of horse stealing and killing shot athwart the narrow pathway of his mind.

If there were any commandments inscribed in the Cree Pantheon they were aimed at the extinction of the enemies of the tribe, the Blackfoot.

So Sweet-Grass served the Great Spirit with an eager vigour that left many scalps hanging in his lodge.

He stole horses until the Medicine Man classed him as the greatest pagan of them all.

While he reduced the census of his neighbours, his own tribe waxed populous and rich through his wisdom.

Then came the day when he was chosen Chief, and even as he had been the greatest warrior, so he became the greatest chief the tribe had ever known.

And the husks had all passed away from the Nokum, for Sweet-Grass honoured her in his prosperity, even as she had toiled and slaved for him when they fought with the dogs for the scraps.

They had a captive—a Cree maiden.

THE CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS.

Father Lacombe was as great a warrior as Sweet-Grass. He, too, was a fearless brave. His bow was the Christian religion, and his arrows God's love, feathered by his own simple, honest ways.

Through the Cree's tepees he wandered at will, and with the Blackfoot he slept back to back on the sky-kissed prairie.

As a rule an Indian does not receive religion with open arms—he is not looking for it. He has other things to think of.

And though they received the Father for his own sake, his Master's commands they cared not much about.

Father Lacombe was working his way Southward through the Blackfoot country one morning in May.

He came upon a small party of Blackfoot. With them they had a captive—a Cree maiden.

Practical Christianity was part of the Father's creed, and he determined to rescue the girl if he had to pawn his Red River carts to the Indians. So he bargained with them.

Digitized by Google

In the end he gave an order on the Hudson's Bay Company for a sum sufficient to bankrupt his small means.

He took the girl with him on his southern trip, for there was no way of sending her to her people till he should return in the autumn.

It had been the usual order of Blackfoot enterprise; the war party had swooped down upon the few Crees she had been with at the time, and killed them all but herself. Her parents had not been of the party.

In October Father Lacombe went North again—back among the Crees.

One evening, after he had camped, he saw a large outfit of Indians trailing towards him. He hid the girl under a cart, the sides of which were draped by a large canvas.

It was Sweet-Grass's party. They encamped beside the Father for the night.

To Father Lacombe the Indians were as children: to him their lives were an open book, and the misery that was in one old couple's hearts was soon poured into his sympathetic ear.

To an Indian there is no loss so great as the loss of a child; even horses are less to be lamented.

And Many-Herbs had lost a daughter. The Blackfoot had attacked the party she was with in the spring and all had been murdered, even the daughter. Father Lacombe had opened up a gold mine, and he knew it. The priest had several gifts besides his great generosity and his wide humanity. He had that fine dramatic instinct which makes the most of an opportunity. Evidently God had delivered the captive into his hands that good might come of the evil which had been done.

When the Father spoke of hope, Many-Herbs scoffed. Alive there might be hope, yes; but was not Two-Winds dead? Could the priest take a stripped wand of the red willow and change it into the form of Two-Winds, and alive?

Was not Sweet-Grass also like a stricken buffalo? Two-Winds was to have gone to the chief's lodge even at that time—at the time of the great hunts.

"Surely," thought the priest, "the Father has given these people into my hands. If Sweet-Grass also loved the maid much good must come of the rescue."

Then he spoke aloud to the Crees and prayed silently in his heart the while.

"Will your God, who is so powerful, give me back Two-Winds?" cried Many-Herbs. "Or bring her back to my lodge?" asked Sweet-Grass.

"Have patience, my brothers," said the Priest. "You have forgotten one thing—you have forgotten the power of this!" And he held aloft the black cross which was tucked in his girdle.

The light from the aspen camp-fire flickered against the brass image of the Saviour drooping from the cruel, holding nails.

It was Sweet-Grass who said: "Call on your Medicine Man to give us Two-Winds. If it can do that I will believe—I and my tribe. The Little Father shall have five horses if he can do this thing. I have spoken."

The Chief and the Priest were old friends—almost old antagonists on the question. Pere Lacombe knew that the Sweet-Grass's words were like the flow of the Saskatchewan—a thing to be depended upon.

"And I have heard!" he said, as the Cree Chief ceased speaking and placed the long stem of his pipe between his lips, "I have heard, and my Master has heard, and the power of the Cross is for good!"

Among the Whites, Pere Lacombe was the one man Sweet-Grass trusted; and as the Priest spoke he started forward eagerly in a half-famished way, as a gaunt wolf eyes a life that is just out of his reach.

"Two-Winds," he whispered huskily, expectantly.

"Yes!" answered the Priest, in his deep voice, as he drew aside the canvas of the cart.

It was as though God had looked down and smiled upon the camp, as Two-Winds came and stood in the light of the camp fire; the same light that had flickered at the brass Saviour, streaked with bronze the black mass of her hair, and showed the great love-light in the sparkling eyes.

Pere Lacombe stood a little to one side with bowed head, his hands crossed lovingly over the brass Saviour as he held it against his breast. The power of the Cross had come to pass.

Thus was the conversion of Sweet-Grass.

Google

SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS

His Father.

President McKinley.

His Mother.

His Father.

Duke of Norfolk.

His Mother.

Google

His Father.

Alfred Harmsworth.

His Mother.

His Father.

The Archbishop of Armagh.

His Mother.

His Father.

Sir George Baden-Powell.

His Mother.

Google

His Father.

Duke of Argyll.

His Mother.

His Father.

The Bishop of Exeter.

His Mother.

His Father.

Robert Barr.

His Mother.

Photographs by Russell & Sons, Watson, London Stereoscopic Company, Walery, Williams, Caldesi & Co., W. & D. Downey, A. Vignos, Sarony, N.Y., Ayton, Browning, Elliott & Co., Lombard & Co.

Google

THE BEST SHOT IN THE WORLD.

Col. G. Bordeverry.

Written in bull's-eyes.

By William Will.

About eighteen years ago Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry made a vow that he would be the best pistol and rifle shot in the world. At that time he was champion of the particular part of France in which he lived; but he was ambitious. He knew that in the land of duels there were hundreds of accomplished shots; but he knew also that he had the eye and the muscle and the time for practice that are absolutely necessary to those who would shoot well. The Scots have a proverb, "He that tholeth (endureth) overcometh"; and the Scots and the French have had many things in common since the day that Mary Queen of Scots married the Dauphin of France. Gaston Bordeverry "tholed," and he overcame.

Madame Bordeverry, at a distance of thirty feet, can hit five bull's-eyes with five successive shots.

Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry was born at Pau. "To teach the young idea how to shoot" did not mean the same to Bordeverry as it did to Thomson of "The Seasons." When quite a boy Bordeverry was shooting away his spare cash at fairs and markets, and was in consequence made the target of his parents' scorn. At that time all his prizes were blanks.

When he grew to manhood Bordeverry became an interpreter at Pau, and subsequently at Bordeaux; and it was when at the latter place that he was "discovered." He had been taking all the first prizes at meetings far and near, and was practising assiduously at other times. He was strongly advised to go to Paris, where, his friends said, he was sure to create a sensation. He had influential friends in the capital. Armaud Silvestre, the litterateur, and Charles Toché, the painter, told many of their friends that they were bringing to Paris someone who could shoot a little, and an exhibition was arranged for in the magnificent hall of the influential *Figaro* newspaper. Here many deputies to the French Chamber naturally met, for shooting is an important item in the "Home" policy of almost every French Parliamentarian; and with them were the principal pistol shots in France, Britain, America, and Germany. The Comte de Montgou, Comte Henri d'Havrincourt, the Comte d'Elva, Ernest Carnot, the ex-President's son, and many others were there and stood spellbound while Gaston Bordeverry went through his wonderful performance. Next morning the young man from Bordeaux found himself famous. The *Figaro*, the *Journal des Debats*, the *Gaulois*, and the other papers praised him. Paris talked about him in the Cafés, and variety hall managers prayed for dates,

Google

M. Bordeverry hits nine bull's-eyes within seven seconds

That was eighteen months ago—in June, 1897—soon after which M. Bordeverry came to London.

In his exhibitions, M. Bordeverry is assisted by his wife and daughter. Madame Bordeverry is a sure shot at small targets, and, with the rifle, at a distance of 30ft. bursts five miniature balloons with five successive shots; and another balloon held in her husband's hand, is also destroyed.

M. Gaston Bordeverry begins his exhibition by shooting, in something like six or seven seconds, nine small "bull's-eyes," the distance being about 30ft. From the balcony or gallery of a hall, 70ft. or 80ft. distant, he picks off the "bull" with just as much ease.

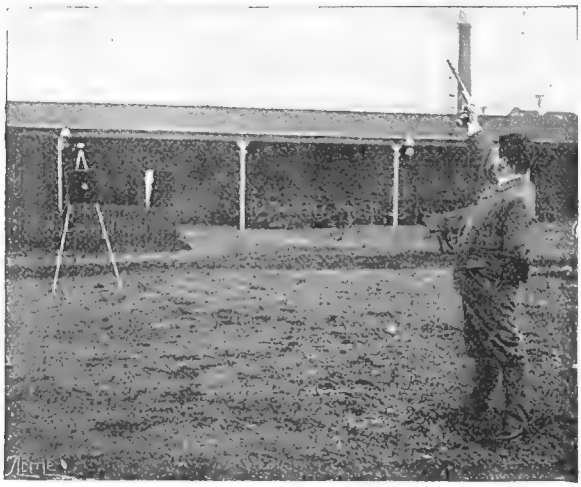
From these comparatively simple tests, he passes to the shooting of a balloon by *commandement*, in imitation of the duel. And M. Bordeverry is not without his experiences of duelling, which, however, have taken a humorous rather than a serious turn. An elderly nobleman of M. Bordeverry's acquaintance, whom we shall call Count A——, was insulted by a young man, Monsieur C——. In a passion, the Count exclaimed: "Bordeverry, if I could shoot like you, I should kill that man!" In order to satisfy the Count and get a little fun at his expense, Bordeverry and M. C—— arranged a mock duel. The Count beamed. The day came, and with it the principals, seconds, and doctors. Bordeverry's pistol was loaded, but the ball was in his pocket. He fired first, and, with a groan, M. C—— fell "wounded."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Bordeverry, "I have killed M. C——! What shall I do? What shall I do?" and he slapped his brow with his hand.

"You'll get the guillotine sure enough!" exclaimed Count A——, now anxious to dissociate himself from the business; "and serve you right."

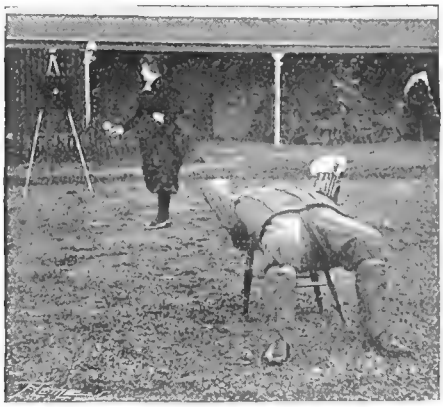
M. C—— "recovered," and the Count treated Bordeverry to a fine dinner for saving his honour; but a few days after, one of the Paris papers came out with a picture of the duel, and with Count A—— peeping from behind a tree. The Count perspired with anger. He declared that he was not afraid; but, in the midst of his defence, someone told him that the whole thing was a joke. Then the nobleman declared that if he could shoot like Bordeverry, Bordeverry should be killed; but, as he could not shoot like Bordeverry, he had his revenge by excluding the sharpshooter from his list of nodding acquaintances.

M. Gaston Bordeverry has a rather taking item on his programme, namely, a double shot. That is, he, lying on his back on a chair, gets a small balloon, which is held by his wife, in line with a "bull's eye" on a target, and, with one pistol shot, bursts the balloon and hits the "bull's eye." Another double shot which Monsieur Bordeverry once



M. Bordeverry shooting by *commandement* as in a duel. He invariably hits the bull's-eye.

Google



Lying on his back he hits with one shot the balloon held by his wife and also the bull's-eye.

made in a hall in France, upset a performer, and very nearly upset a performance. Before telling this story, however, let it be known that Gaston Bordeverry has humour as explosive as the powder he puts in his pistol; but this the performer referred to did not quite understand. He was a conductor of orchestra, and a bit of a nuisance. He was slow and disagreeable; but M. Bordeverry determined to wake him up, "for one night only." At the performance the hall was packed, and the old man was as sleepy as ever. A temporary platform went from the stage into the hall, for the purpose of giving the shooter distance. The bullet thus passed over the heads of the musicians. The sleepy old conductor held his baton poised ready to take up the music at the right time, and M. Bordeverry was aiming behind him. The shooter took a long aim. Puff! Smash went the top of the conductor's baton, and in a twinkling the old man was down in the region of powder-puffs and music, swearing that if he got an opportunity he would kill the sharpshooter.

A particularly smart piece of work is partly shown in another of our illustrations. Here M. Bordeverry is seen in the act of hitting with one shot a spring, which sends up a ball, and with the other shot putting a hole in the ball when it rises.

Perhaps that shown in the next picture* is the finest shooting that M. Bordeverry does. A bell is suspended by a thread, and while the bell is swinging he shoots at and breaks the thread.

A picturesque item in the programme of M. Bordeverry is where Madame Bordeverry stands 30ft. from her husband, with a piece of sugar and two small balloons fixed on her head. M. Bordeverry, standing, first picks off one balloon; then, with his pistol upside down, he bursts the other one; and, finally, lying on his back on a chair, he picks off the sugar. M. Bordeverry performs this feat while from his arm depends a 40lb. weight; but for this he trains specially. When the shooter is at this item, he will tell you that when he engages a male assistant he puts him to the sugar test. The first shot misses (not by accident); the second shot misses, and the probability is that the would-be assistant fears that the next may be a hit—in the wrong place — so he begs to be excused. When a man can stand steady after five or six successive misses, M. Bordeverry considers that he can be trusted to do anything.

Photo by C.A.P.LD.

With the pistol in his left hand he hits the trigger of a spring, whilst with that in his right he hits the projected ball.

A feat, perhaps, as fine as the breaking of the thread is where Madame Bordeverry, having a piece of paper or card fixed

* This and the following photographs were taken in a drawing-room. M. Bordeverry is obliged to stand nearer the object than is usual. In the music halls his distance is not less than 30ft.

At a distance of thirty feet he cuts, as it swings, a single thread sustaining a bell.

Google

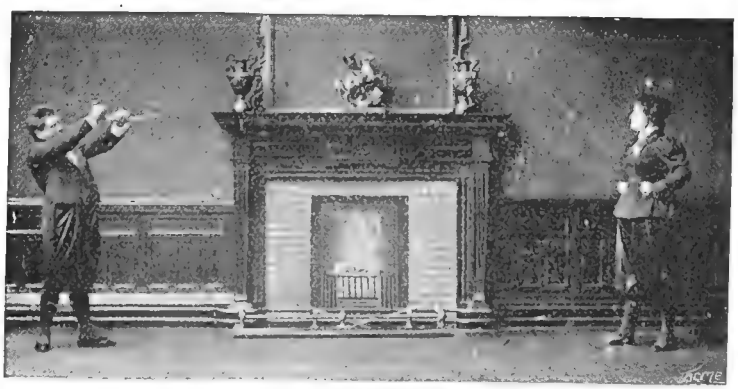
on her head, stands at a distance of 30ft. from her husband, with the *edge* alone visible to the shooter. Holding his pistol upside down, M. Bordeverry fires, and cuts the paper or card in two. And not only that, but cuts through a bull's-eye in the middle of the card! To the man or woman unaccustomed to this sort of thing, the swish of the bullet as it slashes through the paper has a disagreeable noise. The pompous conductor of a music hall in the North of England has some idea of this. "In the

With successive shots he hits two small balloons and a piece of sugar.

With inverted pistol he hits a bull's-eye on a small card, not in the ordinary manner, but through the edge of the card.

opinion of this conductor," says Bordeverry, "there is but one man in the world; and I wished him to understand that there were at least two men —and one bullet." In place of leaving the orchestra seats like the other musicians, the leader remained behind; and it was Bordeverry's duty to remove him. He had to shoot over the conductor's head. The first shot at the target missed. The conductor remained. The second shot also missed the target, but made a palpable hit; for the bullet whizzed past the conductor's ear, and in a minute he was downstairs, his hurried departure being greeted with great merriment by the large audience.

What is unquestionably M. Bordeverry's most wonderful piece of work is shown in the next picture. Here Madame Bordeverry is seen with a cork fixed on an iron band, which rests on her head. A piece of sugar lies on the cork, and a grape completes the tower. Lying on his back, again thirty feet distant, M. Bordeverry knocks off the grape without touching the sugar; then, standing, but with the pistol turned over, he picks the sugar off the cork; and, finally, with the pistol in the normal position, he topples over



The most delicate feat of all. With one shot, lying on his back, he hits off a grape which is resting on a piece of sugar balanced on a cork. With the second shot, standing with inverted pistol, he picks off the sugar, and finally he hits the cork.

Google

One method of lighting a match not to be performed by every smoker.

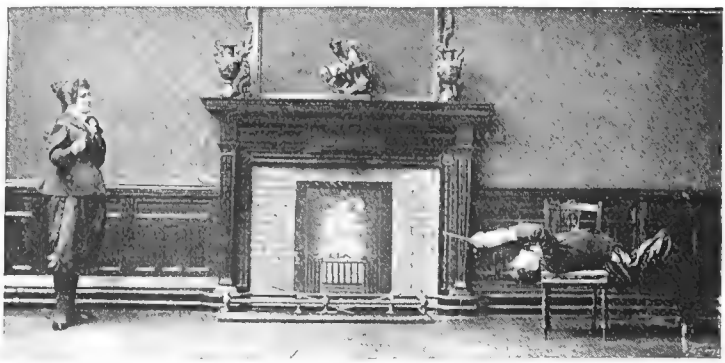
the cork. This item is always performed amid death-like stillness, for if it be not so dangerous as certain other things which M. Bordeverry does, the fact that a miss by a hair's breadth would ruin the feat is impressed upon the audience.

Another illustration shows the Frenchman and his wife immediately after M. Bordeverry has struck and lit a wax vesta held in the hand of Madame Bordeverry.

From lighting a wax vesta M. Bordeverry proceeds to extinguish a burning cigarette, also held in Madame Bordeverry's hand. While, however, the vesta was struck from the standing position, the cigarette is extinguished by a bullet fired by the shooter when lying on his back.

M. Bordeverry puts out pipes as well as cigarettes, one of the former having been extinguished to the amazement of the keeper of a hall in which the sharpshooter practised when a youth. This keeper was a lazy, grumbling old fellow, who would not "hurry up" unless his joints were well greased, the necessary greasing being "two drinks." Now Bordeverry resolved to make him move more quickly. One day the hall-keeper sat lazily smoking his pipe, which hung shaking from his toothless jaws. It was a delightful profile — and target. M. Bordeverry took up his pistol and aimed. "One, two, three—puff!" Away went the old hall-keeper's pipe in a thousand pieces. And then the air was full of smoke and French oaths.

Whether William Tell be a myth and the apple story a lie, I do not know; but this I do know that William Tell has not been credited with anything so sensational as Monsieur Gaston's Bordeverry's feat of shooting a threepenny piece from his daughter's head, and this while the shooter lies on his back on a chair. In the picture the coin appears to be about an inch from the girl's head; but from the position in which M. Bordeverry lies, he can just see the threepenny piece over his daughter's temple. Monsieur Bordeverry is excusably proud of this feat, and explains that before he found courage to shoot at the coin on his daughter's head, he practised for eighteen months at a coin stuck in a board; and although he fired a thousand shots daily, he never once struck the board. M. Bordeverry says he believes there are many men who could hit a threepenny piece; but he does not believe that, even in pistol-loving France, there is one other man who has the courage to fire at a threepenny piece on a human being's head. This leads me to say that even when shooting in an ordinary drawing-room, there is no danger from this gentleman's pistol, for a small square of iron hung on the wall catches the spent bullets. Nevertheless, even with this safeguard, the manager of the *Figaro* had an anxious time when last year at M. Bordeverry's *début* in public, the sound of



A prompt, effectual, but distinctly difficult method of putting out a cigarette.

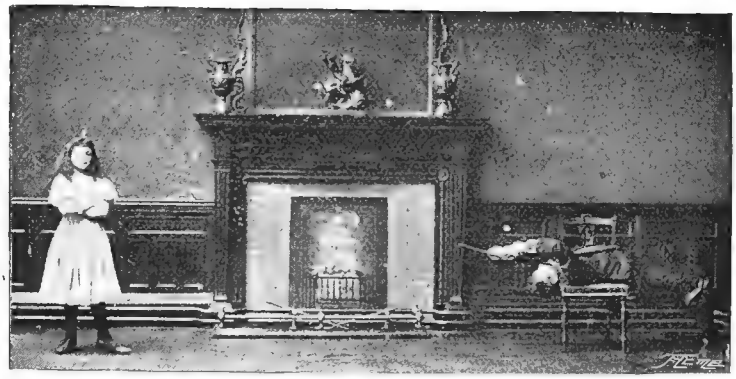
Google

the shooting rang among the precious works of art; and in consequence of that excitement it is not likely that another pistol shooting will be held in the *Figaro's* Hall—at least, without the element of provocation.

Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry's success in 1897, although wonderful, did not satisfy him. Seventeen years previously he had set out with the intention of becoming the champion shot of the world, and ere he could call himself by this proud title it was necessary for him to challenge the world. This he did on his arrival in London last year. He issued a challenge, the conditions of which were: A stipulated number of shots (bullets) from a pistol; distance ten yards; firing at the edge of a card in three positions; target not to be more than three inches square; ten seconds between each shot; £100 a side. Since that challenge was issued, M. Bordeverry has increased the money to £1,000.

Naturally, M. Bordeverry uses cartridges, for the hard ramming of a ball, or the slightest deficiency in a charge, might prove detrimental to the health of his assistant; moreover, he uses a different pistol for each feat. The style of shooting at duels, where misses are prayed for and hits are few, does not suit M. Gaston Bordeverry. He is not by any means like that erratic countryman of his —Mons. B—, who fought a duel with a bitter enemy. The enemy fired first and missed; and when he saw the man who had insulted him in his power, Monsieur B— had bowels of compassion opened within him, and, pointing his pistol in the air, shouted, "I will be generous!" He fired, and killed a doctor!"

If his countrymen generally were as fine shots as Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry, there would be fewer duels in France.



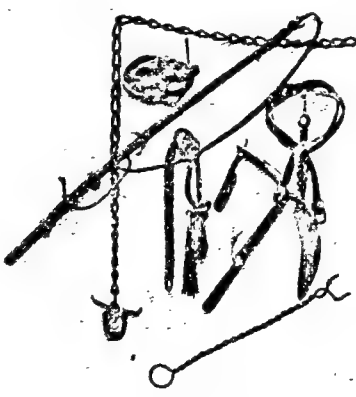
Lying on his back at an angle that only just shows the threepenny piece above the forehead of his daughter, he hits the coin from a distance of thirty feet.

All the photographs of this article, except where otherwise noted, are by Messrs. G. and W. Morgan, of Aberdeen.

Photo by W. D. Welford.

Watering the Streets in Brussels.

Google

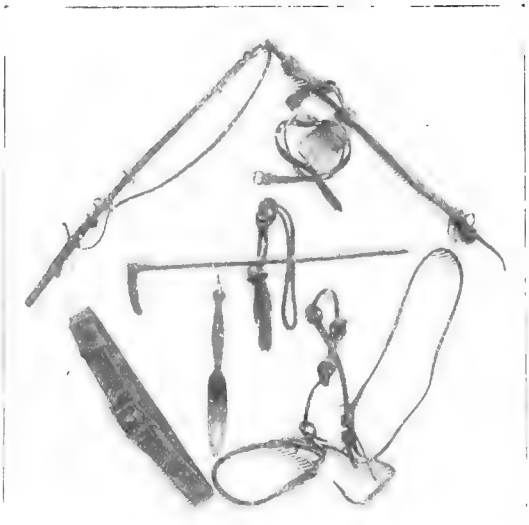


MODERN INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.

By Walter Florence.

Some time ago an exhibition was held in London of torture-implements, taken from the terrible and notorious dungeons of Nuremburg, and everywhere were heard expressions of horror that practices so cruel as those which the instruments indicated should have been common, even in the dark ages of Europe's history.

And yet, even to-day, a museum is to be seen in London of torture-implements used, not by barbarous Easterns, or by Europeans of the Middle Ages, but by Britons of the latter end of the nineteenth century. The photographs which we present on these pages were taken at the headquarters of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and represent sticks and straps and miscellaneous weapons with which poor little children have been unmercifully beaten and tortured, oftentimes nigh unto death.



A few instruments with which poor little children have been unmercifully tortured. The belt at the left hand corner belonged to a soldier who disgraced his uniform.

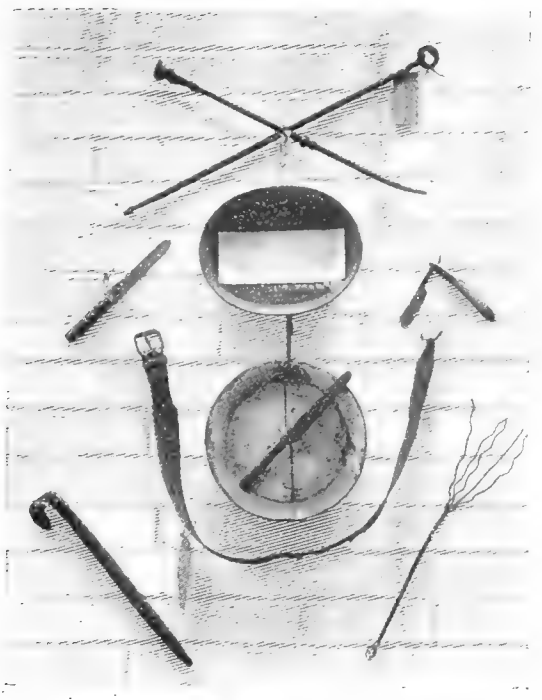
At the bottom of the first illustration will be seen a guardsman's belt. Shame that such an article, belonging to the outfit of the gallant "Soldiers of the Queen," should be put to a base and cowardly use! The owner, in a fit of drunken rage, one day assaulted his little eleven year old daughter with brutal savagery, and the case luckily coming before the inspectors of the National Society, the unnatural father received the all too lenient sentence of a month's hard labour.

The strap fastened round a stick in the right-hand top corner of this illustration was used by a drunken mother for the systematic ill-treatment of her three little sons. At last she so severely injured one boy's head with the buckle-end that she was brought within the reach of the law's arm, and was sentenced to a month's hard labour.

The broken stick in the centre was used by a father for the brutal castigation of his son. But the ill-treatment was not confined to beating. The lad was thrown upon a bedstead, and fastened by the arms and feet in crucifixion fashion, and then burned with lighted matches. The magistrate awarded the unnatural parent four months' hard labour.

In the next illustration, the most interesting object is the top frying-pan, which, extra-

Google



The top frying-pan was the only utensil used in a family of eight for both washing and cooking.

ordinary as it may seem, was the only utensil for washing and cooking purposes used in the family of a man with a wife and six children. It is hardly necessary to say that the man was a habitual drunkard and brute. He was charged with the manslaughter of one of his children, and the sentence of nine months' passed upon him was well-merited. The frying-pan below was thrown at a child by its father, and resulted in severe injuries to the head.

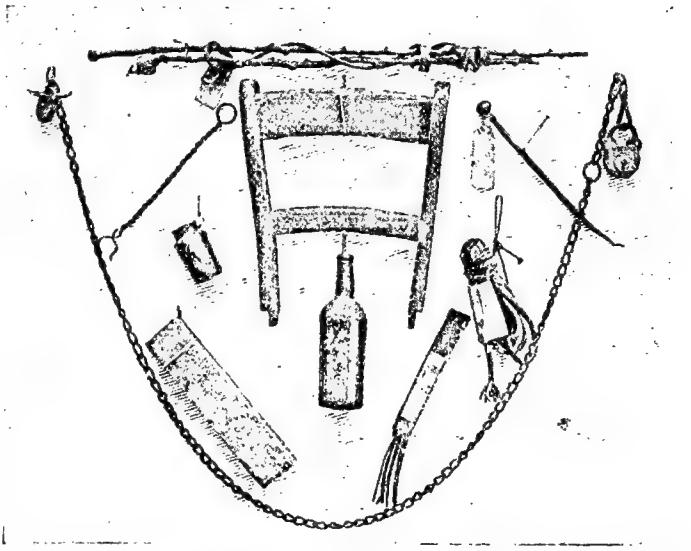
The wire birch shown underneath these pans, which was formerly the handle of a lamp brush was used for the brutal beating of a little child, and the heavy iron bar opposite was thrown at a poor little martyr.

In the last illustration the most conspicuous object is the heavy chain and padlocks suspended around the other things. With this an unfortunate idiot lad, aged fifteen years, was fastened in an outhouse by his guardians, a man and a woman, and kept for hours chopping wood. Even when brought into the house he was chained to the wall. It is almost unnecessary to remark that his life was insured. Strong influence was brought to bear upon the Society not to prosecute, and the poor lad was removed to the workhouse, the man agreeing to pay certain sum per week for his maintenance.

The chair-back and the bottle shown were used by a drunken mother for assaulting her children, some terrible injuries resulting. She received the sentence of six months' hard labour.

The little cream jug on the left of the chair back has a miserable history attached to it. A drunken woman, living apart from her husband, threw the jug at her daughter and cut the girl's head open. She also cut another daughter's nose by throwing a teapot at her; injured her son by striking him violently with a picture frame; and thrashed her other children unmercifully with a poker. She was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour.

To go on enumerating these shocking cases would serve no good purpose. The chief feature that presents itself in the particulars given above is the extraordinarily lenient sentences awarded to the criminals. Till the punishments meted out to such scoundrels are more in proportion to their crimes, cruelty to children can never be stamped out.



The most interesting object here is the long chain with padlocks, which was used to chain up an idiot lad, like a dog in an outhouse.

Photos by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Google

"All a Lye & Cheat," an opinion written on the flyleaf of the Memoirs by some early reader.

A FORGOTTEN LIAR.

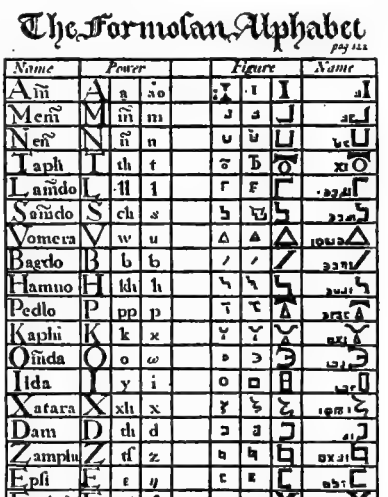
By Caley Wainright.

Almost exactly two hundred years ago all London was agog with curiosity concerning a certain Formosan, who passed by the name of George Psalmanazar. He was the lion of the year 1704, whose history and distant home was discussed in every drawing room and coffee-house of the metropolis. He was a veritable hero, a most excellent Jap; for, apart from the interesting story which he told, he was a triumph of proselytism on the part of a certain Doctor Innes, and altogether an Indian, as he called himself, of erudition and keen intellect.

The erudition of Mr. George Psalmanazar, we may perhaps question, but that he was a decidedly clever young gentleman when he first appeared in public, we need have no hesitation in admitting. He was a distinctly original rogue, who, though he died a penitent and pious historian, succeeded in imposing on a credulous, and even incredulous public to an extent that has perhaps never since been equalled.

George Psalmanazar was not a Formosan, nor yet the slightest relation to one. He had never seen the country, nor been within thousands of miles of it. His history was entirely a work of romance—the freak of an idle and excessively vain temperament.

Who the gentleman really was is unknown; nor has his true name passed into the possession of posterity. All he tells us about himself, in the memoirs which he wrote, is that he was a Frenchman. He was the son of people in humble life, although his father came of an ancient family. For some reason or another this gentleman resided some five hundred miles or so from his wife, and it was with his mother that our hero was reared.



A Formosan Alphabet.

As composed by Psalmanazar. He was only sixteen when he composed his first alphabet.

George was not a genius, but he succeeded in acquiring a certain amount of general knowledge at his school even to the extent of writing and speaking Latin with considerable ease. The humdrum nature of his surroundings commenced, however, to pall upon him, and he soon cast about for something more worthy—or unworthy—of his abilities. The account brought over by Dutch Jesuits returning from the far East fired George's imagination, until he decided that there was money and a profession in being a Formosan.

Having arrived at that conclusion, and knowing nothing whatever about Formosa or its inhabitants,

Google

The Temple.

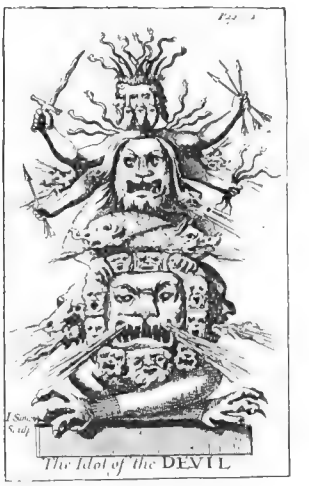
20,000 hearts of young children under nine years of age were burnt here annually.

he commenced to evolve sundry necessary details out of his imagination. He composed an alphabet, an illustration of which we give taken from the "History of Formosa," which he subsequently wrote. He appears to have had rather a difficulty in building up this alphabet, inasmuch as he had decided that the proper thing for Eastern writing was to run from right to left. The original designs of some of his characters were ill-adapted for such method of procedure, and had to be altered. George was sixteen when he completed this unique task, and armed with this and a comfortable story of having been brought from Formosa and converted by Jesuits, and, even more important, armed with a forged passport, he entered on a pilgrimage through Europe.

We have no space to accompany our friend through his various wanderings, which included a visit to his father; suffice it to say that, after having essayed various employments, from that of a sturdy beggar to a tutor, he eventually enlisted as a soldier in a British regiment, in the pay of the Dutch, stationed at Sluys. There he became acquainted with one Innes, the chaplain of the regiment, a rogue of originality and subtle cunning. The imposture of the lesser scamp, for Psalmanazar still persisted in calling himself a Jap, was quickly penetrated by Innes, who at once saw that chance had brought in his way an excellent opportunity for furthering his own prospects in life. He entered into the spirit of Psalmanazar's pretended origin, improved somewhat upon it, and then communicated with the Bishop of London to the effect that he had converted this wonderful heathen into a good Christian.

The Tabernacle of the Temple.

The circular opening in front is a gigantic cauldron for boiling the flesh of sacrifices. The ox in the recess is a form assumed by the god.

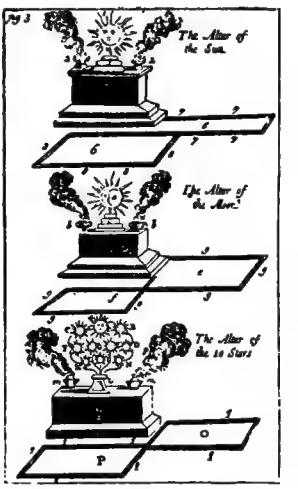


The Devil of Formosa.

The imaginary idol to which the Formosans were said to offer sacrifices in order to avert earthquakes, wind, hail, rain, storms, etc.

As the enterprising divine had anticipated, the Bishop soon expressed a desire to see and meet Psalmanazar, and in due course the worthy pair arrived in London.

By this time Psalmanazar had schooled himself into a more perfect knowledge of the language which he had invented and asserted to be Formosan. It seems, indeed, to be a fact that this lad, for he was only nineteen when he reached London, really did compile a language, which the most erudite grammarians in



The Altar of the Sun, Moon, and Ten Stars.

The space to the right of each altar is where the beasts were slain, whilst in the enclosure in front they were burnt. Psalmanazar actually contrived names for each of the ten stars.

Google

Imaginary Formosans.
A general and a gentleman, with their respective wives.

England decided to be genuine and complete.

The following gives some idea of George's home-made language :—

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

KORIAKIA VOMERA.

Our Father who Amy Pornio dan in Heaven art, chin Ornio viey, Hallowed Gnayjorhe be thy Name, sai Lory, Come thy Eyfodere sai Kingdom, Be done th Bagalin, Jorhe sai Will as in Heaven also in Earth so, domion apo chin Ornio, kay chin Badi eyen.

In 1703, George Psalmanazar published an historical and geographical description of Formosa. Every detail of it was evolved out of the vivid imagination of this barefaced imposter. The island he declared to be subject to the Emperor of Japan, and he gives a wonderful account of how a gentleman, rejoicing in the highly euphonious name of Meryaandanoo, by birth a Chinaman, usurped the Empire of Japan, and became King of Formosa.

Following on this account comes a detailed description of the various laws made by the new Emperor for the Island of Formosa, and these laws are set forth with a minuteness that brought down upon George the very obvious question of how, seeing how young he was when he left his native country, he could possibly know as much as he did.

More Formosans.
People of humbler life. The widow's dress is decidedly severe.

Some of these laws seem a trifle severe, for instance : "Whosoever shall reproach or slander any man shall have his tongue bored through with a hot iron ; but whosoever shall refuse to obey his superiour, in things lawful, he shall be beheaded." Moreover, any gentleman found guilty of treason against the Emperor or any of the kings, of whom there were several, was to be tortured with all imaginable torment, an enactment somewhat vague in its punishment, but allowing most delicious scope to any bloodthirsty but ingenious administrator of the law.

Psalmanazar details the religion of the Formosan at particular length, dividing it into three kinds, the first being idolatry, the second being a religion that acknowledges a Supreme Being so sublime as only to be worshipped indirectly through the sun and also the moon and stars, and, thirdly, a religion which was no religion, but merely the superstition of sacrificing to evil spirits.

Other Formosans.
Observe the pipes, and also the yashmak worn by the young lady.

Infanticide plays rather a large part in Psalmanazar's religion, and a habit which he had contracted of answering, in a reckless, off-hand manner, questions which were put to him, and then persisting in his statement, whatever it was, landed him in somewhat of a difficulty in the matter of the infant mortality of Formosa.

He stated that every year 18,000 male children under the age of nine years were sacrificed. This seemed just a little bit more than the most credulous could believe. Yet Psalmanazar stuck to his guns, only excusing himself to the extent of admitting that, whilst 18,000 was the number of victims the priests were directed to sacrifice, there was no doubt that they were open to bribery on the part of any fond parent, and did not always treat the gods to their full allowance

Google

fig: 5.

The King

fig 6

The Queen

Pag: 82.

fig 7

The Viceroy

Pag: 83.

fig 8.

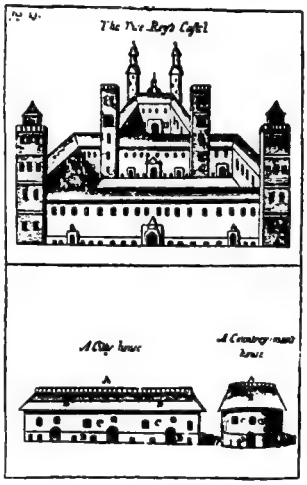
The Viceroy's Lady

These are not representations of real people, but simply creatures of an impostor's perverted imagination.

Google

of infant hearts. But just as the American refused to take off another crow, so no amount of heckling would induce our friend to go one infant under 18,000.

This extraordinary book of Psalmanazar gives a detailed description of the various festivals of his imaginary Formosans, of their fasting days, of the priestly elections, of the worship of the sun, the moon and the stars, and even of the various postures of the body during adoration. He described their funeral ceremonies, the garments of the priests, and the national manners and customs.



Formosan Architecture.
A castle, a city house, and country cottage.

With respect to appearance, he described the men as being fair in spite of the country being so hot, whilst the women, he asserted, were wonderfully beautiful. In very cold weather he described the rich people as living underground, whilst for the summer they had gardens and groves so thickly planted with trees that the sun could not penetrate them. In very hot weather, the Formosan millionaire was wont to have a tent, made of thick cloth, pitched in one of his fields. This tent was kept soaked with water, so that inside it remained like a cool cellar, until, in the evening, the family was carried home in litters.

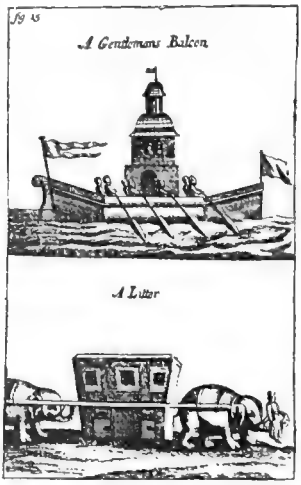
Formosan Shipping.
The king's state craft, and a species of houseboat used by all noblemen for their retinues.

Psalmanazar vouchsafed the fullest particulars with reference to the wearing apparel of the Formosans, and even went so far as to give illustrations in his book, which illustrations we reproduce. Psalmanazar evidently had no sympathy with that mighty Juggernaut of modern times, Fashion. They knew of no such thing in his Formosa, although the distinction between the costume of a nobleman and a commoner was most marked.

The King, he tells us, wore a short coat of silk, which he tied with a most precious girdle; and above it was a long, open gown of costly silk wrought with gold and silver. Gold and silver and precious stones, it may at once be said, form a distinct feature in the costumes of Psalmanazar's gentry and nobility. Possibly from a personal experience of its economy, Psalmanazar decided that his King always had bare knees, with stockings made of silk, and adorned with many ribbons. His bonnet was also an important item, with a long veil affair carried over the left arm. The Queen, it is needless to state, simply glittered with precious stones. Her clothes were curiously wrought with the needle, and were long enough to reach to her heels; whilst her sleeves almost touched the ground. Around her waist was a precious girdle, and down her back flowed curls, but—Psalmanazar hastens to add—not too many of them. Her manto—it sounds somewhat like mantle—reached to the ground.

Children were not allowed to wear a bonnet until they were nine years of age, although daughters were permitted to indulge in small crowns of flowers or feathers, but the manto was forbidden.

The Viceroy also dressed splendidly, but silver in lieu of gold was his staple adornment, although his bonnet seemed to have been a truly gorgeous affair, for we are told

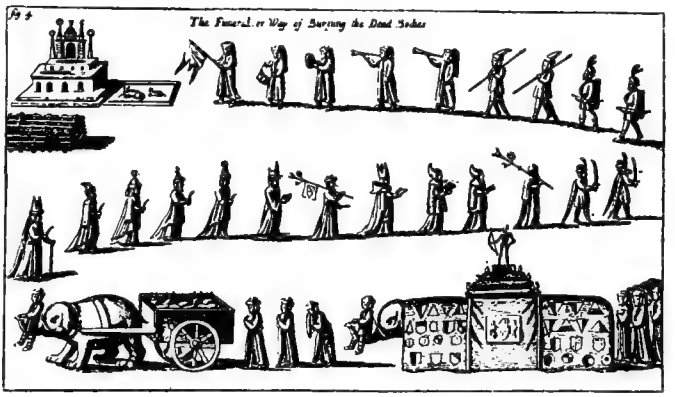


Travelling in Formosa.
Besides boats, litters were used, there being no coaches. Thirty men would go in each litter. Observe the gentleman on the elephant's trunk.

Google

that it was very great, of curious workmanship, and adorned with precious stones.

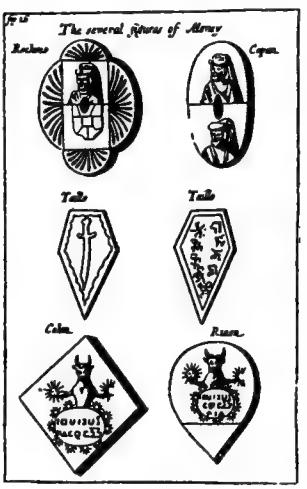
With reference to the geography of the island, we are informed that there were only six cities, two of which were on the principle island, these, it is interesting to note, are called respectively Xternetsa and Bigno.



A Rich Man's Funeral.

The cart contains sacrifices, the body itself being carried in the elephant litter, which is draped in black, with the shield and arms of the deceased on it.

With respect to the architecture we are informed that we may take the Viceroy's palace as a sample of extreme grandeur. It was faced with square stone, curiously carved, whilst the inside was wainscotted with fine wood, adorned with japanned work and China ware. The Royal apartments alone were two bayks in circumference, a bayk being about an English mile and a half.



Formosan Money.

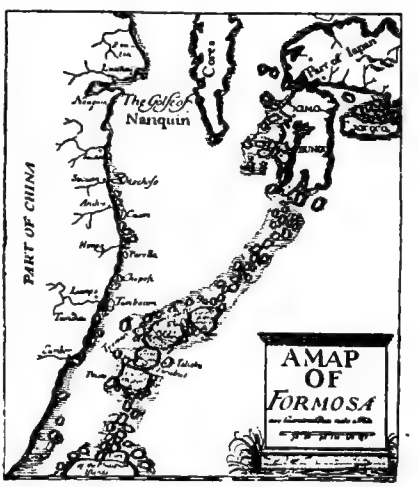
The Rochmo and Copan were gold, the Taillo silver, the Colan and the Riaon iron.

According to Psalmanazar, the Formosans had no numbers amongst them but counted on their fingers, until with the arrival of the Dutch they were able to compile names. Their money was made of gold, silver, and brass, also of iron and of steel. The highest piece of gold was a Rockmoo, equal to nine copans and a half; a Copan was a piece of gold worth seven taillos; a Taillo being a silver coin worth fifty-eight stivers, or about five shillings.

The Formosans apparently were possessed of ships capable of travelling a long distance, in addition to these, they had other vessels called balconos, which were used as private galleys by the gentry and nobility, who also possessed houseboats called Arcacasseos, wherein they housed their suites. On land there were no coaches but only litters, carried by two elephants or camels or horses, into which fifty people could enter.

Such, very briefly, is the extraordinary story of this remarkable impostor. His romance was never really proved to be the fraud he himself afterwards confessed it to be. Gradually, public excitement died out, and an impression grew up that Psalmanazar was, after all, a liar, and so, as a converted Formosan, he disappeared from public notice.

Before his death, in May, 1763, he compiled a complete confession of his imposture, which confession was published subsequent to his decease in the form of memoirs.



Psalmanazar's Formosa.

Google

By W. L. Alden.

Captain Potter was not a popular man with his crew. He was believed to be extremely penurious, and the food served out on board his ship was scanty and of poor quality. While he could not be said to be positively cruel in his treatment of his men, he made them work hard, and never, even by accident, showed the slightest appreciation of good conduct on their part. Nobody could charge Potter with having committed any dishonest or criminal act, but public opinion, both afloat and ashore, was unanimous in condemning him as a hard, narrow, old man.

Captain Potter lived in Newburyport, Massachusetts, when he was at home. He had no family whatever. He had never had a brother or a sister, and he had never married. At the age of sixty-five he was absolutely alone and friendless. He was a good seaman, and as he owned a third of his ship—the *Thomas C. Winthrop*—no one thought of disturbing him in his command. His partners were sure that he would not spend an unnecessary dollar, and that his accounts would be strictly accurate. They congratulated themselves that the *Thomas C Winthrop* had so excellent a commander, but they never asked him to dinner, and always felt that the sun shone brighter in Newburyport when Captain Potter was no longer in port.

The *Thomas C. Winthrop* sailed from Newburyport in the summer of 1891, bound to Canton, with a general cargo. Off Cape St. Roque she was struck by a cyclone that drove her for five days with her nose pointed straight for Africa. The Captain, judging that the gale would be a short one, had put his ship directly before it when it struck, and when he found that he had made a mistake, and that he was in for a long and heavy blow, it was already too late to heave the ship to. He had kept a reefed foresail set—it being one of his pet theories that a foresail should never be furled—until the sail blew away. After that the *Winthrop* scudded under bare poles, and as the sea grew worse and worse, she rolled more and more heavily. The end of it was that about noon on the fifth day she rolled the mainmast out of her—the stick being none of the soundest, and the rigging having worked slack. The mainmast went not two feet above the deck, and took with it the mizzenmast and the foretopmast. Also the two mates went overboard with the wreckage. At least it was supposed that the first mate must have been knocked overboard when the mizzen-mast went, for he was last seen standing near the mizzen rigging. As for the second mate, he was aloft in the foretop when the accident happened, and of course that was the last of him.

The crew worked well in clearing away the

Copyright, 1898, in the United States of America, by W. L. Alden.

Google

wreckage, and the gale having done its worst so far as the *Thomas C. Winthrop* was concerned, began to subside. Towards evening the wind had dropped to a full topsail breeze, and the sea was rapidly going down. Captain Potter told the men that as it promised to be a moonlight night, they would begin the work of jury rigging the ship as soon as they had had their suppers, and that he should keep all hands at work until midnight. Naturally this announcement was welcomed with anything but enthusiasm. It is true that the men had been able to do but little work during the gale, but they had been continually wet and hungry and anxious for five consecutive days, and their nerves were exhausted. It did not take them very long to come to an agreement that they would see Captain Potter in a very uncomfortable situation before they would consent to get up jury masts in the night watches.

Accordingly, when at eight o'clock the Captain ordered the starboard watch, whose turn it was to go below, to remain on deck and work with the rest of the men, the watch sullenly declined to obey the order, and informed Captain Potter that they meant to turn in, and would do nothing beyond the ordinary work of the ship until daylight. The port watch joined in the mutiny, and refused to touch the spare spars until morning. This, of course, exasperated Captain Potter who, being without subordinate officers, saw that he was helpless. He therefore eased his mind by denouncing the men as a set of lazy, cowardly rascals, whom he promised to bring before the Consul at the next port, by whom they would be properly punished for refusing to do duty. The Captain had quite a gift in satire, and he singled out one after another of his crew for personal ridicule and insult. Finally having said all that he had to say he turned to go aft, when a belaying pin, flung by some unknown hand, hit him on the back of the head. The force of the blow staggered him. He lost his footing, and, in falling, struck his forehead against a ring bolt. The frighened crew, seeing him lying senseless and bleeding on the deck, picked him up, and carried him to his room, where they left him, and hurriedly decided that it would be better to trust themselves to the boats than to run the risk of being taken from the wreck only to be hanged for the murder of their captain.

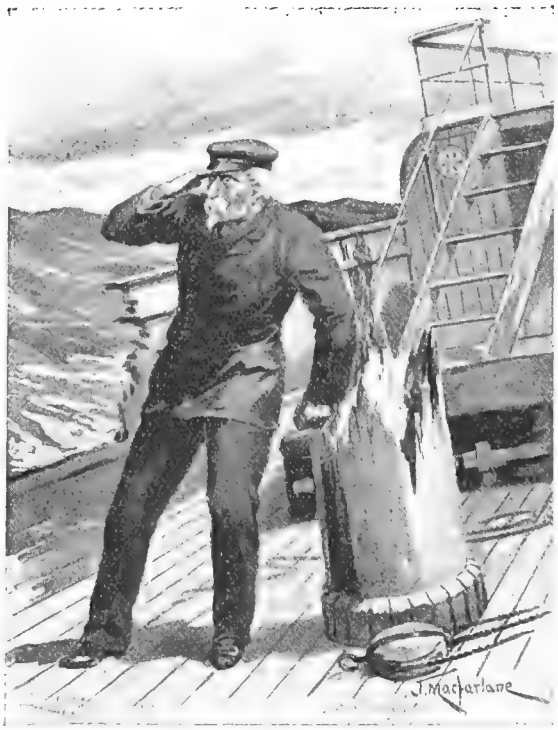
The second mate was aloft when the accident happened, and that was the last of him.

When Captain Potter regained his senses, he found himself lying stiff and weak in his berth. Looking at his watch he saw that it was five o'clock. He called loudly for the steward. No one answered him. He tried to hammer the deck above his head with a spare boot, but the effort was beyond his strength. The silence gradually alarmed him, and by a great effort he succeded in getting on his feet, and making his way to the deck. A moment's glance showed him that the two boats which had survived the storm were both missing, and he realised the fact that his crew had deserted him. His first thought was that the vessel must have sprung a leak, and that the crew had taken to the boats without waiting for him. But when he sounded the well he found that the *Winthrop*, which had always been an exceptionally tight ship, had only a few inches of water in her. He carefully swept the horizon, but the boats were not in sight. "Those scoundrels," said he to himself, "tried to kill me last night, and now they've deserted the ship." He was alone on a dismasted vessel, far from the track of commerce. Had he been accustomed to swear he would have heartily cursed his men, but it was one of their grievances that Captain Potter never swore. "He aint even got common humanity enough about him to

Digitized by Google

swear" was a common remark in the forecastle of the *Winthrop*. However, there is no doubt that had the captain been within hearing of his mutinous crew, he would have used language that would have hurt them far more than the most brutal of oaths.

After washing his wounds, and making a cup of coffee in the galley where the fire was still burning, Captain Potter calmly surveyed the situation. "The ship's tight, and her deck is as sound as ever. No weather is going to hurt her. She's got water and provisions for six months for twenty-seven men. That means that there is enough aboard her now to support one man for the next ten years. I can't do anything with her alone, except to let her drift: so nobody can find fault with me for not bringing her into port. I've always wanted to have a good long rest where there wern't no men or women to bother me, and now, b'gosh, I'm going to have it. This is the best stroke of luck that I've had in many a year, and I'd be a fool if I didn't enjoy it."



He was alone on a dismasted vessel far from the tracks of commerce.

For the next few days the Captain occupied himself in sawing off the splintered stumps of masts that disfigured the deck, and in rebuilding as best he was able the bulwarks where the falling spars had crushed them. When the deck once more presented a satisfactory appearance, he rigged up a small awning over part of the quarter deck, and, bringing up an arm-chair from the cabin, spent the greater part of his time in sitting wrapt up in a comfortable rug, smoking his pipe, and reading one of the dozen volumes that formed his library. The weather was fine, and although he hung a lantern to the stump of the foremast every night, he had not the slightest expectation that he would be discovered and disturbed by any passing vessel. The *Winthrop* was drifting slowly with the great equatorial current towards the Gulf of Mexico, but it would be many months before she would reach a frequented part of the ocean.

"If anybody does overhaul me, and try to rescue me," said Captain Potter, "we'll see whether a man can be rescued from his own ship against his will. I ain't no Emin Pasha, and there ain't no Stanley who can make me quit my own quarter-deck."

Though the Captain was quite alone so far as human beings were concerned, there was one other living being on board the *Winthrop*. The steward had, under pretence of providing the ship with the regulation cat, given that responsible berth to a small and incompetent kitten. The first time that the Captain ate his solitary dinner in his cabin he was startled by feeling something touch his leg. He looked down, and saw a grey kitten arching its back, and sidling against him. "Get out, you beast!" he cried, indignantly, and as the kitten paid no attention to his order he gave it a kick that sent it across the cabin. "I hate cats," thought Captain Potter. "They're most as mean as men, and I won't have that beast coming around me."

But a cat is the most persistent of animals. The *Winthrop's* kitten was lonesome as well as hungry, and it determined to make a companion of the Captain, no matter what might be the latter's views of cats. Accordingly it waited on him every time he sat down to eat, and, in order to induce it to keep quiet, Captain Potter gradually fell into the way of

Google

tossing it small morsels of meat. The kitten would eat, and then purr its gratitude, and as it was a gentlemanly cat, and never took objectionable liberties, the Captain tolerated it. One day the kitten did not come to dinner, having been accidentally shut into the pantry. The Captain ate a few mouthfuls, and then got up and searched for the cat. When he found it, he remarked that it was a stupid little brute, and he had a great mind to throw it overboard and get rid of it. However, he did not put his threat into execution, but returned to his dinner, and gave an unusually large share of it to the kitten.

After a time the kitten ventured on deck, and finally climbed into the Captain's lap. He looked carefully around, as if he feared to be seen by someone, and then patted the kitten and permitted it to keep its place. After that the kitten knew that its victory was won. It climbed into the Captain's lap not only on deck, but at dinner, and, before a month had passed, the kitten dined regularly seated on the Captain's shoulder, and securing the very choicest bits of food.

The *Winthrop* had drifted westward for two months, when, early one morning, the Captain saw a long line of smoke on the horizon. He had got at last into the track of vessels, and he foresaw that if the steamer sighted him she would probably scent a salvage job. Before noon a large tramp steamer stopped her engines within a short distance from the *Winthrop*, and sent a boat to the wreck to rescue her people, and to tow the vessel into port. The boat was in charge of the mate, who greeted Captain Potter warmly, and asked how many men he had with him, and what was his cargo.

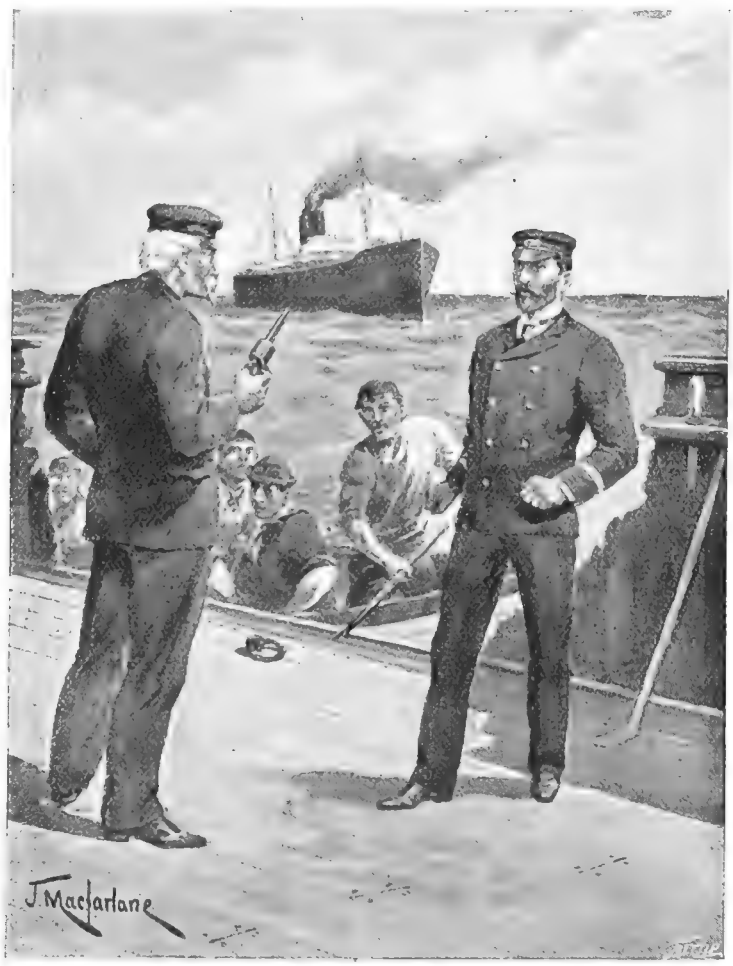
"There ain't nobody but me aboard this ship," replied the Captain, "and I don't seem to have any call to show you my manifest."

"What's become of your people?" asked the mate. "Didn't they find the ship comfortable?"

"I don't know as I am obliged to answer all your questions," returned the Captain. "Seems to me that if you've anything to do aboard your steamboat you might as well turn to and do it."

"I'm here to find out," said the mate, "if you want to be taken off, or if you want your vessel towed into the nearest port."

"I don't want to be taken off," replied the Captain, "and I don't want to be towed nowhere by nobody. This is my ship, and



Captain Potter quietly drew his revolver. "I'll give you just two minutes to quit this ship," he said in his coolest manner.

Google

I calculate to manage her without any advice or interference from no man."

"My own idea is," said the mate, after a moment's silence, "that your intellects is sprung, and that you aint fit to be left alone. Consequently I'm going to put you aboard the steamer, and tow your ship into Rio, if so be that she seems to be worth the trouble."

Captain Potter quietly drew his revolver. "I'll give you just two minutes," he said, in his coolest manner, "to quit this ship. If you lay your hand on me, or try to capture my ship, you'll be committing piracy and suicide at the same minute. I know what I'm doing. I'm on my own quarter-deck, and the man that interferes with me does it at his peril."

The mate was an intelligent man, and he lost no time in getting into his boat and returning to his steamer. He reported to his commander that Captain Potter was stark mad, but they finally agreed that it would be dangerous to make a prisoner of him, and that it was just possible that he was expecting help from some other vessel belonging to the same owners. So the steamer went on her way, and Captain Potter returned to the society of his cat, and the monotony of his daily life.

Twice within the month the *Winthrop* was spoken by other vessels, but the Captain successfully rejected their offers of aid, and managed to escape the annoyance of being boarded by them. In order to prevent any vessel from reporting the *Winthrop* as a floating wreck, he lowered himself over the stern with a paint pot, and after painting out the legend "*Thomas C. Winthrop*, of Newbury port" he substituted the name "*Saints' Rest*, of Noware." Let it not be supposed that the Captain did not know how to spell "Nowhere." He purposely changed the spelling of the word so that it might be mistaken for the name of a real port. "Now let them report me if they want to," he said, after rechristening his ship. "There ain't nobody in Newburyport who will recognise the *Saints' Rest* as the *Thomas C. Winthrop*."

As the kitten grew more intimate with the Captain, it formed the habit of waking him in the morning, for it need hardly be said that Captain Potter took "all night in." Every morning the kitten's cold nose touched his cheek, and, after making sure that he was awake, the kitten curled up on his broad chest for a brief nap. Having no one else to talk to, Captain Potter soon became accustomed to holding long conversations with Elisha, as the cat was called, and the animal would answer his remarks with acquiescent or interrogative mews that were far more satisfactory to him than the conversation of human beings had hitherto been.

"You and me, Elisha," he would often say, "gets along together better than I ever got along with any one else. This ship's good enough for us, and we won't be in any hurry to quit it."

At the end of five months the *Saints' Rest* was not far from the Gulf of Mexico. During all that time the weather had never been sufficiently bad to cause the *Saints' Rest* any damage. Several times there had been sea enough to make the deck an extremely uncomfortable place, for, as the vessel lay in the trough of the sea, sheets of spray broke over her weather-rail. On such occasions the Captain retreated to his cabin, where, with the door of the companion way securely closed, he felt no uneasiness as the safety of the ship. He was now, however, approaching the region where heavy gales were to be looked for, and he began to think that perhaps he had taken as long a vacation as he had a right to take in justice to his partners in the ownership of the vessel. He had often said to himself, "I'm the owner of a third of this ship, and I'm doing as I choose with that third. If them as owns the other thirds wants to have them in port all they've got to do is to come and get them." But doubts as to the strict justice of this argument were beginning to assail him, and it is not improbable that unknown and unacknowledged weariness, bred of his long and solitary voyage, was having its effect upon him. "I dunno exactly what I ought to do," he remarked as he turned around after a prolonged look in search of a sail. Just then he trod heavily on the kitten's tail, seriously impairing the symmetry of that sensitive appendage.

The cry of the outraged kitten smote the place where another man would have kept his heart. The Captain had already learnt, through his intimacy with Elisha, that a cat's tail is its most sacred possession, and that any liberties taken with it are exceedingly painful to a self-respecting cat. He felt not only that he had insulted Elisha, but that he had seriously hurt him. He caught the kitten in his arms and kissed his head, "I didn't mean to do it, my darling," he cried. "Please forgive me. You don't know how I love you."

The kitten understood him, and magnanimously forgave him. For an hour or two the Captain walked the deck with Elisha nestling in his arms. Never before had

Digitized by Google

Captain Potter loved anything. Never had he thought it possible that he should live to use the words "I love you." But it had come to him at last, and the hard old man was for once melted.

To say that Captain Potter was astonished at himself would do but faint justice to his feelings. He was dimly conscious that he had experienced a sort of new birth. Everything seemed changed to him since he had felt that rush of tender emotion. When he put the cat down in order to go to the galley to cook his dinner, he said, "Elisha, this cruise of ours is about finished. There ain't nothing in life worth having except being loved, and there must be folks ashore that will love a man if he gives them a chance. You and me is going ashore pretty soon, where there's birds that you can chase all day, and mice till you can't rest. We'll live ashore for a spell, and we'll have a bang-up time, and mebbe I'll find some woman that'll set up housekeeping with me, and then we won't go to sea no more."

He caught Elisha in his arms and kissed him.

A few days later the *Saints' Rest* was overtaken by a steamer bound northward, and the usual offer to tow was made. Captain Potter said that he didn't know as it was worth while for him to bother about being towed. He rather calculated to drift norrard with the Gulf stream till he came up to about the latitude of Savannah, where he could be towed into port without its costing him very much. However, if the steamer would make a reasonable offer he might consider it. The result of the conference between the two Captains was that the steamer was engaged to tow the *Saints' Rest* into Key West for a lump sum in lieu of salvage, and Captain Potter congratulated himself on having made an excellent bargain.

Two men were sent on board the *Saints' Rest* to relieve each other at the wheel; the hawser was passed, and the two vessels proceeded on their way. For three days all went well, but as the fourth day dawned, a south-west gale sprang up, and promised to freshen into a hurricane. When the steamer Captain found that he could no longer tow the *Saints' Rest* without imminent peril to his vessel, he stopped his engines, cast off the hawser, and sent a boat to take his two men and the Captain from the disabled ship. But Captain Potter stoutly refused to quit the ship; and no argument had any effect upon him. Reluctantly the steamer abandoned him to his fate, and Captain Potter and his cat were once more alone.

The Captain was not altogether the lunatic that the steamer Captain believed him to be. He had made up his mind that he was on the outer edge of a cyclone, and in its revolution he would be carried clear of the coast. As the ship was tight, and no water could get below, he had not the slightest fear that the tempest could do her any injury beyond sweeping her decks. He, therefore, calmly shut himself down below, and chuckled to think that he had been towed several hundred miles without incurring a penny of expense.

But Captain Potter was for once out in his reckoning, careful navigator as he was. The *Saints' Rest* was much nearer the Florida reef than he imagined her to be. All night the wreck drove before the gale, and at daybreak she struck with a tremendous crash. Seizing Elisha, the Captain made his way to the companion-way, and cautiously unfastened the door. He saw that the ship was on a reef three miles from the Fowey Light, which stands on the mainland. It was clear that the *Saints' Rest* would go to pieces in a very short time, for she was grinding heavily, and tremendous seas were breaking over her.

"Tell you what we'll do, Elisha," said the Captain. "I'll put on a life-belt, and

Google

The body of Captain Potter, with a dead kitten buttoned inside his jacket, came ashore.

when she breaks up we'll take our chances of fetching the shore. It's my duty to tell you that you're mighty slim, and that at the best you'll get terrible wet, which you don't like; but you just cling fast to me, and if we drown, b'gosh, we'll drown together!"

The *Saints' Rest* did not hold together many hours, and in the sea that was running it was impossible for the men at the lighthouse to venture to launch a boat. Toward sunset the ship suddenly disappeared, and half an hour later the body of Captain Potter, with a dead kitten buttoned inside his jacket, came ashore. The two had died together, and the look on the Captain's face was that of peace and contentment.

WASTED AFFECTION

SHE was fair, she was false. I adored her,
Yet in vain was the passion I felt;
All the strength of my tender disorder
Failed her adamant spirit to melt.
I wooed her with varied attractions,
No queen was more firmly enthroned,
Yet viewed she my amorous actions
With torpor a sloth had disowned.

And now I have lost her for ever,
No more will she feel my caress,
For fate has decided that never
Am I her proud heart to possess.
She died—can I make the confession?—
From intensification of fat,
In sorrow I've learnt the sad lesson:
"Over-feeding spells death to a cat."

PHILIP HEMERY.

Google

DETONATORS.

The Smallest, Deadliest, and Most Sensitive Article Manufactured.

By W. G. Tarbet.

Much has been written of dynamite, blasting gelatine, and other high explosives, but very few people understand how useless these would be except for the insignificant little detonator. It is an almost perfect simile of the parable of the mouse and the lion. The lion is lying helpless, bound by strong bonds; the mouse, a thousandth part of its size, gnaws the rope, and sets free the lion in all its fury. The same way is it with high explosives and detonators. 10,000lb. of dynamite may lie secure, bound by the strong bond of affinity; put a light to it, and it will burn quietly away; yet if the smallest detonator—less than a millionth part of its size—is exploded in the mass, the terrible resistless power of the dynamite is set free in all its fury. Thus and thus only can high explosives be used. In the mines of the world—in the guns of the navy—in the "nose" of the torpedo—in the submarine mines of harbours—everywhere the little detonator accompanies its giant companion—fit comrades, truly, for if the one is so terrible in its strength, the other is just as dangerous by reason of its extreme sensitiveness.

Photo by Ramsay.

Mr. Smith,

Manager of Westquarter Factory, belonging to Nobels Explosives Company.

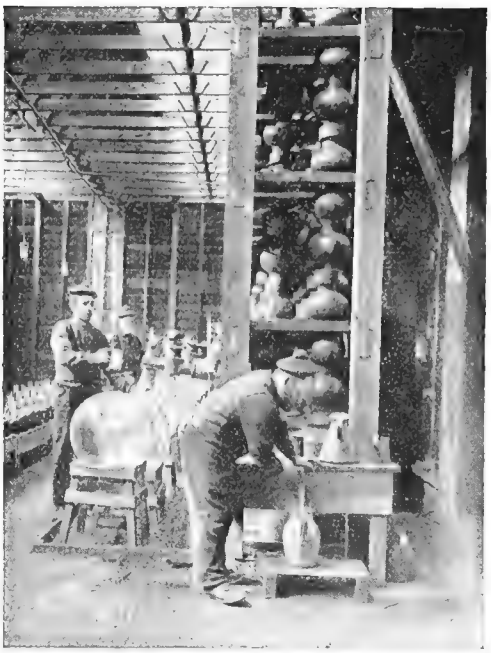
Moreover, in bulk the substance which practically constitutes a detonator, outrivals even dynamite in its capacity for destruction. As we shall presently see, even a minute portion of the chief constituent of a detonator is capable of exerting a power which is scarcely to be credited without actually seeing or witnessing an explosion.

Imagine manufacturing on a commercial scale an explosive which the slightest scratch of a pin would explode, of which five grains would suffice to shatter the hand! It seems incredible, yet it is true; and here for the first time in any magazine or paper appears an account of the largest detonator manufactory in the world. It was not got without great labour, for, while I was received with great courtesy, the reader can clearly understand that the officials of Nobels Explosives Company do not care for visitors.

The possibility of anyone being guilty of an action which might be productive of some horrible accident is, of course, remote. Nevertheless, in so dangerous an occupation the various hands must of necessity rely upon the care and skill of each other for their safety. Naturally enough, therefore, the presence of a stranger is not welcome.

Google

Nor, may I add, are the visitors particularly happy even when they get admission to the



The Manufacture of Fulminate of Mercury.

The process is carried out in large glass flasks, each fitted with a thermometer and two tubes, one to lead away the fumes into a long series of condensers, the other for the purpose of adding alcohol for cooling and precipitating purposes.

factory. They view with the greatest suspicion that grey crystalline powder which lies in little heaps, and a shudder runs over them when they see the workman, with a dexterity born of long experience, handle the deadly powder as if it were salt, for they know full well that its maxim is, "You handle us roughly—*and we'll do the rest.*"

Westquarter Factory, Stirlingshire, is the name of the manufactory. It lies in a little valley about a mile distant from Polmont Station. While being the largest factory of its kind in the world, it by no means impresses the onlooker with its importance, for the huts are scattered over some 16 acres of ground, and are hidden as much as possible from view by immense grass-covered mounds. At each and all of the entrances day or night you are confronted by a constable, and if your credentials are satisfactory you are passed on to the office, with visible reluctance.

There I was received by Mr. Smith, the manager of the factory, who, while being one of the most genial of men, is at the same time one of the most rigid disciplinarians.

"You want to see how detonators are made, do you?" he asked after some conversation. "Well, first of all the explosive used is fulminate of mercury. If you will come up to the factory on the hill I will show you the manufacture going on there."

The Top Factory is situated some distance from the other, and upon a hill. It consists mainly of one long high chamber, the sides of which are composed of slats of wood resembling Venetian blinds.

"You see in the manufacture very heavy choking fumes are continually being given off, and we have adopted this method of securing a perfect ventilation," Mr. Smith explains. "Fulminate ot mercury is prepared by dissolving mercury in very strong nitric acid. Alcohol is added to this, and after some manipulation a crystalline powder settles to the bottom."

The process is carried out in large glass flasks, each fitted with a thermometer and two tubes, one to lead away the fumes into a long series of condensers, the other for the purpose of adding alcohol for cooling and precipitating purposes.

"It looks very simple," said Mr. Smith, "but it is not so in reality, for it requires great care and precaution with regard to the purity of the ingredients, the proper temperature, and even the shape of the flask. The least variation in any of these suffices to spoil

A Typical Hut.

The huts are scattered over some 16 acres of ground, and are hidden as much as possible from view by immense grass-covered mounds. The entrance through the mound is either formed by a tunnel or by an extra extension of the circular mound, so that in either case no part of the hut viewed from any angle is open.

the 'make,' for, as you will understand, it is only the perfectly pure fulminate of mercury which we use. After the precipitate has

Google

settled it is filtered and washed until perfectly free from acid. If the faintest trace of acid was left in it as soon as it became dry it would explode."

"Then is fulminate of mercury harmless so long as it is wet?"

Mr. Smith smiled a little as he answered:

"It is considered harmless, but—we take no risks."

As we went into the washing room he explained that necessarily washing was as important as the manufacture.

"It is in this room that the fulminate is examined, and it is here that it is passed, if correct, by the chemist on duty. For two hours it is constantly subjected to a stream of distilled water until every trace of acid is removed, then it is mixed with the rest of the day's make, packed in ten pound cotton bags, and, still immersed in water, is sent to the magazine to lie there in water tanks until it is required. When that happens two bags are taken out and put into two wooden buckets, and carried down to the lower factory to be dried. Suppose we follow it there and through the various stages."

Photo by Mr. Corrie, Thomas Greig.

The Assistant Manager of the Westquarter Factory

The Lower Factory consists of a long strip of land about a quarter of a mile in length. Right down the centre of this runs a wooden gangway, six feet wide, and protected on either side by wooden railing. From this centre gangway, side gangways at intervals branch out on each side to the sheds or "huts" as they are called. This gangway is white and spotless. No grit is allowed to remain upon its surface, and none of the workpeople must step from it to the ground on any pretence. Each hut is hidden

The Lower Factory.

It consists of a long strip of land about a quarter of a mile in length, down the centre of which runs a wooden gangway, six feet wide, and protected on either side by wooden railings. From this centre gangway, side gangways at intervals branch out on each side to the sheds or "huts" as they are called. This gangway is white and spotless. No grit is allowed to remain upon its surface, and none of the workpeople must step from it to the ground on any pretence.

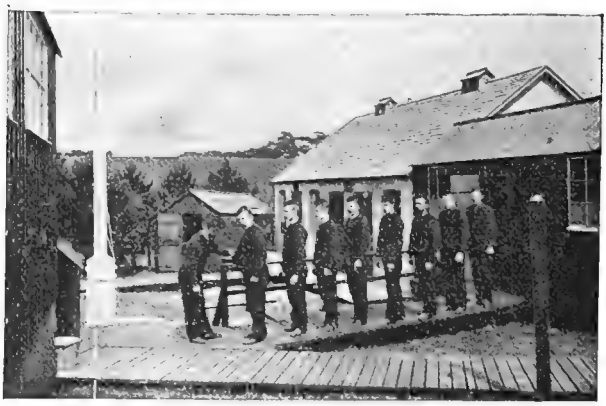
Google

The Last Search (female).

This searching is conducted in the most rigorous manner, the men and women employed in the danger area being subjected to it each time they pass in and out. The girls are searched for the last time by forewomen as they enter the danger area, in order to see that they have no hairpins still concealed in their hair.

up to its eaves by the great mounds of earth so that nothing of its walls can be seen. The entrance through the mound is either formed by a tunnel or by an extra extension of the circular mound, so that in either case no part of the hut viewed from any angle is open. Most of these huts are built of the same size; square, strong structures of wood, lined outside and inside by dove-tailed boards.

The inside boards are papered and varnished, so that no dust can lodge on the walls. These, like the floors, are washed and scrubbed thoroughly every week. The floors of all the sheds are covered with three thicknesses of carpet, the top carpet consisting of very fine white linen, and twice a day these coverings are lifted outside and thoroughly shaken. The windows of all the huts are of obscured glass, so that no direct rays of the sun can



The Last Search (male).

Besides this precaution they have to change their entire outer clothing, and don an uninflammable, pocketless, uniform suit of blue, put on shoes containing no metal nails, and have on their underclothing no pockets or metal buttons whatever. The men are under the direct charge of several foremen, who are responsible for the conduct of these precautions.

Transporting Fulminate.

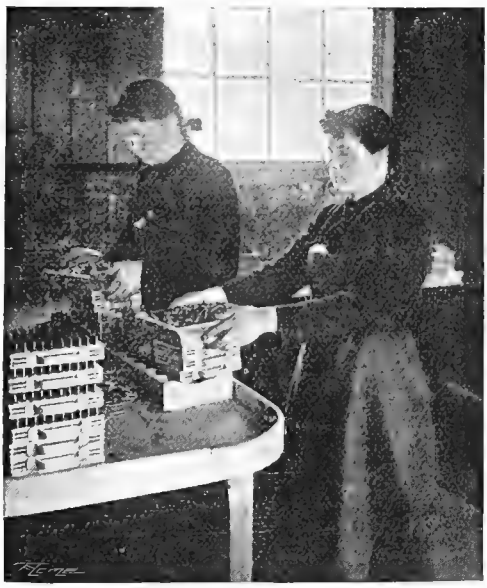
In the factory the main idea is to minimise risk; therefore, wherever possible, no explosive is carried in the hand, but is conveyed on little waggons running on brass rails from one shed to another.

reach the powder, and, in addition, closely woven brass screens are fitted so that no stones or débris could possibly enter. There are over fifty of these huts scattered over the sixteen acres, and of each of them the above description is correct.

Before you can enter upon this gangway, you must pass the searcher, and leave all articles of metal with him, down to your scarf-pin, also any matches which you may have; in fact, it is much easier just to empty your pockets of everything before you leave the

Digitized by Google

outer world. Here Mr. Smith handed me over to Mr. Corrie, the assistant manager,



The Plating Shed.

The copper tubes that are required to hold the fulminate are conveyed to the plating shed after having been examined to see that they are perfectly clean and of a high polish. No roughness or dirt upon them is allowed.

with the warning that I was on no account to leave his side, or touch any article however harmless looking. The searcher in the meantime looked disapprovingly at my camera, and it was only with the most apparent disapproval on his face that he let me past, shod with large boats of boots which clattered clumsily as I marched away.

This searching is conducted in the most rigorous manner, the men and women employed in the danger area being subjected to it each time they pass in and out. Besides this precaution they have to change their entire outer clothing, and don uninflammable, pocketless, uniform suits of blue, put on shoes containing no metal nails, and have on their underclothing no pockets or metal buttons whatever. The men are under the direct charge of several foremen, who are responsible for the conduct of these precautions; and the girls are searched for the last time by forewomen as they enter the danger area, in order to see that they have no hairpins still concealed in their hair.

"This is the drying shed," said Mr. Corrie, as we entered into the mound; and, looking up at the doorway, I saw the painted inscription:

No. 12A.
Explosive, 30lbs.
Persons, 1

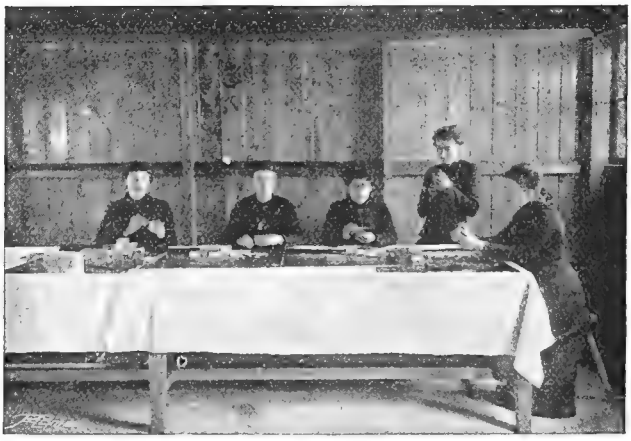
"What does this mean?" I asked; and Mr. Corrie explained that according to law each hut must bear on the outside a distinguishing number, the amount of explosive which it is licensed for, and the maximum number of persons who may be in it at one time.

"And suppose you exceed that?"

"The supposition is useless," he answered, "for we are just every bit as careful as the inspectors who framed the laws."

"And yet suppose that some hitch took place in the manufacture, and you wanted to put more in here than——"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Corrie. "No hitches do take place here. If an accident occurs, then all the work is stopped until we can resume again the clockwork regularity of the entire system. Hitches, like followers, are not allowed. Each man or woman works in the exact manner in which he or she has been instructed. He or she does that and no more, and each of the parts of the manufacture fits in perfectly with the others.



The Packing Shed.

A woman, who does nothing else, picks up the boxes and examines every detonator in order to see that it is full, that the compression has been sufficient, and that the surface of the powder is not broken. Then the box is filled with sawdust, and the lid and a strap of paper bearing its number are put on.

This man here dries the powder and places it in the magazine. That is his entire duty."

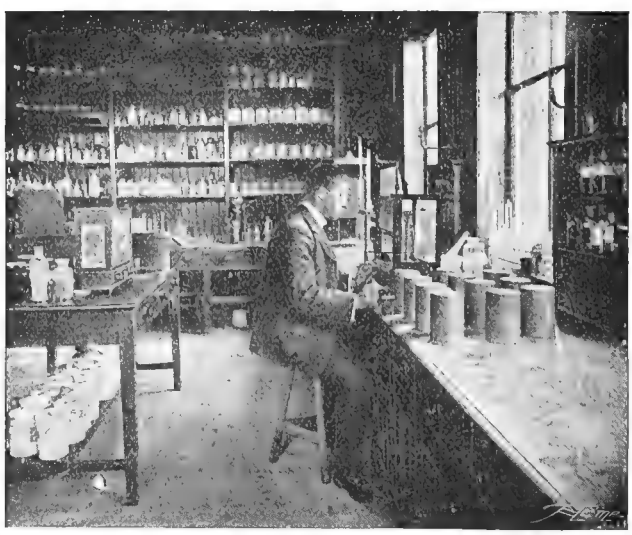
Google

I looked through the inner wire door of the drying shed, and saw two tables covered with sheets, and on these sheets was spread out a large quantity of fulminate. It was not until I had seen the steam rising from them that I realised that what I thought were tables were really copper chests heated by steam. I saw a thermometer on each table, and the man looking anxiously at it. I saw a broad red line marked on the scale, and it appeared to me that the mercury was above it, so I hurriedly withdrew, and was glad to get round the corner of the mound in safety. There was no explosion, but all the same, I was quite content to become aware of that fact at a safe distance. Thirty pounds of such a sensitive explosive lying on a hot chest, and five grains of it enough to shatter one's hand! Enough there to shatter 40,000 hands! I admired the man who was watching the thermometer, but—I was quite content to admire him from a distance.

An Explosion of 5 Grains of Fulminate.

A heavy iron pot, 18in. in diameter, was filled with water and a five-grain detonator was exploded in it. The water was driven up to a height of 25ft., and the pot shattered.

"The powder is mixed with chlorate of potash," resumed Mr. Corrie. "Then it is taken by means of bogie to the chargers, that is, the men who fill the copper tubes with the fulminate."



A Chemist Testing the Fulminate.

The cylinders in the foreground of the photograph are blocks of a certain strength of lead. In the centre of these is a measured hole into which is placed twenty grains of explosive. This is then fired and the increased capacity of the hole measured.

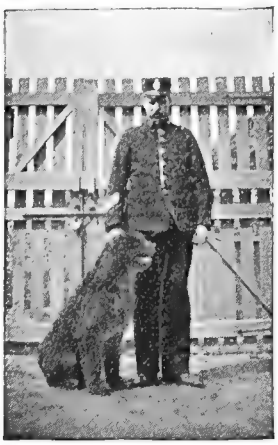
In the factory the main idea is to minimise risk; therefore, wherever possible, no explosive is carried in the hand, but is conveyed on little waggons running on brass rails from one shed to another.

"You see," said Mr. Corrie, "the copper tubes that are required to hold the fulminate are conveyed to the plating shed after having been examined to see that they are perfectly clean and of a high polish. As you can understand, any roughness or dirt upon them would not be allowed. The length of these tubes varies from three-quarters of an inch to two and a half inches, and the diameter from a sixteenth to three-eighths of an inch. If you measure off $2\frac{1}{2}$in of an ordinary lead pencil, you will obtain a good idea of the length and diameter of the largest detonators. The placing of the tubes into the carrying plates, and the charging of them with fulminate, is a secret process, and it is sufficient to say that the tubes leave these sheds standing upright and filled to the brim with the deadly substance. From thence they go on to the pressing shed where the powder is compressed to half its bulk.

Digitized by Google

"You see how the man, from behind this high iron screen, pulls down this lever. Well, the plungers go down until they press upon each tube; then, when the maximum weight is arrived at, a strong spring is released and presses the plungers back into their places. The plate is withdrawn, the tubes emptied into a bag of sawdust and sent on to the cleaning hut. Here all the loose powder is got rid of and then the detonators are put into a revolving drum along with some sawdust from which all the dust has been sifted. After twenty minutes revolving the sawdust is removed, and the detonators, perfectly free from loose powder, are carried to the packing shed, where they are packed in boxes of one hundred, the boxes being made of tin, lined with cardboard and felt."

A woman, who does nothing else, picks up the boxes and examines every detonator in order to see that it is full, that the compression has been sufficient, and that the surface of the powder is not broken. Then the box is filled with sawdust, the lid and a strap of paper bearing its number are put on; five of these boxes are wrapped in a parcel and labels attached to either end; twenty of these parcels are packed up in a wooden case, sawdust is rammed hard all round them; then the case is put inside a much larger one, fitted with a "cradle," so that 3in. of air space lie between it and the smaller one. It is then stencilled and becomes one of Nobel's 10,000 cases of Detonator, known all the world over.



The Guardians of the Gate.

This and indeed all gates to the factory, are always kept locked and most rigorously watched.

"And how many detonators can be turned out in a year?" I asked.

"Fifty millions."

"And each of them could be exploded by a scratch of a pin or the least friction."

"Yes."

"Then how do you account for your comparative immunity from accidents. Surely if in one year there are fifty million of chances at least of an explosion it is very strange that you escape as well as you do."

"The only reason for it is this. We minimise every risk, protect the workmen by shields, and maintain such a perfect discipline and supervision that no man or woman can work in a careless manner."

Afterwards in the laboratory Mr. Corrie showed me a chemist testing the fulminate. The cylinders in the foreground of the photograph are blocks of a certain strength of lead. In the centre of these is a measured hole into which is placed twenty grains of explosive. This is then fired and the increased capacity of the hole measured. Placing a grain of fulminate of mercury on an iron plate, Mr. Corrie, by means of a pin fastened to a long pole, scratched it slightly twice, and with a loud report and a smother of dense white smoke the powder exploded.

Then in order to show the strength of five grains, he procured a heavy iron pot about 18in. in diameter, and filling it with water he exploded a five-grain detonator in it. The water was driven up to a height of 25ft., the pot shattered, and a shower of spray driven over us.

These detonators are fired either by electricity or by safety fuses, consisting of a slow-burning strand of material, which, when lighted at one end, carries the fire to the detonator.

When I had bidden good-bye to Mr. Smith and was making for the station, I could not help but think what an infinite capacity for taking pains must be his to have brought the manufacturing of detonators to such a degree of perfection, not only in the precautions used, but also in the fact that, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of detonators manufactured, never one misses fire.

Google

INTERVIEWS.

NUMBER III.

MONSIEUR COQUELIN.

1. This is M. Coquelin, the great French actor at Aix-le-Bains, where he has gone to take the waters. He receives an invitation from our snap-shooter to be interviewed. He is not well acquainted with English, and our man is not too well versed in French.

2. Happy thought! Why talk at all? M. Coquelin will take his first drink.

3. "One has to be exceedingly careful in these matters. The exact quantity is essential."

Digitized by Google

4. "Um! Don't fancy I shall like it."

5. Well—

6. here—

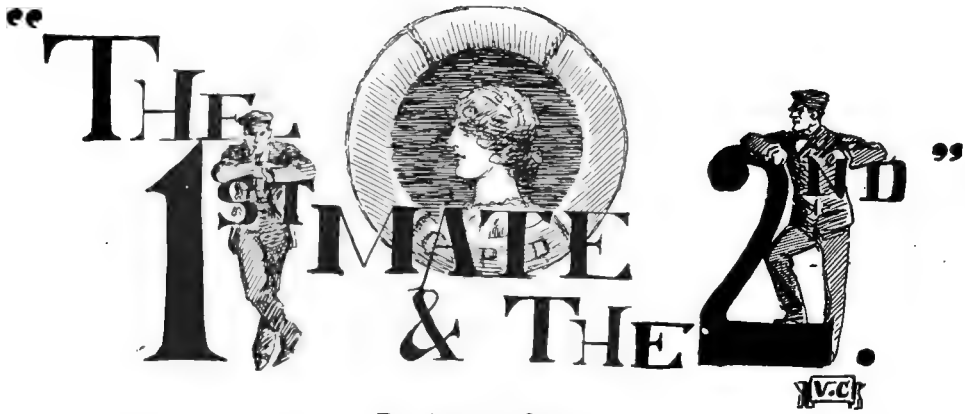
7. goes.

8. Finis—

9. of the shortest interview ever held.

Digitized by Google

"The 1st Mate & The 2nd."



By Alfred Slade.

And yet, dearest Gladys, you love me, one little bit? Tell me that, at least."

"Yes; and that is why I am so vexed. I love you a little bit; but then I did not want to love you at all. You see, I had formed such a different notion of the man I intended to marry; he was to have been a hero, and to have lifted me up to romance. A Perseus, a Sir Galahad, at the very least; a giant in stature, a poet in sweetness, knight-errantry incarnated, a prince among men. And, of course, he was to do something perfectly wonderful to win my hand, he was to slay his rivals, overcome all our enemies, rescue me from my dungeon-bower, cut his way back through the host that opposed him; and then he would carry me off in triumph; and henceforth we would live in the clouds, he my hero, and I his queen."

Her eyes of blue strained across the water, and for a moment she stood there dreaming, then turned quickly to her companion, and said in another tone of voice:

"And you are not like that, now are you?"

The Second Mate protested stoutly. "No," he said, "I'm not; and I know I'm not. And I don't see what good it would be if I were. You haven't any enemies for me to slay, and a ship's saloon isn't a castle, and there's only the sea to carry you off into, anyway."

"I know, dear," said Gladys more tenderly. "But it is a terrible disappointment nevertheless, for I love you, if only a little, and would love you more if I could; but I cannot, I cannot. Everything is so commonplace, I can find no inspiration as I wish."

And she gave him her hand, only her hand, and went wearily down to her cabin. And the second mate turned moodily on to the poop, where he met the First Mate, a man of grizzled appearance and shabby attire, who walked on the heels of his boots and had his eyes screwed well inwards.

"Hello, Nelson," cried the First Mate, whose name was Grey, "what's wanting?"

"Lots of things—and nothing," answered the Second.

"Then if I were you, I should go and turn in," advised the First. "I don't hold with a man mooning around decks when it's his watch below."

"Look here, Grey," cried the Second, "I don't know if you've ever been young yourself, but do you know how it feels to be in love?"

"Look here, Mr. Nelson," retorted the First, "I don't want you coming interfering with my work asking idiotic questions. Let her off a point," he added to the man at the wheel, which order was quite unnecessary; they were getting into the Doldrums, and what wind there was came well aft. The sails were beginning to flap idly on their squared masts, the ship had just got steering-way, and scarcely a knot beyond.

"Grey," said the Second, staying where he was, "I've got to talk to someone or burst. So you had better listen and hear it."

"Well, get it over as quickly as you can manage," growled the First, "because these sort of yarns are not at all in my line."

"It's Miss Vincent," confessed the Second, apologetically.

"I know that," exclaimed the First, "seeing that she's the only lady on board as anyone *could* fall in love with. Do get on."

"I love her, Grey; and Grey, she loves me. Only not so much as I should like, for she reckons a man ought to be a hero, and how can one be a hero on an old windjammer?"

Google

"Well, for myself," said the First, "I don't try. I just take my watch and see the men don't skulk their duty, and reckon up how much pay'll be coming due to me at the end of the trip."

"But I've got to do something!" moaned the Second. "If there was only a mutiny, or some of those silly things that happen in books. Then I could come out with a dozen revolvers and cover myself with glory in the most approved stage-nautical style."

"Don't dwell on that idea," said the First; "there's not going to be any mutiny on this boat while I'm on her. If you want adventures, you ship in another packet."

"Well, Grey, what can I do?"

"Just wait, laddie, and see. The little lady's a queer body, though I dare say worth her weight in gold; and I shouldn't be surprised if she puts a chance in your way sooner than you think. So keep your weather-eye open, and be ready to jump. And now, if you'll lend me a plug of tobacco, I'll go forward to see how the men are getting on with their work. Thanks."

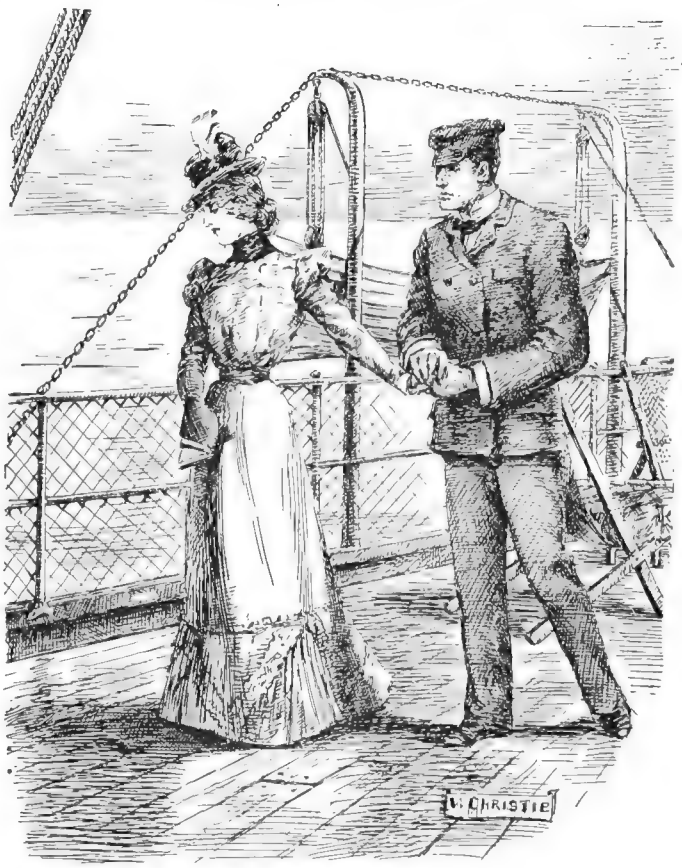
And the First Mate took his plug and went down into the waist, where he appeared to be busy with the foremast, but was surreptitiously smoking.

The good ship *Cupid* was an old teak tea-clipper, renowned in the days of bounties for the quickest passage round the Cape; but steam and the Suez Canal had spoiled her China trade, and she was now cultivating a small "miscellaneous" connection between Adelaide and the West India Docks. That did not pay to any alarming extent; so the owners painted up the saloon, moved the two officers to a house amidships, and advertised themselves prepared to receive a few select passengers for health or pleasure.

The passengers came, mostly middle-aged, unattached persons with illnesses of imagination; young old fogies (males) with enough to live on, and consequently no aim or pleasure to make life worth living; giddy mature spinsters, (poor relations provided for), whom it was inconvenient to acknowledge in the season, and a nuisance to receive out of it; representatives of the great leisured unclassed, who, having no sphere on land to become impressive in, emigrate on the strength of the dignity of their connections.

They read the ship's advertisement, and were enchanted. The trip to Australia would be a hundred days of delightful sailing; no dirt of coal nor motion of screw; quite a romantic voyage, with nothing but the blue sky and sea and sun. The advertisement, however, omitted to mention the dreadful monotony and utter stagnation, and surfeit of salt and tinned provisions.

Then they read the special mention of a doctor, and promptly coughed aud hastened to the nearest agent to book their passages. They bought guide-books of ports they would never see, and ordered outfits they could



She gave him her hand and went wearily down to her cabin.

Google

never possibly wear; and altogether used every means in their power to persuade themselves they were going to do something wonderful. And the owners began to get fat.

Miss Vincent was, as the First Mate had tersely expressed, the only lady on board that anyone *could* fall in love with. The others were really too painful; and so may in mercy be ignored. But Miss Vincent was a bright and beautiful accident there. She was growing, and so, of course, was slight; and she read too much, and so became pale. Her rather, who naturally doted on her, pooh-poohed the physicians, and declared she must be consumptive; and bought her cod liver oil, which she invariably poured out of the window.

The next things he bought were two tickets for the *Cupid*; and those she accepted without much protestation. A trip in a sailing vessel! Just fancy! It was quite romantic, positively mediæval. A cruise as in the olden time, in a vessel built of wood, and propelled with sails—it was just like a leaf from a story book. And who knew what might happen before it ended?

What *did* happen was three weeks of dreadful weather, and work-stained sailors, and grumbling sea-sick passengers; and Miss Vincent found the novel too modern and realistic to be enjoyable. But through the middle of all this disillusionment burst the Second Mate; a burly young fellow just out of his apprenticeship, marvellous in the glamour of his new uniform, full of life and the enthusiasm of his promotion.

Miss Vincent was a beautiful girl, and the Second Mate loved her. She, with emotions primed to passion, was forced to love him or nobody—and so she loved him.

The ship surged slowly on, and the heat of the afternoon began to cool; and below all the passengers were sleeping, and forward the First Mate was enjoying his pipe. On the poop the Second waited.

Miss Vincent came slowly up the companion, with a book in her hand; she glanced slily round and smiled. The First Mate climbed on the forecastle, turned round by the cathead, and smiled too.

Miss Vincent passed up to the poop, walking by the Second, he sprang forward to meet her, but she waved him to one side.

"No," she said. "I am going to read."

She sat on a deck-chair and opened her book; the Second remained where he was, and watched her wistfully. On the cathead, the First was watching too; and yet he saw that all his men were all handy, working round him.

The Second Mate was easily floating with the girl.

Suddenly Miss Vincent stood up and leaned over the side, seeming to look on something under the vessel's stern; and suddenly again, though how she could never afterwards explain, she lost her balance, and with a shriek had fallen into the sea.

The Second Mate sprang forward; without waiting to take off even his coat he had dived after her. With a few swift strokes he reached her and seized her round the waist. And the First Mate smiled again.

"Let go the lifeboat!" he shouted; and

Google

in a moment the lashings were cut and the chocks loosened and the boat swung outward over the sea, whilst the ship rounded to.

The First Mate was on the starboard cathead; he happened to glance round and then of a sudden gave a start and swore beneath his breath. For there on the calm smooth water loomed a tiny black projection; and it moved and came nearer, and it was the fin of a shark.

He looked down over the side of the ship. The Second Mate had Miss Vincent on his shoulder, and was easily floating with her; they ran no risk of sinking, and the boat would be with them in an instant.

He turned again and looked at the fin of the shark, and with his eye measured the distance.

The boat would reach them first, but the shark would be there too, before they could be lifted in.

That was not in his calculations; and so he swore again. Then he flung off his coat and waistcoat. "Give me your belt," he said to a seaman standing near. And quickly put it on, sheath-knife and all.

Meanwhile the life-boat had been lowered, with four men inside; they were waiting for him to take the helm. He motioned the man who had given him his belt to go in his place. The man swarmed down, hand over hand, and the Mate cried "Give way!" The sailors bent to their oars, and the boat pulled quickly astern.

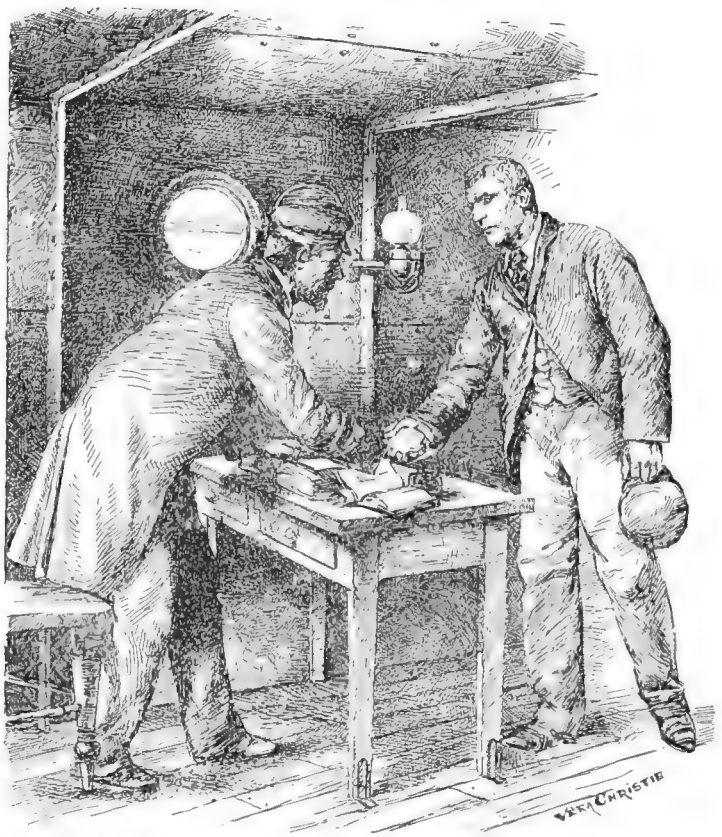
The passengers, who had by now crowded up on the deck, watched and cheered, and followed the boat with their eyes; but they did not notice the Second Mate grow pale, and strain strenuously to swim towards the ship. He, too, had seen the fin.

At that the First Mate made a motion to him, and forthwith dived and started towards the shark. It came pelting forwards, and the First Mate crossed in front; it smelt him, and veered clumsily in pursuit. The First Mate went on with a leisurely side-stroke, the knife glistening in his hand. The shark overhauled him, and turned on its back to bite, showing a belly glistening white, and a horrible gleam of teeth. Quick as lightning then, the man raised his arms and sank, and as the monster flashed by plunged in the knife.

The fierce brute lashed with his tail, and the circle of water around it foamed red and redder still with its own life-blood. Then it plunged down and disappeared beneath the surface, dying or dead.

And the First Mate put his knife back into the sheath, and swam leisurely back to the ship, climbed up the martingale over the cut-water bow, and went to his own cabin to change his dripping clothes. And nobody was any the wiser, for they were all too interested in the boat.

The Second Mate commenced to show signs of exhaustion. "Bear up," shouted



The Captain grasped the First Mate's hand.

Google

the skipper, who, of course, had been roused. "Stay where you are a minute, and wait for the boat."

"Bravo!" shouted the passengers, "they're nearly there."

The boat came rapidly on; a couple of men at the bows were leaning forward ready to catch them. One of them clutched the Second Mate by the arm; he shook him off.

"No," he managed to splutter. "Take the lady first."

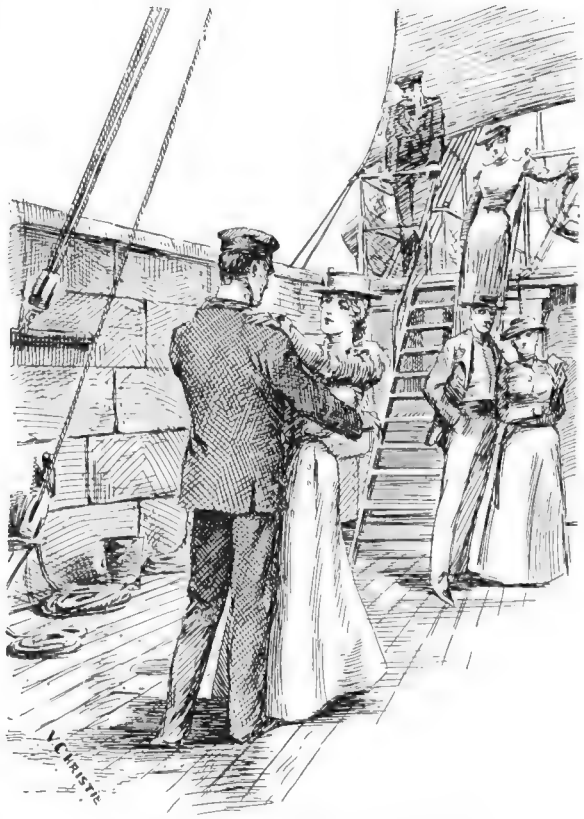
"My king," whispered Miss Vincent, as she was pulled over the side, "my king," and promptly fainted at the bottom of the boat.

The Second Mate followed, with his mouth full of salt water; and the passengers cried "Bravo" once more.

The boat rowed back, and they let the gangway down, and the Second Mate bore Miss Vincent up in triumphal procession as far as the door of her cabin, where the much-advertised doctor, now of use for the first time, took charge of her, and shut everyone else out.

Then the skipper publicly shook hands with the Second Mate, and complimented him on his action; and the Second Mate could not speak for the water he had swallowed, and protested in dumb show, which was construed into modesty; and the passengers shook hands with him, too, and talked vaguely of a subscription; and Miss Vincent's father, who came last, took him on one side, and said with much emotion, "My boy, she's yours, and God bless you!"

And then they let him go to change his clothes, too.



"My king!" she cried, "my hero and my king!"

The first burst of admiration over, a reaction came, and the passengers commenced to talk of Mr. Nelson's superior officer, meaning Mr. Grey. Why was he not in the boat? Why did he shirk at the last minute? What a coward! And what a shame! So they went to the skipper, and told him all about it; and the skipper sent a steward, and would Mr. Grey please step to his room.

Mr. Grey was endeavouring to dress. He had but a poor wardrobe at the best of times; and now, with one suit temporarily disabled, it was hard to get another together. He managed a compromise at last, however, with white drill trousers and tar stained jacket; and so stolidly presented himself before his commander.

The Captain was indignant at his conduct; and the First Mate was forced to explain the whole matter.

"You will understand, sir," he added, at the end, "I am telling you this in your official capacity. I don't see that it need be known outside, for, after all, it really doesn't matter."

The Captain argued; so the First Mate brought forward another argument.

"And, then, you see, sir, it might spoil young Nelson's chance; and he's a good fellow, and deserves his happiness, any way."

At that the Captain grasped the First Mate's hand even more vigorously than he had grasped the Second's; and he said: "Grey, if I ever catch you sailing in any other ship than with me, I'll knock the top of your head off."

Then he wrote up his log, and omitted

Google

any mention of the First Mate, as requested; but he was part owner of the ship, and carried weight with the other owners; and the First Mate signed on next trip, and every other trip afterwards, at a greatly increased salary.

And eight bells sounded on the forecastle head, and the First Mate went out to change the watches.

The Second was on the poop waiting for him, in another resplendent suit of uniform; but his face was pale and his manner uneasy.

They changed the watches as usual; a new man took the wheel, and the officers passed along the order for the course. And the First Mate was walking away to turn in; but the Second had stopped him at the gangway.

"Mr. Grey. Grey, old chap, I saw it, you know. You are a better man than I am."

"Older, you mean, Nelson."

"*You* saved her life, not I. You saved her life, and for that I thank you. And she will thank you too, when she knows, and she will worship you."

"But I don't want her to worship me," retorted the First Mate testily. "I'm a married man with three children, and there's as much worship as I can manage waiting for me at Leytonstone every time I get home."

"I should have told her before, but she had fainted," continued the Second slowly; "and she thinks that I alone have rescued her."

"And why shouldn't she think so, stupid?" interrupted the First. "It don't matter to me what she thinks, does it? So leave it like that, and be blessed to you!"

"No, no," cried the Second, still slowly, but with determination. "I shall tell her the truth, I *must* tell her, even though I lose her."

"Don't be a fool, youngster," said the First, with a fine assumption of annoyance. "You've done all *one* man could do, haven't you? And what more does she want, I should like to know! You've won her, my boy, and you shall have her; and if ever you say another word about the matter, I'll swear it's not true, and get the doctor to say you've had sunstroke and gone mad."

The Second Mate looked happier, in a half reluctant way.

"But the skipper?" he suggested feebly.

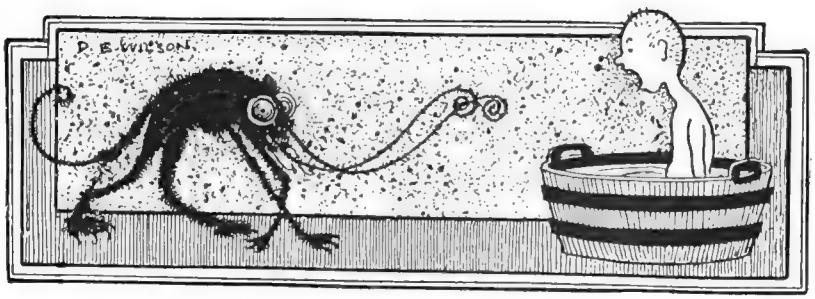
"Oh, he knows," said the First. "I had to tell him, of course, to clear myself. But he isn't going to tell, so you'd better not either, or else it's mutiny. So shut up, now, and lend me some more of that plug; and, if you like, I'll take this watch for you."

For he had seen Miss Vincent emerge on deck. Slowly up the companion she came, still pale, but walking very upright. In her eyes was the sparkle of happiness and of the tears of happiness; her mouth arched fuller and quivered, but not with grief; and her face was transformed into a more perfect beauty still.

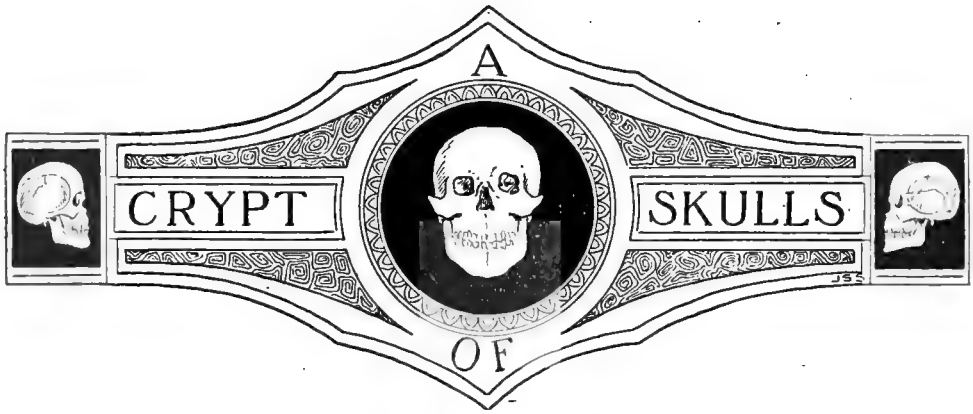
Slowly she came up to the Second Mate, who dared not go to meet her; softly she put her little arms around his neck, and raised herself towards him; and there, before the whole ship, she kissed his lips and crowned him with the glory of her love.

"My hero," she cried; "my hero, and my king!"

Her face was aglow with rapture; and the First Mate chuckled and went down to have a smoke.



Google



By Leslie McGregor.

We have all heard about the *Ossuaris*, or, as it is better known by its other name, the "Chapel of Bones" in Malta, but very few know that England can boast of a similar institution, which, if not equally well arranged, is at least equally interesting.

Photo by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

The Church of St. Leonard's, Hythe.

Down at the Church of St. Leonard's, in the old Cinque port of Hythe, there is a vast collection of human remains deposited in a crypt beneath the high altar. As you enter the great oaken doors, half hidden below the surface of the ground, you come upon a cellar literally lined with skulls arranged on ledges; whilst blocking your further progress is a great pile of bones 25ft. in length, 8ft. high, and 6½ft. thick.

The ledges contain over 600 skulls, and it has been calculated that the pile represents the sole remains of what had been 7000 good men and—let us hope—true.

Now, when I say 7000 *men* I mean *men*, which is the most curious fact about it. If there had been some women or children among them, those in authority would have said that the bones came from a graveyard. But this not being the case, and nobody knowing how they came to the crypt, the whole matter had to be tracked out scientifically. Of course, they were not found in the crypt in the manner spick and span in which they are now to be seen, but all littered about anyhow, covered with earth and broken Roman pottery.

The theory which science had to go upon was that the bones were the remains of a great battle. The ground for this assumption can be explained by

Photo by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd

The Interior of Hythe Church.

Google

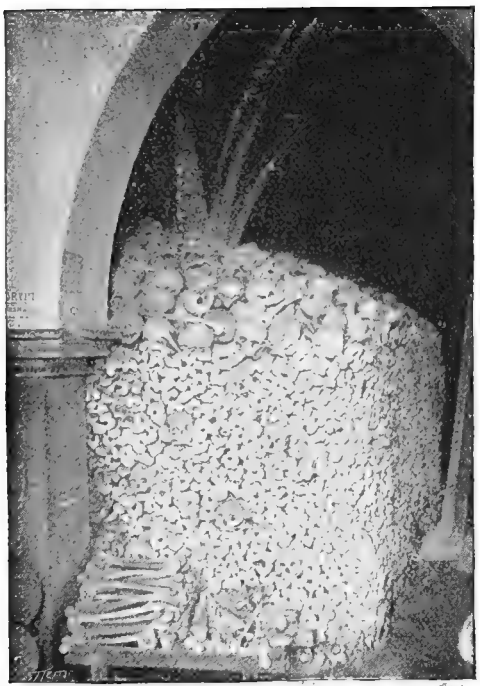


Photo by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

A wonderful pile of human bones.

quoting from Hasted's "History of Kent," which is to the following effect:—

"Vortimer still followed the retreating Saxons, and coming up with them again on the seashore near Folkestone in the year 456, fought a third battle with them between that place and Hythe, gaining a complete victory. Nennius and others say it was fought in a field on the shores of the Gallic Sea, where stood the Lapis Populi" (another name for Folkestone).

The point that adds strength to this conjecture is that, firstly, the bones are all beautifully white, which whiteness they could only have obtained through lying unburied for some time exposed to the air; and secondly, several of the skulls have deep cuts in them, as if made by some heavy weapon—most likely those used by the Saxons. This, however, is only historic evidence—now for proof scientific.

To begin with, the bones and skulls are all those of men, with the exception of two, which belong to boys. The teeth are regular and sound, and must have belonged to men in the prime of life. Then again, there are the marks of violence. In one, even, there is a small hole which had penetrated right through the skull, and in this case Mr. Robert Knox, M.D., F.E.S., says that although it might have been caused by disease, it had certainly taken place long prior to the death of the person. In other words, the people to whom the skulls belonged must have, with this one exception, been killed instantaneously.

Furthermore, Mr. Pridaux, F.A.S., devoted ten days to the careful examination of these remains, during which time he accurately measured over 600 skulls. This search proved that a large portion of them were of the Celtic type, the remainder being Anglo-Saxon. Two skulls, however, he believed to be Roman, and two others Lap and Danish.

In short, proof seems to point to their being the death roll of a great battle—such a one, in fact, as the one referred to between the Britons and Saxons in the very neighbourhood of Hythe in 456. This being the case, it is quite in the natural course of events that among the warriors should be some Romans who had lingered in the camp at Lympne, while the Laps and Danes most probably came over with the Saxons.

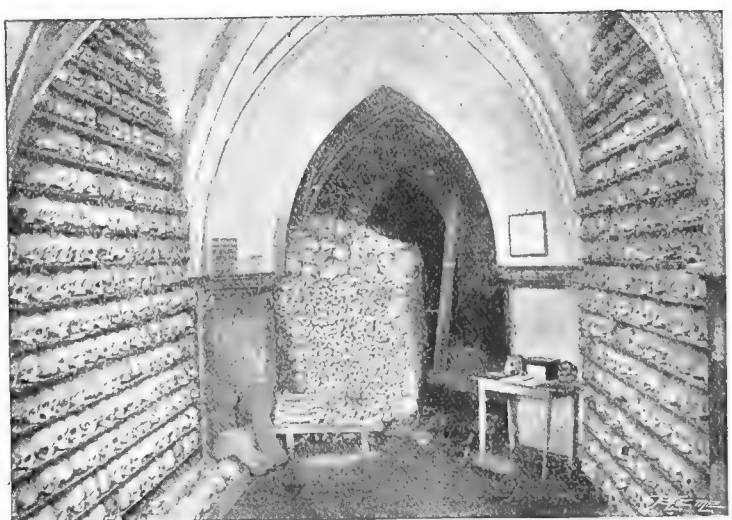
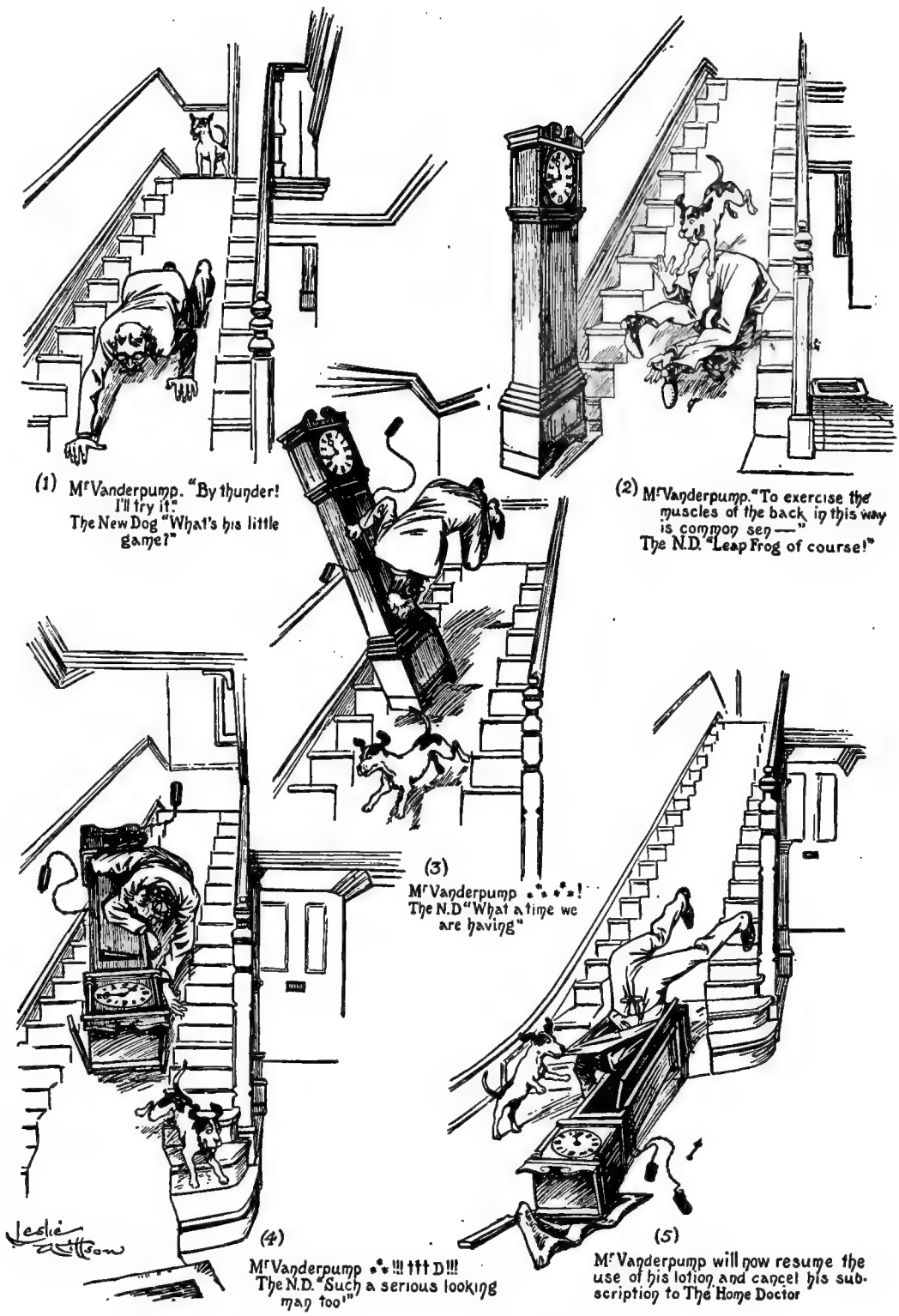


Photo by Valentine & Sons.

A general view of the crypt.

Google


(1) Mr Vanderpump. "By thunder! I'll try it."
The New Dog "What's his little game?"
(2) Mr Vanderpump. "To exercise the muscles of the back in this way is common sen —"
The N.D. "Leap Frog of course!"
(3)
Mr Vanderpump ⁂!
The N.D "What a time we are having"
(4)
Mr Vanderpump ⁂!!! ttt D!!!
The N.D. "Such a serious looking man too!"
(5)
Mr Vanderpump will now resume the use of his lotion and cancel his subscription to The Home Doctor
Leslie Wilson

A CURE FOR LUMBAGO.

Google

A Batch of Puzzles.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

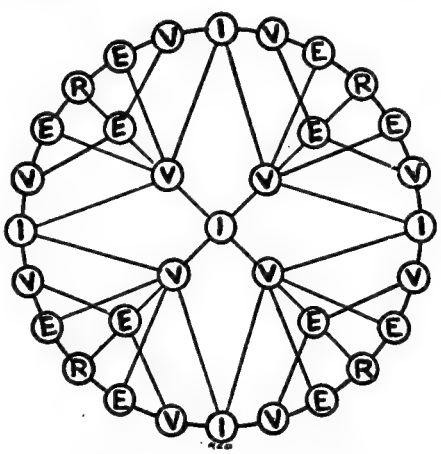
Readers of "The Mill on the Floss" will remember that whenever Mr. Tulliver found himself confronted by any little difficulty he was accustomed to make the trite remark, "It's a puzzling world." There can be no denying the fact that we are surrounded on every hand by posers, some of which the intellect of man has mastered, and many of which may be said to be impossible of solution. Solomon himself, who may be supposed to have been as sharp as most men at solving a puzzle, had to admit "there be three things which are too wonderful for me; yea, four which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid."

A PROBLEM IN NUMBERS.

To-day we add to these mysteries the quadrature of the circle, the constituent properties of "table delicacies," the starting point of a train at Waterloo Station, the whereabouts of the suburban policeman, the position of the enemy's navy, and innumerable other fascinating little items. From morning to night we are being perpetually brought face to face with puzzles. We start the day by trying to calculate the probable location of a fallen collar stud, and end in the attempt to give an entirely satisfactory solution to the problem, "Why have you come home so late, dear?"

It would be difficult to say which was the better (or, preferably, which was the less bad) of the two riddles propounded respectively by Samson and the Sphinx, but Samson's is rather more interesting, because of its competitive character. When he published his riddle it was announced that solutions must be received within seven days, and that the prize would be "thirty sheets and thirty change of garments."

But there are puzzles and puzzles. Those that are usually devised for recreation and pastime may be roughly divided into two classes: Puzzles that are built up on some



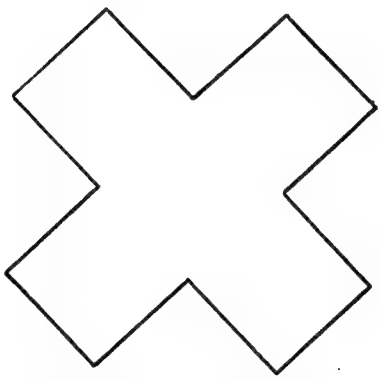
A "Reviver" Puzzle.

Google

interesting or informing little principle, and puzzles that conceal no principle whatever—such as a picture cut at random into little bits to be put together again; or the juvenile imbecility known as the "Rebus," or "Picture Puzzle." The former species may be said to be adapted to the amusement of the sane man or woman; the latter can be confidently recommended to the feeble-minded.

THE BROKEN PALINGS.

Before presenting a batch of new puzzles to the readers of this magazine, it will, perhaps, be useful if I say one word on the question of difficulty of solution. Difficulty may be said to generally happen, rather than to be imparted to a puzzle: it is more an accident than anything else. You can never make sure when you set out to build up a



SQUARES AND CROSS PUZZLE

poser on the foundation of some little recondite trick, no matter whether of an arithmetical, geometrical or mechanical kind, whether it will prove a very hard nut or a very soft one. And it is really a matter of minor importance in both cases, for the easiest puzzle is often the most entertaining, while an intensely difficult problem may be excessively stupid. Difficulty is often a useful feature in the case of a competition, but the maker of puzzles would never otherwise deliberately seek it. The following puzzles will be found to be of varying degrees of difficulty, and an attempt has been made to illustrate a variety of very different themes, so as to provide, if possible, something to the taste of every lover of this popular pastime.

A PROBLEM IN NUMBERS.

In this case the illustration represents an enamelled number plate that I once saw on a railway carriage. It will be seen that it had got accidentally split in two. The peculiarity that I detected here is as follows: If we regard the 20 and the 25 as two separate numbers, add them together and square the sum (thus: $20+25=45$ and $45\times45=2025$), the result is the original number on the plate. Now, there are two other numbers of four figures that have the same peculiarity. Which are they?

A "REVIVER" PUZZLE.

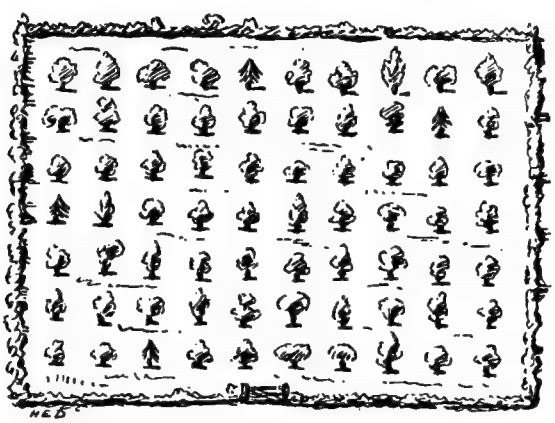
This is an example of a puzzle that is not at all difficult, though it does seem a trifle bewildering at the first glance. It merely makes a demand on the reader's ability and accuracy in counting. But there are several ways of performing the operation of counting and the method we use should always be adapted to the circumstances of the particular case under consideration. If we want to count the number of labels in a sheet of

Google

postage stamps, we multipiy the number of stamps on one side by the number on one of the contiguous sides. If we have to count a large flock of sheep, we work in a series of imaginary lines from one side of the field to the other. If it is required to find the sum of the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc., up to 50, we do not adopt the tedious process of writing them all down one under the other and adding them up. We know that the first and last numbers, 1 and 50, make 51; the second and last but one, 2 and 49, make 51; and so on through all the twenty-five pairs. We have therefore merely to multiply 51 by 25 to get the correct answer—1275.

Similarly, the present puzzle is very easy if you happen to hit on the simple method of solving it. Without some sort of method, one is liable, as in the operation of counting the sands of the sea shore, to leave out one or two little items. The question is simply this: in how many different ways may we spell out the word "Reviver" in the illustration? You may go upwards or downwards, backwards or forwards—in short in any way you like, subject to the simple condition that you must always pass along a line from one letter straight to another, and when you come to a letter you must use it and pass on again to the next letter in the word.

Place the point of your pencil on one of the R's and trace out the word once or twice. You will then realise that it is easier to lose count than to keep it, and much more difficult to avoid dropping a route than to find one. I shall try to show, when giving the solution next month, that it is as easy as shelling peas if properly attacked.



A PUZZLING PLANTATION.

SQUARES AND CROSS PUZZLE.

To those readers who have a special preference for puzzles of a geometrical kind, I present this new cross puzzle. Most of them will know the old problem requiring a Greek cross to be cut into four pieces that will fit together and form a square. The puzzle in the present case is to cut the cross into five pieces so as to form two separate squares, one of which will have exactly half the area of one of the arms of the cross. The solution is quite simple and pretty.

Digitized by Google

THE BROKEN PALINGS.

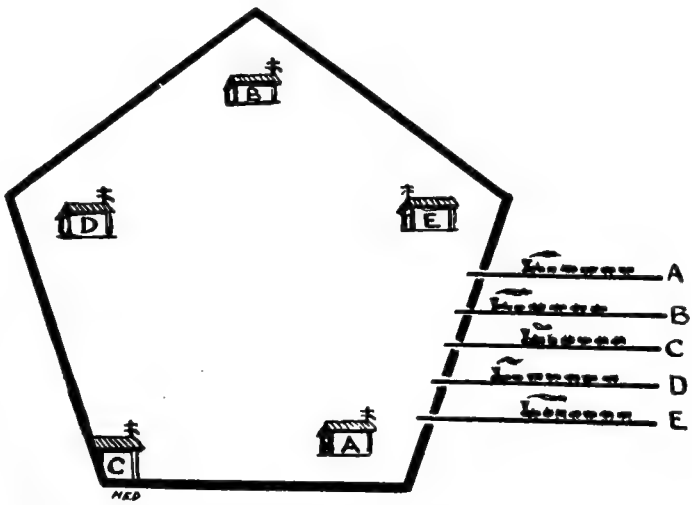
The manner in which one gets an idea for a puzzle is often very curious. I was once taking a rest during a walking tour at a spot where there happened to be in front of me some broken palings, of which I give a sketch. The two birds, flying in the line of sight, caused the posts to appear to my imagination as £11 : 11 : 7, but after they had flown away the posts became simply 11117. Reducing the £11 : 11 : 7 to farthings, I was surprised to find the result to be 11116. I then asked myself, is it possible to find a sum of money in pounds, shillings, and pence which may be reduced correctly to farthings by simply removing the dots that separate the shillings from the pounds and the pence from the shillings? I will leave the reader to discover such a sum of money.

THE PYRAMID POSER.

Here we have a silhouette portrait of an English tourist flying up a pyramid four steps at a time. It is not his enthusiasm as a climber that urges him on so wildly, but some lower influence. I believe it is a lion. A singular feature in connection with this pyramid is that if you go up two steps at a time, there is one step left for the last bound; if you go up three at a time, there are two steps left; if you go up four at a time, there are three left; if five at a time, four are left; if six at a time, five are left; and if you go up seven steps at a time, there are actually six risers left for the last bound. Now, how many steps are there to that pyramid? There are fewer than 1500. I may mention as an interesting fact that the two smaller pyramids shown in the distance have the same peculiarity.

A PUZZLING PLANTATION.

Some of my readers would probably have said that this batch of posers was not complete if it had not included an "orchard" puzzle, or at any rate one dealing in some way with the "points and lines" principle. These problems usually take the form of requiring a certain number of lines with so many trees in each line to be formed with a given number of trees. On the present occasion I vary this by giving the trees actually planted, and asking the solver to simply cut down those that are not needed.



THE CHINESE RAILWAYS PUZZLE.

It will be seen that the plantation contains seventy trees. The puzzle is to cut down

Google

forty-eight trees so that the twenty-two that remain shall form twenty rows with four trees in every row.

THE ENGLISH TOUR.

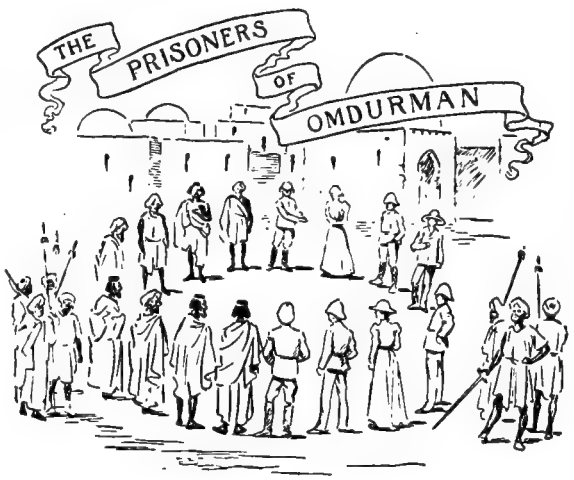
This puzzle has to do with railway routes, and in these days of much travelling should prove useful. The map of England shows twenty-four towns, connected by a system of railways. A resident at the town marked A at the top of the map proposes to visit every one of the towns once and only once, and to finish up his tour at Z. This would be easy enough if he were able to cut across country by road, as well as by rail, but he is not. How does he perform the feat? Take your pencil and, starting from A, pass from town to town, making a dot in the towns you have visited, and see if you can end at Z.

THE EIGHT CLOWNS.

This illustration represents a troupe of clowns I once saw on the Continent. Each clown had one of the numbers 1 to 9 on his chest. After going through the usual tumbling, juggling, and other antics, they generally concluded with a few curious little numerical tricks, one of which was the rapid formation of a number of magic squares. It occurred to me that if clown No. 1 failed to appear (as happens in the illustration), this last item of their performance might not be so easy. The reader is asked to discover how these eight clowns may arrange themselves in the form of a square (one place being vacant), so that every one of the three columns, three rows, and each of the two diagonals shall add up the same. The vacant place may be at any part of the square, but it is No. 1 that must be absent.

THE CHINESE RAILWAYS PUZZLE.

Our illustration shows the plan of a Chinese city protected by pentagonal fortifications. Five European Powers were scheming and clamouring for a concession to run a railway to the place; and at last one of the Emperor's more brilliant advisers said, "Let every one of them have a concession!" So the Celestial Government officials were kept busy arranging the details. The letters in the diagram show the different nationalities, and indicate not only just where each line must enter the city, but also where the station belonging to that line must be located. As it was agreed that the line of one company must never cross the line of another, the representatives of the various countries concerned were engaged so many weeks in trying to find a solution to the problem, that in the meantime a change in the Chinese Government was brought about, and the whole scheme fell through. Take your pencil, and trace out the route for the line A to A, B to B, C to C, and so on, without ever allowing one line to cross another or pass through another company's station.



THE PRISONERS OF OMDURMAN.

Just before the battle of Omdurman, the Kalipha gave orders for the prisoners to be brought before him. There were eight Europeans and eight Abyssinians. "Kill half of them," said the Kalipha, as he rode off with Osman Digna. This was all very fine, but he had not said which half—an unimportant matter to him, but not equally so to the prisoners. As the executioner (who had formerly been a barber) was sharpening his sword, he was heard to remark:

"Next, please!"

There was an awkward pause.

"Half a minute," said the European at the head of the picture; "I'm just arranging my friends in a circle."

"What is it? Kiss-in-the-ring?" asked the Dervish. "If so, I'll stand out."

"No; I propose to count a certain number, round and round, and you can dispatch each person in turn upon whom that number happens to fall. How does that suit you?"

Google

He never got his reply, for at that moment a shell fell in the neighbourhood and altered the current of their thoughts. The British troops shortly afterwards entered Omdurman, and the sixteen prisoners were again free men and women.

The puzzle is this: Counting a certain number, beginning with the white man at the top of the picture, and going round and round the circle in the direction that individual is pointing, I am prepared to slay every man or woman on whom that number falls, and every person so slayed shall be an Abyssinian. What is the smallest possible number that will serve my purpose and kill all the Abyssinians in rotation? Of course, directly the number falls on a man he is slain and disappears from the merry circle, while the counting begins afresh.

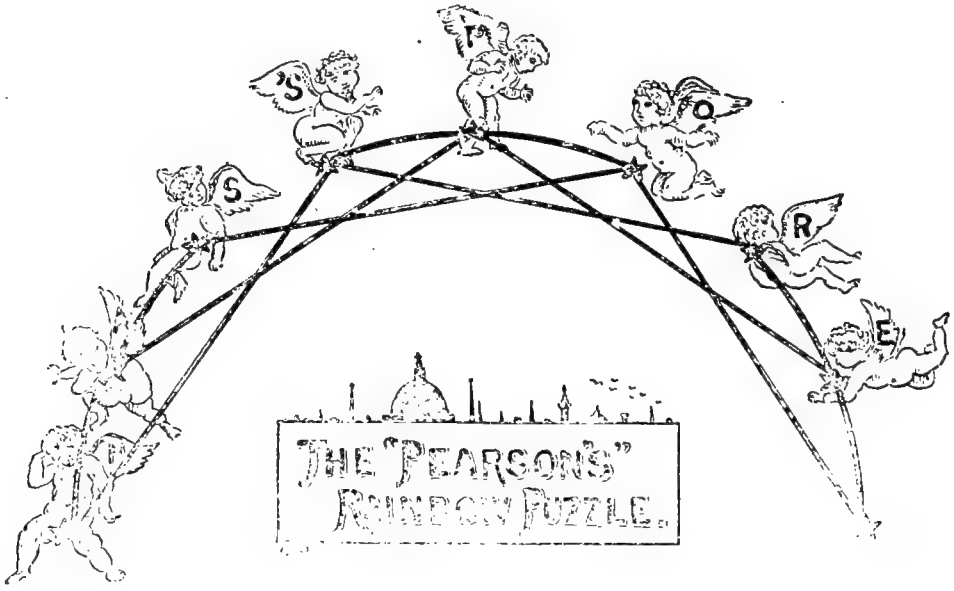
THE "PEARSON'S" RAINBOW PUZZLE.

My last sketch represents a somewhat fanciful notion of eight little cherubs disporting themselves on a rainbow.

It will be noticed that each cherub bears a letter on his wing. There are nine gems, or stars, in the rainbow, and on the first eight of these the cherubs appear in the order "NAS'SPORE." This is not an Indian town, but merely a disarrangement of the letters in the word "PEARSON'S." The puzzle is to get these letters back into their proper order in the fewest possible moves. To do this we must lead the cherubs one at a time along the lines to the star that is for the time being vacant, but no two cherubs may ever be together on a star. As we must pass in a direct line from one star to another, it will be seen that the first move must be made either by O or E. Supposing we move O, then either P or S must move next. Supposing S moves, then A is compelled to move next. And so on, until all the letters are in proper order, and read "PEARSON'S," with the ninth star vacant. Notice that one S has the apostrophe before it, and must therefore be the S that comes at the end of the word.

The best way for the reader to attack this little puzzle is to make a copy of the lines and stars arrangement on a large sheet of paper or cardboard, and then use eight counters bearing the letters, and placed in the order shown, moving them from star to star in the manner explained. Try to do this in the fewest possible moves. As only one cherub can move at a time, and as there is never more than one star to which a move can be made, it will be found sufficient, in recording the moves, to say O-S-A, etc. I shall show the shortest possible solution to the puzzle. Can you find it?

The solutions to all the puzzles contained in this article will appear in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE for February, 1899.



Google

GRANDMOTHER'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

MARJORIE went to the masquerade,
Dressed in her grandmother's old brocade,
She was gaily powdered, and patched, and laced,
With a very long skirt, and a very short waist.

To the strains of the music we danced away;
The old gown rustled, and seemed to say:
"Young man, I am older by far than you.
Pray listen to me, and I'll tell you true,

"How Marjorie's grandmamma, years ago,
Served many a wigged and powdered beau.
She would sit on the stairs, and cut quadrilles
She had promised to gallants all satin and frills.

"She'd flirt with a judge or Lib'ral or Tory,
And each would tell her the old, old story:
As with maidenly art, she sat below
The snow-white berries of mistletoe.

"So beware of the granddaughter, young and fair,
What grandmother did, she'll also dare:
Don't let her wiles ensnare you, too,
For women are women, the ages through."

Marjorie wore my roses fair
In her quaint corsage, and golden hair;
But she answered "No," to my love that night,
And I ruefully pondered, "Old gown, you're right."

MACGREGOR JENKINS

Google

WHALES.

By Charles Ray.

Most of us in our childhood were taught two facts about the whale—firstly, that it is the largest of living creatures, and secondly, that it is not a fish, but an animal. Beyond these facts, however, it is astonishing how little is known of the gigantic creature that inhabits the deep, and is so much sought after for the valuable products of its body. It comes within the province of Natural History, of course, to describe in detail the habits of the whale, but there are many facts in connection with the creature itself and with the history of what has been misnamed the whale "fishery," which are well worth recording in the pages of a magazine.

Whales are by no means unknown in this country, as interesting specimens are, from time to time, stranded upon our coasts. The most recent example was that which was left high and dry upon the beach at Birchington near Margate. We publish below a photograph of this whale, and other interesting photographs will also be found of whales which have been stranded round the British coasts.

Photo by Geo. Cousins, Birchington.

Whale stranded on the beach at Birchington, near Margate. It took many days to cut up and dispose of the huge carcase.

The earliest instance of one of these monsters of the deep being washed ashore is recorded by that quaint though graphic writer, Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala. This is how he recounts the story told to him by "a certain noble Englishman":—

"In the moneth of August, 1532, our seas cast upon the shore at Tinmouth a dead beast of a vast magnitude, which is now the greatest part wasted; yet there remains still as much of it as about one hundred great waggons can draw. They that first saw this beast say it was about thirty ells long, that is, ninety feet; from the belly to the backbone, as it lay in the sands, it was about eight or nine ells, but the certain measure is not set down. I came thither the twenty-seventh of August, when this beast stank that we could scarce endure it. His wide chaps were six ells long and a half; his mandible contained seven ells and a half, in some places they were an ell and a half about, in some places lesse and were as great as an oke. He had thirty ribs on his sides, for the most part of them, twenty-one feet long apiece. It had three bellies like vast caves, and thirty throats, whereof five were very great. It had two fins, and each was fifteen feet long; ten oxen could scarce draw one of them away. His eyes and nostrils were like to an oxes, and were too small for so great a body. When a certain man rended off his share, he was like to be drowned falling into the belly of the beast, unless he had cotched hold on one of the ribs to support himself."

This amusing description of a whale, fanciful as it may seem to be in certain places, is, upon the whole, pretty accurate. It is evidently written by one who had seen the creature. Here, however, are some startling details of northern whales, given in all good faith by the guileless Archbishop. No doubt,

Google

as he tells us, the description was given to him by "mariners."

"There are," he says, "monstrous fish on the coasts or sea of Norway, who show their cruelty at first sight and make men afraid to see them, and if men looke long on them they will fright and amaze them. Their forms

The ancient idea of a whirlpool was that it was a species of very cruel whale which cast floods of water above its head and flooded the ship.

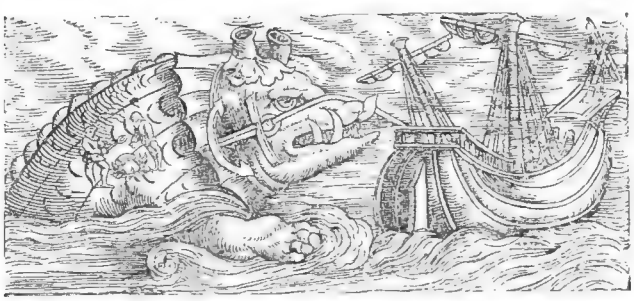
are horrible; their heads square, all set with prickles and they have sharp long horns roundabout, like a tree rooted up by the roots. They are ten or twelve cubits long, very black and with huge eyes. The apple of the eye is of one cubit, and is red and fiery coloured, which in the dark night appears to fishermen afar off under waters as a burning fire, having hairs like goose-feathers, thick and long, like a beard hanging down; the rest of the body, for the greatness of the head, which is square, is very small, not being over fourteen or fifteen cubits long; one of these sea monsters will drown easily many great ships provided with many strong mariners."

Startling as all this may seem, it is nothing to that which follows when Olaus is writing "of the many kinds of whales." "There are," he declares, "many kinds of whales; some are hairy and of four acres in bigness; the acre is 240ft. long and 120ft. broad; some have their jaws long and full of teeth, namely 12ft. or 14ft. long, and the teeth are 6ft. or 8ft. or 12ft. long. This kind of whale hath a fit mouth to eat, and his eyes are so large that fifteen men may sit in the room of each of them, and sometimes twenty or more, as the beast is in quantity. His horns are 6ft. or 7ft. long, and he hath 250 upon each eye. These grow together to defend his eye in tempestuous weather, or when any other beast that is his enemy sets upon him."

But what can we expect from a writer who actually describes the whirlpool as a living creature of the whale type? Olaus tells us that:

"The whirlpool, or prister is of the kind of whales, 200 cubits long and is very cruel. For to the danger of sea men, he will sometimes raise himself beyond the sail yards and cast such floods of waters above his head, which he had sucked in, that with a cloud of them he will often sink the strongest ships or expose the marriners to extream danger. This beast hath also a long and large round mouth, like a lamprey, whereby he sucks in his meat or water. He hath a thick black skin, all his body over; long fins like to broad feet and a forked tale fifteen or twenty foot broad, wherewith he forcibly binds any parts of the ship he twists it about."

Truly delightful are the rules laid down by the Archbishop for hunting this "creature." He says: "A trumpet of war is the fit remedy against him by reason of the sharp noise which he cannot endure; or a strong cannon or guns, with the sound whereof he is more frightened than with a stone or iron bullet, because this ball looseth its force, being hindered by its fat or by the water, or wounds but a little his most vast body that hath a rampart of mighty fat to defend it."



Another notion of old time chroniclers was that whales so closely resembled islands that ships frequently anchored to them, whilst the sailors landed and lit fires.

One of our illustrations from a contemporary print, shows a couple of whirlpools attacking a "great ship provided with many strong marriners." It will be noticed that one of the "strong marriners" is fighting the

Google

The lip of a whale. Its length is 20 feet.

whirlpools with "the fit remedy"—a trumpet of war.

Another contemporary print is very diverting. It illustrates the following passages from Olaus Magnus:

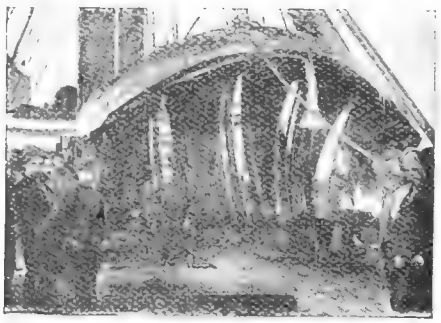
"The whale hath upon his skin a superficies like the gravel that is by the seaside; so that oft times it is when he raises his back above the waters saylors take it to be nothing else but an island, and sayl into it; and go down upon it, and strike in piles unto it, and fasten them to their ship; they kindle fires to boyl their meat; until, at length, the whale, feeling the fire, dives down to the bottome,

A whale's tongue; generally the first portion to be cut out. Its average weight is three tons.

and such as are upon his back, unless they can save themselves by ropes thrown forth of the ship, are drowned."

Of course, the most ridiculous inaccuracy in the whole of these extracts is that referring to the eye of the whale. As will be noticed from some of our photographs, the eye is altogether out of proportion to the other parts of this monstrous creature; in fact, it is no larger than the eye of a horse or an ox, and this is a wise provision of Nature to protect the visionary organ of the whale from the tremendous weight of water, which presses upon it when the creature dives a great distance below the surface.

But if the eye is small, some of the other parts of the whale are enormously large. For instance, the tail is frequently over 100 square feet in extent, and although the length is only 6ft. or 7ft, the breadth frequently extends to 26ft. or 27ft. With its tail the whale can smash a powerfully built boat in a moment, and can lash the sea into such a fury of foam that the sound can be heard like a tempest for several miles distance. The whale's head is usually a third of the

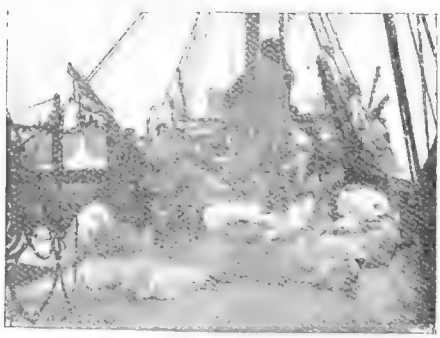


A whale's upper jaw, showing the whalebone.

whole body, and the jawbones are 16ft. to 20ft. in length.

One of our photographs shows the lip of a whale. It is 20ft. long, and has a cavity large enough to hold a ship's jolly boat with its crew. Another interesting photograph shows the tongue, which has just been hauled on board. It consists of a soft thick mass, and after the capture of a whale, this is the first portion which is cut from the body. The average weight of the tongue is about three tons. The fin of a whale is usually 9ft. long, and 4ft. or 5ft. broad; whilst the weight is several tons.

It is certainly a great nuisance for the local



A whale's fin. Usually it is about 9 feet long and 4 or 5 feet wide.

The above photos are by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

Digitized by Google

authorities when a great whale is stranded on the British coast. The creature is useless as a commercial commodity, owing to the lack of appliances for dealing with it, and decomposition sets in so rapidly that, if left for very long, it becomes a source of sanitary danger. And yet to get rid of a whale is no easy task. At Birchington, for example, many days were occupied in cutting up the whale, and disposing of the mighty carcase.

Photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

A whale cast up at the mouth of the River Tay. It was one of the hump-backed tribe.

The whale washed ashore in the Tay, in 1884, was of the hump-backed tribe, whilst the Stonehaven whale was of the finner tribe.

Zoological gardens and aquariums always covet a live whale, but owing to its size, and the vast quantity of water which is necessary for its preservation, the creature cannot be kept alive in captivity. An attempt was made in 1877, when a live whale from Labrador, 9ft. 6in. in length, reached the Westminster Aquarium. It arrived on September 24th, and died five days later. A white whale arrived in the same year, and lived less than a month. One of the largest whales ever captured was towed into Ostend Harbour some half-century ago. It was considerably over 100ft. long, and the weight was 249 tons. Four thousand gallons of oil were obtained from the blubber. The skeleton, it is interesting to note, was brought to London and exhibited to the public on the site of what is now Trafalgar Square.

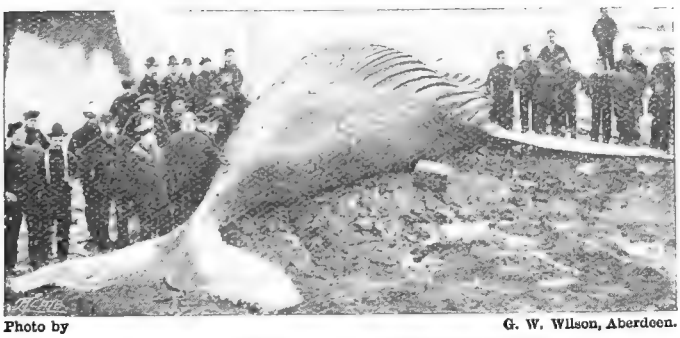


Photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

The carcase of a Finner whale, stranded at Stonehaven.

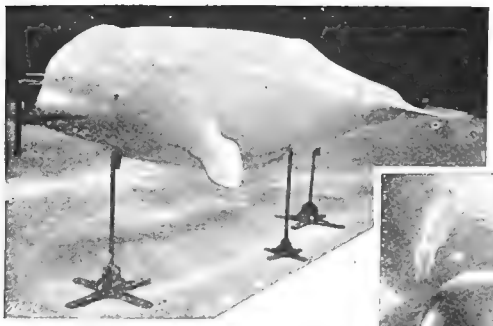
At the present time Londoners have a splendid opportunity of gaining an accurate idea of what the whale is like. A new Whale Gallery has just been opened at the Natural History Museum, and by the courtesy of the authorities the ROYAL MAGAZINE is able to publish a series of photographs, the first ever taken in the gallery. There is a fine specimen of the sperm whale, some 50ft. in length, which was washed ashore near Thurso, in Caithness Bay, in July, 1863. In addition, there are many specimens of smaller creatures, one of the most interesting of which is a specimen of the white whale, a small species of no commercial value. The creature is of the colour of milk, and it is caught in large nets by the Greenlander for use as food. The whales at the Natural History Museum are so arranged, that on one side may be seen a representation of the body, whilst on the other the skeleton is exhibited.

A remarkable trait of the whale's character is its timidity. A bird alighting on its back will sometimes send it off in great agitation and alarm. And yet so intense is its maternal

Photo by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Northern Rorqual, 45ft. long, washed ashore at Tilbury, 19th October, 1887.

Digitized by Google

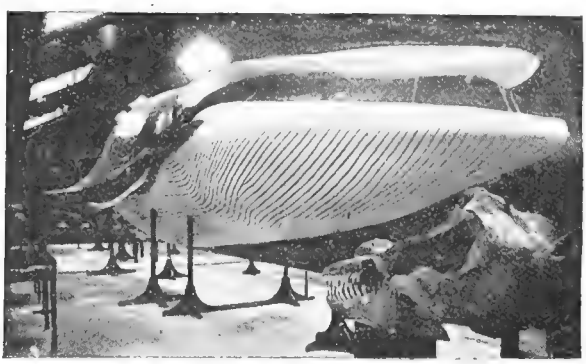


A white whale. These are caught by the Greenlanders in nets.

love, that, when its young is in danger, the whale will become as bold as a lion, and will often attack a boat's crew. Dr. Scoresby, one of the greatest authorities on whale life, in his account of the Arctic regions, makes the following remarks on the subject:—

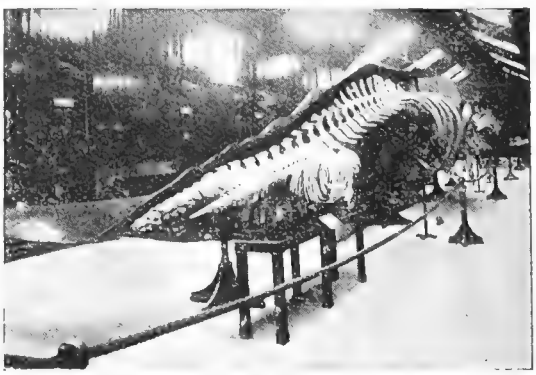
"The maternal affection of the whale, which in other respects is apparently a stupid animal, is

A sperm whale over 50 feet in length.



A common Rorqual, 69ft. long, stranded in Moray Firth 22nd March, 1880.

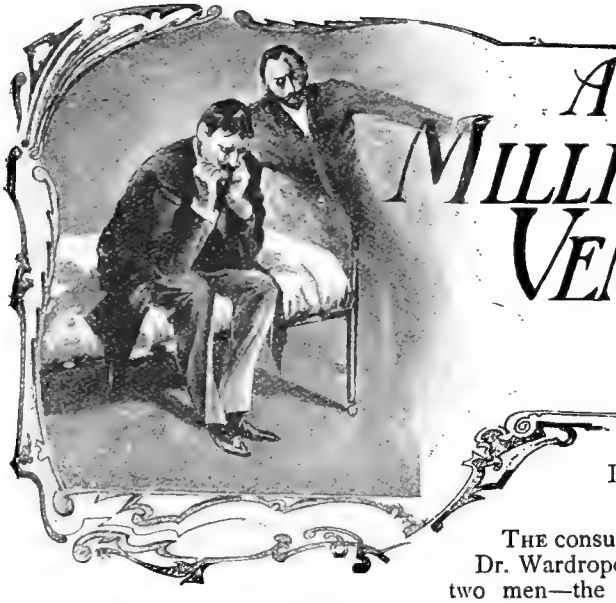
striking and interesting. The cub (or young whale), being insensible to danger, is easily harpooned, when the tender attachment of the mother is so manifested as not infrequently to bring it within reach of the whalers. Hence, although a cub is of little value, seldom producing above a ton of oil and often less, yet it is sometimes struck as a snare for its mother. In this case she joins it at the surface of the water, whenever it has occasion to rise for respiration; encourages it to swim off; assists its flight by taking it under her fin; and seldom deserts it while life remains. She is then dangerous to approach, but affords frequent opportunities for attack. She loses all regard for her own safety in anxiety for the preservation of her young; dashes through the midst of her enemies; despises the danger that threatens her; and often voluntarily remains with her offspring after various attacks on herself from the harpoons of the fishers. . . . There is something extremely painful in the destruction of a whale when thus evincing a degree of affectionate regard for its offspring that would do honour to the superior intelligence of human beings."



The skeleton of the sperm whale shown in the photo above.

The above photos are by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Google



A MILLIONAIRE'S VENGEANCE.

By W. Alexander Ross.

The consulting room of the famous specialist, Dr. Wardroper, Harley Street, W. In it are two men—the doctor himself and Sir George Gilderoy, a millionaire twice told. The specialist has just finished his diagnosis, and an expression of pity flits across his face as he turns to his patient.

He sees before him a man of magnificent physique and in the prime of life, doomed to death. In spite of wealth which could purchase the highest medical skill in the universe, there is nothing, absolutely nothing which could save him from death within a few months—a year at most.

"Well?"

"I am sorry, Sir George, but we can do nothing."

There is silence for a few seconds while the two men sit facing each other. The specialist sees a sudden twitch of the muscles of the millionaire's face as the purport of his reply dawns on him. For an instant there is a look of terror in his eyes and a convulsive gulp in his throat, and then a bitter smile appears.

"Then I am doomed to death, doctor—no chance of a reprieve?"

"Humanly speaking, absolutely none," replies the specialist gravely.

The doomed millionaire shrugs his shoulders grimly.

"How long can you promise me in the world, doctor? You may as well be perfectly frank about it. A millionaire cannot afford to die in the careless way of most mortals. His interests are too many. He is always expected to set his house in order before allowing that to happen which will entitle an ungrateful country to the death duties on his estate."

"Six months for certain, I should say, but not more than a year at the outside."

Five minutes later Sir George Gilderoy steps into his carriage and is whirled rapidly away to his palatial home in Park Lane.

He laughs in a reckless bitter fashion to himself as he leans back and realises that life is over for him as surely as it is for the poor wretch whose sentence is being blazoned forth on every news placard his carriage passes—"The Vauxhall Murder—Sentence and Scene." Three clear Sundays for the murderer. Fifty-two at the outside for the millionaire. What a mockery it seemed. The murderer—a burly Lifeguardsman—full of life and vigour, with muscles of steel and the courage of a lion, to be sent to swift and violent death by the hangman. The millionaire in the prime of life, the moving spirit in half-a-dozen tremendous commercial ventures, head and shoulders above his fellow-men in shrewdness and intellectual ability, yet with bone and sinew enough for a pioneer in a new country—all that energy and ability to be wiped out of existence in a few weeks, simply because the medical skill of the century was powerless to arrest the insidious disease which had fastened upon him. This, while men and women and children, insignificant in strength or importance, were being patched up to last out an average lifetime in the thirty and odd hospitals of the metropolis.

"Penniless at one-and-twenty—a millionaire at thirty—son-in-law to a Duke at two-and-

Google

thirty—a baronet at four-and-thirty—and dead at six-and-thirty," he muttered to himself. "No child to bear my name, to inherit my wealth—and this is life!"

It is striking three as he enters the portals of the palace which will know him as its master but for so brief a space longer. The obsequious footman comes to relieve him of his hat and stick. It is a hideous dream to him. He feels a dead man already in the midst of all that splendour. He pauses at the foot of the priceless staircase for a moment, and sees his final coming down—in a casing of lead and oak—and he shudders.

"Where is her ladyship?"

"In the white drawing room, Sir George."

The millionaire goes swiftly up the stairs—he can smell the sickly odour of the funeral wreaths—and enters the white drawing room.

There is a quick rustle of skirts as he enters, and a pinker tinge than usual shows on his lady's cheek. She is alone, save for the presence of one visitor, a well-groomed young fellow who is the most popular society medico in the profession. He, too, shows just a glimmer of embarrassment as Sir George strides across the room. Lady Gilderoy watches her husband keenly as he greets his visitor.

The millionaire's face is as impassive as stone, and his greeting cordiality itself.

But the millionaire's face is as impassive as stone, and his greeting cordiality itself.

"Not a professional visit, Hensley, I hope?"

"Oh, no, Sir George! Lady Gilderoy never commits the *gaucherie* of requiring professional advice at such an unconscionable hour in the day as this."

Her ladyship sinks back into her chair with an almost imperceptible but, nevertheless, unmistakable sigh of relief, and watches her husband and Dr. Hensley between half-closed eyelids as they talk. Sir George does not stop long in the room. He exchanges just a few commonplaces with the doctor, and then excuses himself. Outside the drawing-room door he turns to a footman.

"When Dr. Hensley is leaving, ask him to come to me in the library. I wish to see him."

"Yes, Sir George," replies the man-servant, with the expressionless stare of his calling.

* *

Sir George dropped heavily into a chair when he entered the library, and sat staring moodily into the fire. Thought was passing swiftly in his mind, and there was a sullen glare in his eyes and a rigid look about the muscles of his jaw which boded ill for someone.

"I'll find out the truth," he muttered savagely between his clenched teeth, "and if it is what I suspect, I'll have a grand revenge before the grave has me."

He sprang up, and paced the room for a time. A year at most was all he had to live. An hour ago it had seemed to him that his life's work was done, and that there was nothing left for him to do but wait in patience and sadness for the end. But now it was changed. Fate had singled him out from among mankind, as a victim upon whom to play one of its most fantastic ironies. It had

Google

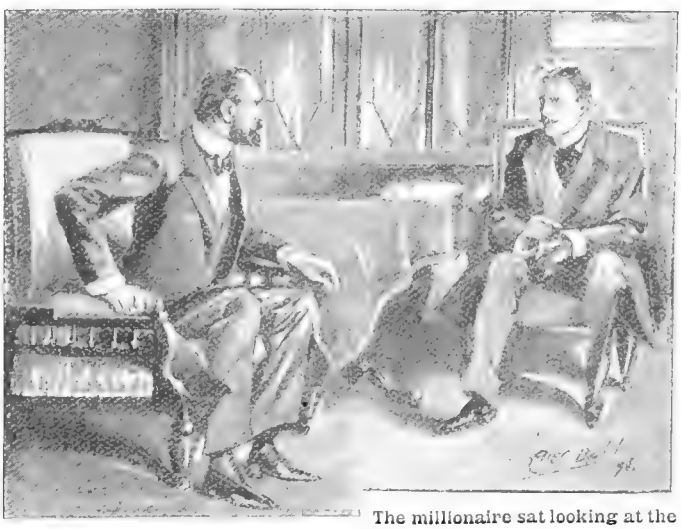
made him a millionaire, and just when he had begun to realise the tremendous possibilities that life held for a modern Midas, it was quietly putting him to a slow but none the less certain death. The man was mad for vengeance against the world, against Fate, against everybody. And now Fate had given a man into his hands—his wife's lover.

Sir George had read that little drawing-room comedy like a page of an open book. Not a single thing had escaped him—not even the tiny fluttering sigh of relief of Lady Gilderoy when he greeted Dr. Hensley like a man who saw, who knew, who suspected nothing.

Backward and forward he strode, the sullen gleam in his eyes growing more intense, and the sinister set of his jaw more defined at every turn. The blood was racing through his brain like liquid fire, and he vainly racked it for a scheme of vengeance.

Suddenly he burst into a wild laugh and flung himself into his chair.

"I have it," he exclaimed, "a scheme worthy of Sir George Gilderoy, the millionaire — the Napoleon of finance, as men call me. A wild death for me and for them——"



The millionaire sat looking at the smart young doctor with a smile which the latter could not translate.

The library door swung open, and Dr. Hensley was announced.

"You wished to see me?"

The millionaire bowed, and pointed to a chair.

There was a long pause after the heavy door had closed before either of the two men spoke. Sir George sat looking at the smart young doctor with a smile, which the latter could not translate. There was something uncanny about it, and for the life of him he could not suppress a slight shudder. The millionaire saw it, and laughed quietly.

"You must forgive my laughter, Hensley, for I am going to ask you a question which will move you to mirth."

A warm glow of relief came over the doctor. He was beginning to fear that the interview with the millionaire would be unpleasant in that it would have reference to his flirtation with Lady Gilderoy. Even a popular and handsome young society physician could scarcely have stood the enmity of Sir George. A scandal, in which his name and that of the millionaire's wife were coupled, would spell social and financial ruin.

He could hardly trust himself to speak, and his only reply was an inclination of the head.

"Well, Dr. Hensley, look me straight in the face—look keenly with the eye of an expert, and tell me how long you think I have to live."

Hensley felt his face growing pale and his lips getting dry. There seemed so sinister a drift in the question.

"What was Sir George driving at?" he asked himself as in obedience to the request he looked him square in the face and noted its powerful lines, and the expression which showed what an awful amount of will-power the millionaire had. But he saw nothing in his face which gave a clue to the motive of the question.

"Well?"

"Are you serious, Sir George?"

"Serious! Serious! Why, man, is there anything more serious than the proximateness or otherwise of the day of dissolution? You think it a jest. Be it so—but your answer, Hensley, your answer!"

"The remainder of the allotted span, according to the Psalmist, ought to be yours, if appearances are any guide."

"Then, Dr. Hensley, as a physician you

Google

have no reasonable hope of my demise occurring within—say a year?"

"Hope, Sir George?" echoed Hensley in astonishment.

The millionaire laughed in that uncomfortably sardonic fashion again.

"A curious expression, 'hope,' isn't it?" he said, half speaking to himself. "Why should you cherish a hope of my demise—why—why? A joke of mine, Hensley—a mere joke of mine. You must pardon it as the ill-timed pleasantry—not of a millionaire, but of a dying man," and he bent forward, scrutinizing the doctor's face as he spoke the last words slowly and gravely.

"You speak in riddles, Sir George. I fail to follow you."

"I will give you the solution in a single sentence—shall I?"

Hensley did not reply for a few seconds. Nerving himself desperately, he strove to read what was in the other man's mind. But he could gather nothing from that set, stern face with its sardonic smile. The millionaire was as inscrutable as the Sphinx itself. It was no use hesitating any longer. He might just as well have it out without any more beating about the bush.

Dr. Hensley was an exceedingly frequent visitor to the palace in Park Lane.

"The sentence——?"

"Was pronounced by Wardroper, of Harley Street, half an hour ago."

"Great Heavens! Not Dr. Wardroper?" exclaimed Hensley, nearly springing to his feet with surprise.

"The same. You know him, and in what he is a specialist. He gave me at most a year more of life."

Hensley was too dazed for the moment to utter a word. But his mind travelled on with the swiftness of light to the possibilities lying before him. He was a fashionable physician, but poor as fashionable physicians go. He was desperately enamoured of Lady Gilderoy, and believed she returned his love. At any rate, he knew that her millionaire husband had never possessed her heart. If she were Sir George's widow, and the possessor of all the dead man's vast wealth, he might—he could—he would win her. What more could any man desire than unbounded wealth and one of the most beautiful women in London for a wife?

The vision carried him completely away from the scene in which he was taking part. He ceased to see the face of the millionaire, smiling no longer, but reading, with cruel, glittering eyes, the thoughts that were sweeping through his half dazed brain, till his voice broke in on the dream and shattered it.

"Well, have you nothing to say?"

"Really, Sir George, I—I—" stammered Hensley.

"Yes, I know," said the other grimly, "you—you don't know what to say. Words fail you, and so on. It is difficult to congratulate a man on his death sentence."

Hensley began a deprecating answer, which was impatiently waved aside.

"For Heaven's sake, Hensley, no platitudes from you. What I am going to ask of you is the real sympathy of friendship during the few months I have to live. Will you give it?"

"With all my heart, Sir George," returned Hensley with an effusiveness that was not wholly assumed. He could well afford to cheer the few short weeks of life left to the millionaire with all the sympathy that a lively anticipation of the possession, in the near future, both of his wealth and his widow, could engender. He really felt sorry for the man whom he was going to succeed when he had buried him.

Google

"Your hand on it, Hensley, your hand."

The two men clasped hands, and smilingly looked into each others faces, but there was a touch of mocking triumph in Sir George's smile which came back to Hensley long after, when it was too late.

"Now we will talk business, Hensley. In the first place I want the fact of my approaching demise kept a profound secret from everybody, and above all from my wife. She is not a particularly observant woman, you know, and a few assurances from you that there is nothing much wrong with me, should she notice anything by-and-by, will be sufficient to reassure her."

It was quite half an hour later that Dr. Hensley left the library. He felt on the best of terms with himself after his long talk with Sir George. The millionaire apparently trusted him thoroughly. He had asked Hensley to be his own familiar friend, and, what was more, to be Lady Gilderoy's friend, too, during the next few months, and he intimated with the utmost delicacy that the doctor would not find him ungrateful when the end came.

But while Hensley was building his castles in Spain, Sir George Gilderoy was sitting in the library, and nodding contentedly at the fire.

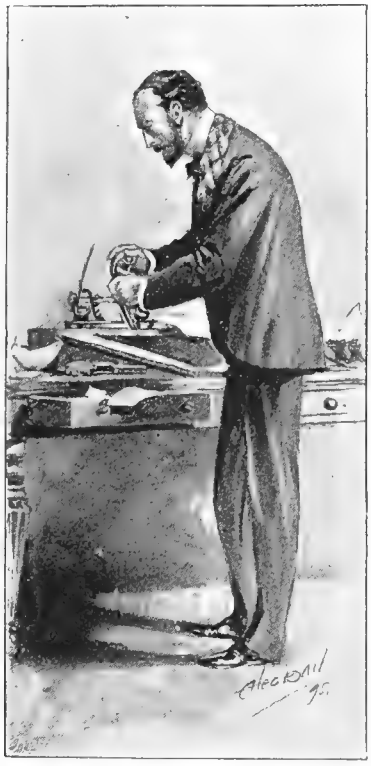
"I almost pity the poor devil when he knows," he mused.

* * *

Five months had elapsed since the Harley Street specialist had given the millionaire his death warrant. Dr. Hensley was an exceedingly frequent visitor to the palace in Park Lane now. Indeed he was a daily visitor. The tongues of an observant world wagged maliciously, but to all appearance Sir George saw and knew nothing of what passed between the doctor and his wife.

Hensley had not kept his word as far as regarded Lady Gilderoy. She knew that her husband was doomed. Had Hensley been a clever man and she a clever woman, they would have been content to possess their souls in patience and waited till the end came. But they had not, and the astute husband's object in throwing them together and giving the doctor the run of the house had been achieved.

He was sitting in the library and running through a sheaf of type-written reports which apparently afforded him considerable amusement from time to time, for now and again he stopped to laugh in a peculiarly grim way which had become a habit with him of late. Presently he laid the last of them down.



He opened a drawer in the table and took out a couple of revolvers.

"These private inquiry agents are a remarkably clever race," he said to himself. "My good friend Hensley would be astounded to learn how very completely they have chronicled his and my lady's movements during the past few months."

He locked the reports away in a safe and then seated himself at a writing table littered with what was unmistakably the MS. of a play.

"Hensley declares there is genius in the idea of this miserable hotch-potch of a drama. He is nearer the truth than he knows. This idea of my writing a drama which will work up to a tragedy is really fairly original, though the *dénouement* will be just a trifle startling, and, perhaps, unpleasant for Hensley."

Sir George had paid another visit to the Harley Street specialist the previous day.

"I am sorry," the specialist had said to him, "but the turn is for the worse."

He knew what that meant—simply that his course was nearly run. He had gone straight from the specialist to the office of the private inquiry agents he was employing, and asked to be supplied with a complete set of their reports in reference to his wife and Dr. Hensley—those he had just locked away.

The play which Hensley had declared had a touch of genius in its idea was a duologue for two men, and was the work of

Google

the millionaire. It was a queer fancy for a dying man to go in for play-writing, but the fancies of a dying millionaire were not to be flouted. Hensley had humoured him to the top of his bent. He had even gone so far as to study one of the parts at Sir George's request, and had promised to be letter perfect in it that afternoon.

The clock on the massive overmantel chimed out four.

"Four o'clock," said the millionaire, grimly, "only another hour, and then the end. I wonder how it will all look an hour after—how he will look. I will write to Langley, and give him the instructions as to the divorce proceedings against my lady and my dear Hensley. That will complete the chain of evidence as to motive. Circumstantial evidence and an intelligent jury will do the rest. What a glorious revenge it will be. I must look to the revolvers."

He opened a drawer in the table and took out a couple of revolvers exactly alike in pattern save in one particular. The monogram on each was different. One bore the initials of Dr. Hensley. The other bore his own. He carefully tested whether they were in working order. He loaded in all its chambers that which bore Hensley's monogram, and placed it in a letter basket at his elbow, covering it with a sheet of MS. paper. The other revolver he placed unloaded on his blotting pad.

His next proceeding was to burn the MS. of the drama which littered up his table, and then he sat down and wrote to Langley, his solicitor.

"That completes everything," he said. "Now we wait for Hensley and our exit."

He walked round the room regarding an object here and there with the lingering look of a man who is taking his farewell, and when Hensley entered he was gazing out of the window on to Park Lane.

"Ah, Hensley, you are punctual. You see I am looking out on the world I shall so soon cease to see."

"That is morbid," said Hensley. "You should avoid that sort of thing."

"Quite right, but look at it, Hensley, look at the scene well. You are a successful man—a healthy man, with another forty years of life in front of you. Think what it would be if you were to leave this room doomed to death."

Hensley shuddered.

"Don't talk about it, Gilderoy, it is horrible."

The moment his back was turned the millionaire snatched up the unloaded revolver and slipped it into the letter basket.

The millionaire laughed oddly as he looked at the young medico.

"Have you seen my wife this afternoon?"

Hensley intimated that he had, and again the millionaire laughed in that odd way.

"You have not been reciting that precious scene from the drama to her?"

"Good gracious—no!"

"Have you got your script? Thanks." He took it, crumpled it up, and dropped it into the fire.

"That is the end of my drama, Hensley. It has served its purpose. It is very good of you to take the trouble to get up that big scene for me. You don't mind going through it, do you? I have got a revolver for you to do the murder with."

Hensley took up the revolver.

"It isn't loaded?"

Sir George laughed again.

"Well, as it is me you are going to shoot, it is not likely I should give you a loaded one to play with, is it?"

Google

"Not very," laughed Hensley, pulling the trigger, and snapping the chambers right round.

"Well, we'll start—we won't do the whole scene, we will start at the quarrel between the husband and the lover. I should like to hear how it sounds. But before we start do you mind touching the bell. I want this letter posted to Langley."

Hensley laid down the revolver, and went over to the bell.

The moment his back was turned the millionaire snatched up the unloaded revolver which Hensley had laid down, slipped it into the letter basket, and put in its place the one which bore the doctor's monogram, and which was loaded in every chamber.

It was done in an instant, and Hensley had seen nothing.

"See that this is taken to Mr. Langley at once," said Sir George to the footman who answered the summons.

"Now, Hensley, we are free to begin. You know the business. The revolver lies on the table in front of me, so. We discuss your relations with my wife. You get excited. I insult you, and threaten to ruin you. You snatch up the revolver, and fire it point blank into my face. I stagger back dead into my chair, and that's the curtain."

"Now you will let yourself go just to please me, and don't muff the shooting business—I want the thing made exciting."

"By all means," said Hensley, and they started.

Hensley who is standing looking down on the dead man like one who is stunned.

Hensley was a smart amateur actor in his way, and he did his best. Sir George, too, spoke his lines with a dramatic force that surprised Hensley, who presently caught the infection, and the voices of the two men raised in mimic anger reached the footmen in the hall, who listened wonderingly.

"Hullo!" said one to the other, "hear Sir George and the doctor at it. Expect it has come out at last. He must have been blind not to have spotted it before." And they crept quietly to the library door and listened. It was Sir George who was speaking.

"I know you now for what you are — a scoundrel and a sneak, who has stolen into my house and wormed himself into my confidence that he might rob me of my wife."

"Have a care," shouts Hensley, fingering the revolver. "I'm a dangerous man if you drive me too far."

"Drive you too far, you miserable cur—what I know today the world shall know tomorrow. I'll hunt and hound you down as never a man has been hunted yet. You have ruined my life — I'll ruin yours, you leper——"

Hensley raises the revolver and levels it at Sir George's face.

There is a flash, a report, a groan from the millionaire as he staggers back and falls in a heap on the floor—dead.

The frightened footmen rush in and seize Hensley, who is standing looking down on the dead man like one who is stunned. In his hand he still holds the smoking revolver.

zed by Google

"It was an accident—I didn't know it was loaded," he protested.

"Maybe, sir, maybe," said the footman sharply; and something in his voice made Hensley start.

Like a flash a possibility occurred to him, only for it to disappear again. Pshaw! how could anything happen to him? It was all a pure accident.

He stepped forward and bent over the prostrate form. There was no question of life or death. The aim had been unerring.

He would have raised the body from the floor, but the butler, who had come upon the scene, interfered.

"We'll just wait, sir," he said, and a moment later the footman pressed his way through the small crowd of frightened servants standing at the door of the study. Behind him came a police constable.

Hensley at once essayed to speak to him, but ere he could utter a syllable the man-servant exclaimed:

"That's 'im, that's 'im I told you of."

Before Hensley could realise the exact meaning of the words, the constable laid his hand on the young doctor's shoulder, and the wretched man vaguely comprehended a stereotyped sentence, in which he caught only the word "arrest," and something in the manner of a warning with respect to anything he might say.

* * * *

An hour later all London was ringing with the news of the millionaire's death and the arrest of the fashionable physician, Dr. Hensley, on a charge of having murdered him. Hensley's explanation of the accident was believed by nobody, and least of all by the intelligent British jury before whom he was arraigned on the capital charge. The evidence of motive for the crime was overwhelming, and the story the footmen had to tell of the high words overheard between the two men when the fatal shot was fired left not a shadow of doubt in their minds. Hensley's story of the MS. play, which had been burnt, was too ridiculous for anybody to believe. He paid the death penalty, and the millionaire's revenge was complete.

A Church with Two Steeples.

THE picturesque old church of Wymondham in Norfolk was originally in the joint use of the monks and of the inhabitants of Wymondham. It remained thus till after 1250, when it was agreed to divide the church, the monks taking the east, and the parishioners the west part, this latter to be used as the parish church.

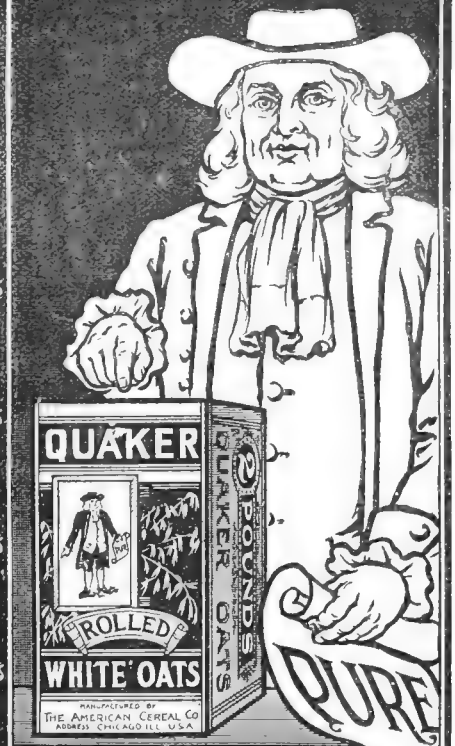
A difficulty, however, arose, with regard to the bells, and the parishioners having collected sufficient money, took down a porch in 1410, and began to build the present west tower. Upon this the monks indicted the townsmen for breaking the porch and walls, and for stopping up the door between the nave and chancel. The Archbishop of Canterbury settled the dispute by licensing the townsmen to build their tower and hang their bells, on condition that they never rang them to disturb the monks, *i.e.*, before six in the morning or after six at night. Moreover, they were to be rung only for service, on Christmas Day, at the coming of the King or Archbishop, or in case of public enemies or fire, etc.

From a Photo.

Wymondham Church.

The two steeples are the result of a quarrel between the monks and the parishioners.

Google



It Stands Alone

The secret of its supremacy over all similar foods rests in its superiority over them. Nothing but intrinsic merit could have forced it to so high a place in the world's esteem.

You are missing something good if you do not eat it.

THE EASY FOOD

Quaker Oats

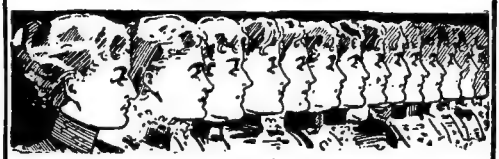
THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

Nurses endorse
the fact that Babies thrive on

Robinson's PATENT BARLEY.

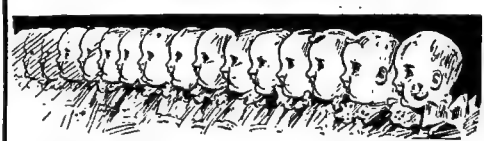
WITH MILK.



Mothers are delighted at the results of

Robinson's PATENT BARLEY.

which is a fine powder prepared from the finest Barley Scotland produces.



Babies crow with delight after taking

Robinson's PATENT BARLEY.

WITH MILK.

Sold in 1 lb. and ½ lb. tins by all the best Grocers, Stores, &c.

Every Thumb Turned Down.

"*Wride, I am sorry to say you will never do any more work.*"

It surely looked like a safe prediction. If you had stood by the doctor's side at the time, enlightened by his knowledge, you would have held his opinion. Other medical men said the same thing. Had you been the patient you would not only have considered yourself booked for the long and last journey, but as virtually on board the train. Even Wride's relations and friends were unable to find a peg to hang a hope on. As in the case of an unpopular gladiator, lying wounded and beaten in a Roman arena, nobody spoke up for him. Every thumb was turned down. If Luke Wride lived and got well under the circumstances he would do so in the very face and eyes of all whose judgment was worth a rusty sixpence. Yet see! On December 1st, 1897, about four years after the date of his death sentence, this very man writes a letter in which he says, "*I am now in the best of health and can walk twenty miles a day in my business.*"

Here is a fact which calls for an explanation It shows that *vox populi* is not always *vox Dei*, and weakens one's faith in majorities.

"In the spring of 1887," says Mr. Wride, "my health began to fail. I felt dull, heavy, and tired, having lost my usual energy and life. I had a bad taste in the mouth, my appetite was poor, and I was constantly retching. After meals I had an awful pain and weight at the chest. I soon became weak and emaciated. Often when I had got half way to my work I felt so weak I was obliged to turn back. For two years I struggled on and was then compelled to give up work altogether. I could hardly sleep or rest, and was in pain after every morsel I ate. I suffered so badly from palpitation of the heart I thought I should die.

"My breathing soon came to be so difficult I had to be propped up with pillows. Dropsy next set in, and my legs, feet, and body were so much swollen that I had to have my clothing let out. I was unable to wash or dress myself and had to be assisted to bed. For three years I passed most of my time in bed, and for over five years could only crawl across the room. As month after month passed I only grew more feeble and never expected to be better in this world. I was so wretched and miserable I often wished myself dead. All my relatives and friends thought I was in a consumption and doomed to die. I had one doctor after another who gave me medicines and cod liver oil, but I was none the better. I went to the Bristol Infirmary as an in-patient, where I was attended by several doctors, but after six weeks' treatment was discharged as incurable. I then attended the Guinea Street Hospital, where they gave me medicine without good result. All the doctors said there was no hope for me, and a physician from Bedminster, who visited me, said, "*Wride, I am sorry to say you will never do any more work.*"

"In a half dead, half alive state I continued until May, 1894, when my brother-in-law, Mr. Ford, of Clutton, visited me, and recommended me to take Mother Seigel's Syrup. I had no faith in that or in anything else, but to please him I got a bottle from Messrs. Hodder's stores and began taking it. In a few days I found great relief, which gave me some confidence in it. I continued taking it and soon I could eat well, the food causing no pain. I now gained strength slowly but surely, and never looked behind me. Of course my final recovery was gradual, as I was a complete wreck. In the course of a little time the dropsical condition left me and I have had no return of it since. I grew stronger and stronger daily and was able again to get about after eight years' illness.

"*I am now in the best of health and can walk twenty miles a day in my business as traveller.* I can eat anything and know nothing of the weakness that afflicted me for so many years. All my friends and neighbours wonder at my recovery. I tell them that Mother Seigel's Syrup alone has cured me, and but for it I am sure I should now be in my grave. You are at liberty to publish this statement as you like and refer any one to me. I will gladly answer inquiries."—(Signed) Luke Wride, 2, Bristol Place, Bryant's Hill, St. George, Bristol, Dec. 1st, 1897.

Mr. Wride has resided in his present house fifteen years and is well known and highly respected in the district. His disease was of the digestive organs, progressing until the liver, the kidneys, the heart, the lungs, and practically the whole system was involved. Inasmuch as the dropsy, caused by kidney failure, is commonly one of the last and fatal symptoms in such cases, the doctors were fully justified in pronouncing this case incurable. And under the ordinary treatment no doubt it would have proved so; but in this, as in so many like instances, Mother Seigel's Syrup showed that it possesses curative properties not shared by any other remedies. Hence the (fortunate) mistake of the doctors and the happy recovery of their patient.

Google

BRYANT & MAY'S

SPECIAL PATENT SAFETY

MATCHES.

Twenty Prize Medals for Excellence.

Do not contain Phosphorus, and are quite harmless to those employed in their manufacture.

Abingdon THE STRONGEST CARPETS MADE
for Hard Wear are the **Cord**
Regd. Trade Mark "REVIREDIS" **Squares**

ART SHADES, BORDERED, SEAMLESS, REVERSIBLE.

Sizes: 2×2, 2×2½, 2×3, 2½×3, 3×3 sq. yards.
Price 6/- 7/6 9/- 11/3 13/6 each.
Sizes: 3×3½, 3×4, 3×4½ to 4×7 sq. yards.
Price 15/9 18/- 20 6 42/- each.

Carriage Paid to nearest Station. Beware of inferior imitations. Apply to the—

ABINGDON CARPET MANUFACTURING CO.,
ABINGDON-ON-THAMES.

WHELPTON'S PILLS
The BEST FAMILY MEDICINE.
CERTAIN CURE FOR HEADACHE.
RELIEVE **CONSTIPATION**
7½d., 1/1½, & 2/9. Of all Chemists.
G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Ct., Fleet St., London, E.C.
ESTABLISHED 1835. 8820

KALS are superseding Petticoats. They improve the figure, prevent fatigue, give warmth without weight, and delightful freedom and comfort. To ensure these, KALS and not ordinary ladies' knickerbockers should be purchased. Our 3/11

Kals

we guarantee to wear well for 12 months; if they do not we will GIVE another pair. Better qualities, and Cycling Kals, a'so made. Price List and patterns free from the Manageress, to whom state size of corset worn when ordering.

Kals are only obtainable DIRECT from
KALS, Limited,
15, Stonehouse, PLYMOUTH.

PHOTO. FROM LIFE.

BERRY'S OIL **BLACKING**

Diamond Oil Paste, Liquid and Harness Blacking.
Diamond Oil Gloss for Kid Boots.
Diamond Oil Tan Polish for Brown Boots.
Diamond Oil Black and White Cream for Boots.
Diamond Oil Patent Leather Varnish.
Diamond Oil Stove Varnish and Dubbin.

W. BERRY, Manchester.

Google

FRETWORK & CARVING

New Catalogue, most complete published, containing 1,000 Illustrations of Fretwork, Carving, Picture Framing, Bent Iron, Brass, and Bamboo Work Designs and Materials. Post free, 61.

Given away *with this Edition a beautiful Motto design.*

HARGER BROS., SETTLE.

CLAREVILLE, BOURNEMOUTH.

Your . . Address

Stamped as above on 5 Quires of Superfine Note Paper (white, cream or Silurian) for **2/-** post free; 10 Quires for **3/-**; 20 Quires for **5/6.** Satisfaction guaranteed.

Other styles of stamping for 1d. stamp.

. . . Send P.O. for 2/- to . . .

J. S. SAVILE,

Headingley Stationery and Printing Works,

12, Otley Road, and St. Michael's Lane, LEEDS.

ENAMELINE

THE MODERN STOVE POLISH

PASTE & BLOCK

Twice as much used as of any other Stove Polish on earth.

MANUFACTURED BY

J.L.PRESCOTT & Co

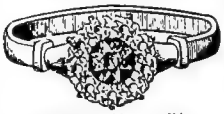
TO THE DEAF

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after 14 years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—Address,

W. P. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Norfolk St., Strand, London, W.C.

GENUINE PURE DIAMONDS.

Sapphires and Diamond, or Rubies & Diamond, **£1 12s. 6d.**



Magnificent Cluster Ring, **£5 5s.**

And 18-ct. hall-marked, solid gold jewellery at

MANUFACTURER'S FIRST COST.

Send for illustrated price list. You will find it

A PERFECT REVELATION.

SINGLE STONE DIAMOND RING 25/-

Full money refunded on all articles not approved of and sent back by return post.

ED. SANDERSON,

Diamond Merchant and Manufacturing Jeweller,

23, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.

The Reason Why

We can offer the

Finest Calico at 5d. per yard

Instead of 7d. is because we ourselves are the actual manufacturers. KILLICK'S CALICO is thoroughly honest value, and is absolutely pure and free from unnecessary filling, and every farthing spent buys calico and not clay, which washes out. It is 36 inches wide, and is only sold in parcels of 12 yards for 5/-; 24 yards, 9/6; 36 yards for 14/-; and can be had in three qualities, one unbleached and two white. Free samples sent on application. CARRIAGE PAID to any part of the Country.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER.

Send for 12-Yard Trial Parcel.

Money returned if not as represented, if calico is sent back to us in good order.—NIXON & KILLICK, Dept. 26, Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers, Manchester.

WIGS FRINGES TAILS

Artistic, Hygienic, can be redressed in any style, fit guaranteed, finest workmanship detection impossible. **£4 4s.**

of natural curly and wavy Hair for Cycling, Dancing, Hot Climates, or Sea Voyage, **10/-**, with long hair at back, **15/-**.

of pure long human Hair, extra fine quality, 20 in. **5/6**, 22 in. **7/6**, 24 in. **10/6**, 26 in. **12/6**. Catalogue Illustrated with Instructions in Hairdressing post free

R. M. ALEXANDRE, 30, Westbourne Grove, London, W.

There are many Stylographic Pens, but ONLY ONE which gives entire satisfaction is **THE 'CALTON,'** because it is simple and faultless. All who use it say it is a JEWEL. Have you tried one? We send it complete in box, with filler and directions, post paid **3/-**.

JEWEL." Fountain Pen, fitted with 16-ct. Gold Nib, Iridium Tipped, **5/-**, Mounted and Chased, **7/6**, All kinds repaired.

Dep. A **JEWEL PEN CO.,** 58, Fenchurch St. London, E.C.

Google

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

CURES
STIFF JOINTS,
Sprains,
OLD WOUNDS,
Piles, Fistulas,
and all
SKIN DISEASES.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street, London; sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

Norris's HORSE-SKIN BOOTS.

WHY WEAR THEM?

For tender feet they are most comfortable. For stylish men and women they are the best in appearance, and are at the same time very durable. The leather does not crack, it takes a brilliant polish, and is smooth on the inside.

GIVE THEM A TRIAL.

Perfect Fit by Post. Let us Explain How.

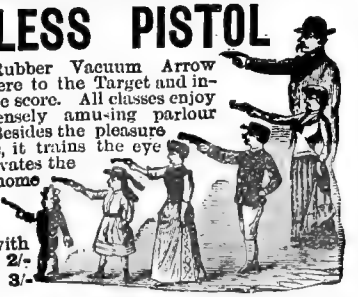
Send shape of foot on paper or old boot for size with remittance, and the goods will be sent by return of post. An illustrated price list and testimonials sent Post Free to Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of testing these comfortable Boots. The Prices are: **14/6, 17/6.** *Hand-sewn,* **21/-, 25/-**

Sir George Newnes, Bart., writes in reference to Norris's Horse-skin Boots: "Your Horse-skin Boots seem very comfortable and durable."

Write to-day to **G. R. NORRIS, 28 & 29, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.**; also 55 & 56, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN; 62, KING WILLIAM STREET; and 8 & 9, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

HARMLESS PISTOL

With India Rubber Vacuum Arrow which will adhere to the Target and indicate the score. All classes enjoy this intensely amusing parlour game. Besides the pleasure it affords, it trains the eye and cultivates the judgment. No home is complete without it.



Bronze pistol with arrow & target **2/-**
Nickel do. do. **3/-**

Postage and packing 6d. extra. PATENT.

Sold by all Toy and Sporting Goods Dealers.

Wholesale Agent:
LEWIS WILD, 13, Edmund Place, London, E.C.

THE SHIRT YOU WANT

We supply a linen-fitted shirt, with body of soft cotton and front and cuffs of pure linen, at 2s. 3d., or a sample free by post for 2s. 6d. It fits perfectly and is cut right at the neck, so your collar will not torment you. Full length, with just enough fulness in the proper place to make you comfortable while wearing it. Send size of collar used when ordering. Second quality, 2s. 2d. post free. Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue of Shirts of all kinds, Underclothing, &c., sent on receipt of postcard.

H. J. BLYTH, Earl Grey St., Edinburgh.

GOOD & UNSHRINKABLE

Sanitary, Woollen, and Cotton

UNDERCLOTHING

For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children for all Climates.

IMPROVED KNITTED CORSETS.

KNITTED CORSET & CLOTHING CO. 118, Mansfield Rd. NOTTINGHAM.

Knitted Caps, 2/9
Low Cash Prices
Mention "Royal."

Serge Knickers, 3/9.
Write for List. Patterns Free.

The "Hardworthy" COSTUME TWEED.

Guaranteed Unshrinkable.
The Best and Cheapest Value in the Kingdom.

48 in. wide, **1/3** per yard, fully worth 2/- per yard.

25 NEW BEAUTIFUL SHADES.

Also a large variety of Black and Coloured

FANCY DRESS MATERIALS,

From **1/6** to **5/11** per yard.

Send for patterns post free.

R. WORTHY & CO., Merchants,
HUDDERSFIELD, YORKSHIRE.

Sheffield Plate and Cutlery

Direct from Makers, saving 50 per cent.
Money returned if Goods not Approved of.

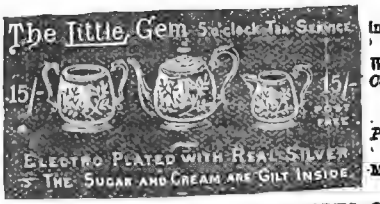
"THE MARVEL" TEA POT.

7/6 POST FREE

OR TEA POT COFFEE POT SUGAR & CREAM COMPLETE FOR 24/6

ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.
FULL SIZE STRONG AND ELEGANT RICHLY ENGRAVED BY HAND

Solid White Bone beautiful Table Knives, **6/-** doz. Dessert **5/6** doz. Carvers, **3/-** pair. Finest White Nickel Silver Tea Spoons, **2 6** doz. Dessert Spoons and Forks, **5/6** doz. Table Spoons and Forks, guaranteed to wear like silver all through, **6/6** doz.



Samples for inspection post free.
Write for our new Catalogue, with hundreds of illustrations. Post free to any address.
Mention ROYAL MAGAZINE.

T. C. WILSON & CO., LION WORKS, **SHEFFIELD**

Google

"NONALTON"

CONSISTING OF
SPECIALLY PRESERVED
GRAPE JUICE & BARK

FREE FROM ALCOHOL

A REMARKABLE TONIC.

PLEASANT TO TAKE.

Highly recommended in Cases of **GENERAL DEBILITY, INDIGESTION, &c.** Also, during Convalescence, after **INFLUENZA**, and **OTHER EXHAUSTING ILLNESSES.**

A Sample Bottle, Post Free, **4s. 6d**; Half Bottle, **2s. 6d.**; or, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

PROSPECTUS Post Free on application.

F. WRIGHT, MUNDY & CO.,
MERTON RD., KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

"IBIS"

TOOTHACHE & NEURALGIA CURE.

In Bottles, 1/1½, all Chemists, or post free from Maker,

Mr. B. ROBINSON. R.C.S., L.D.S., Eng.,
Surgeon-Dentist
29, Seymour Street, Liverpool.

MANDOLINES

FINE-TONED ITALIAN MODELS, 13 Red Maple Ribs, **7s. 6d.**; Brown and White Ribs, **10s. 6d.**; **GENUINE ITALIAN,** with 15 Maple Ribs, **15s. 6d.**; ditto, 17 Rosewood Ribs, **17s.**; 19 Rosewood Ribs, Pearl Inlaid, **24s**; ditto, superior, Closed Machine, **30s.** Magnificent De Meglio Model, Rosewood, **50s.**; ditto, superior, **63s.** Genuine de Meglio, finest-toned instrument made, **£5 15s.** For Cases, Strings and Picks, see list, post free. All with machine heads and best sound boards. Crate and carriage free.

JOSEPH RILEY'S,
ON CONSTITUTION HILL,
BIRMINGHAM.

4 GOLD MEDALS

DAHL'S DOUBLE PURE CREAM PURE

STERILIZED

DIRECT FROM THE DAIRIES

SPECIALITY FOR FRUITS, ICE CREAMS, CREAM PASTRIES.

Lancet says:—"The flavour of the Cream is excellent."
Hospital says:—"We recommend it for all purposes."
Army and Navy Gazette says:—"We recommend it for all who appreciate the luxuries of civilisation."

¾ lb. nett, 10½d.; 6 oz. nett, 6½d.; **self-opening tins.**

Sold by all First-Class Grocers, including Messrs. FORTNUM & MASON, LTD., MORRL BROS., CORBETT & SON, LTD. Stores: ARMY AND NAVY, JUNIOR ditto, HARROD'S, SPIERS & POND, &c.
Wholesale only
H. FRANCIS & CO., Arthur Street, West City.

IMPORTANT FACTS FOR THE READERS OF "THE ROYAL."

Southall's Patent BOOTS

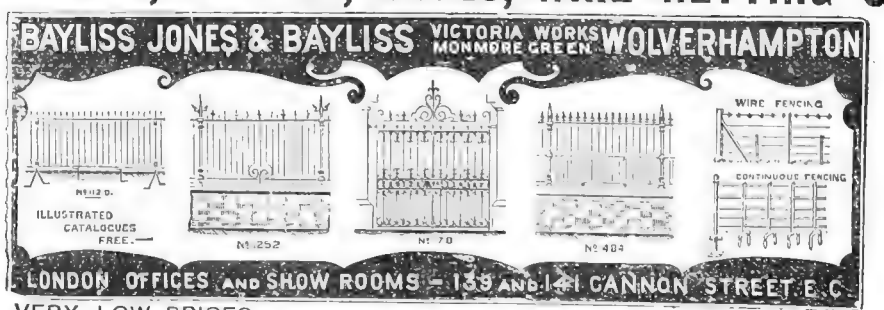
are Unique in Conception, Practical, Comfortable & Lasting in Wear.

Prices 12/6, 14/6, 16/6, 18/6 and £1 1s.

Send Post Card for New Illustrated Catalogue to

SOUTHALL & CO. (*Dept. 17*, **Kirkstall Road, LEEDS.**

HURDLES, FENCING, GATES, WIRE NETTING &c.


BAYLISS JONES & BAYLISS VICTORIA WORKS MONMORE GREEN WOLVERHAMPTON
WIRE FENCING
CONTINUOUS FENCING
No 12 D.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.
No 252
No 70
No 404
LONDON OFFICES AND SHOW ROOMS - 139 AND 141 CANNON STREET E.C.

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Please mention this Journal.

Google

ZOX
CURES
NEURALGIA
Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, and all Nerve Pains.

Pure, Harmless, and Non-Aperient.

Do not be persuaded to take a substitute, there is nothing as good as **ZOX.**

Sold by all Chemists, 1/- and 2/6 per Box.

ZOX Manufacturing Co. 11 Hatton Garden, London E.C.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT
is unequalled as a remedy for
PILES, THROAT COLDS, CHAPPED HANDS, CHILBLAINS, SCALDS, BURNS, CUTS, EARACHE, NEURALGIC and RHEUMATIC PAINS, RINGWORM and SKIN AILMENTS generally.

Large Pots, 1, 1½ each, at Chemists, or post free for value.

Illustrated List of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN
White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 58 in. wide, 6/9 per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 58 in. wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. per yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Figured Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER-BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/9. Sample Book of Materials on approval. ROMAN CARPETS, CRETONNES, TAPESTRIES, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, Mantel Borders. Picture Book of Lace Curtains. Roller Blinds, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, &c., Post Free.

H. GORRINGE & CO., 67a Dept., Nottingham.

BELL'S DYE-WORKS PAISLEY.
For DYEING of all kinds and FRENCH CLEANING.

CATALOGUES FREE.

15 per cent. Discount on all Parcels sent direct by Post or Rail.

HIGH-CLASS WORK AT LOW PRICES.

THE HIGHEST QUALITY
AT THE LOWEST PRICES

In **JEWELLERY** of every description is what we aim at. To do this we manufacture ourselves, and give all intermediate profits to our customers.

Being experts we buy all our own materials, and employ only the cleverest workmen.

We therefore guarantee all our Gems to be genuine, and gold has the Hall-marked quality stamped upon it.

Our Prices for **BROOCHES, RINGS, CHAINS, WATCHES,** &c., &c., are unequalled anywhere.

9-ct. Gold, Hall-marked, **7/-**

OUR CATALOGUE is an education for low prices. It is beautifully illustrated, and WE SEND IT FREE.

Any Article may be Exchanged if not Approved.

GRENFELL FRAZIER & CO., 12, Edgware Rd., *nr.* Marble Arch, London.

THEO. BONHEUR'S
Standard
PIANOFORTE TUTOR
Now contains Wm. Smallwood's Celebrated Teaching Piece, "Fairy Barque," and Lady Arthur Hill's Popular Melody, "In the Gloaming."

LONDON: **Price 5/-**

WALTER WHITTINGHAM, 13, Little Marlborough St., W.

MESSRS. NICOLE FRÈRES' *REGINA* Musical Box
Plays over 1,000 Tunes, and delights everybody.

Has features not to be found in any other box. One of its strong points is the simplicity of its mechanism, being a great advantage over other boxes on the market that are continually getting out of order. Runs 20 to 30 minutes with one winding, and can be safely operated by a child. Wonderfully brilliant in tone, and plays all the latest music.

SPECIAL Regina No. 19, with 24 Tunes, £12.

Richly carved Walnut Case; full harmonious tone.

Largest stock of Polyphons and Tunes in the country.

All Deal rs; or Illustrated No. 94 Catalogue, post free on application to readers of "ROYAL MAGAZINE."

NICOLE FRÈRES LTD., (Dept. 94.)

21, Ely Place, Holborn, London, E.C. Estab. 1815.

How to PAINT CRYSTOLEUM
PICTURES WITH ALSTON'S MEDIUMS.

New Book of Instructions, **1s.** Complete Outfit, **£1 1s.** Glasses, Photographs, and all requisites supplied. Write for Price List and particulars of Alston's New Method.—A. ALSTON, Grimshaw Street, BURNLEY.

Have you Eczema?
or a Skin Trouble of any kind? If you have, we are sure that **'ANTEXEMA,' the wonderful Skin Cure, and 'ANTEXEMA' BLOOD GRANULES,** will give instant relief and quickly cure it. Write to Antexema Co., 83, Castle Road, London N.W., naming this Magazine, for Free Samples, and an interesting booklet on the skin. **Free**

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.
£20
Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

See 11½d. Guide and Catalogue (259 pgs.), 3d. 'HOW TO OPEN A CIGAR STORE from £20 to £2,000.'

Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (*Regd.*) 186, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON.

N.B.—The largest and original house. (A reputation of over half a century.)

Manager—H. MYERS.

Digitized by Google

RICH IN NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES

"THE D.C.L." BRAND

FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

MALT EXTRACT.

The virtues of "D.C.L." Malt Extract are of a distinctly positive character, and while an excellent Food for the strong and healthy, it is remarkably so in the case of young children, invalids, and persons of weak digestion. For nursing mothers, "D.C.L." Malt Extract has no rival, and even in the case of wasting diseases, notably consumption, it has been proved again and again to be most efficacious especially when combined with cod liver oil. Can be had from all Chemists and Grocers. Popular prices, **1/-, 1/9** and **4/6** per Bottle. Do not take a substitute. "D.C.L." is the Cheapest as well as the Best. Adequate Sample Bottle sent free on receipt of 3 stamps to defray postage and packing.

THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LIMITED, EDINBURGH,

are also the Sole Makers of the Celebrated

"D.C.L." Yeast

SUPERIOR TO ALL BAKING POWDERS FOR MAKING BREAD, BUNS, CAKES, &c.

UNEQUALLED FOR THE BAKERY OR THE HOME.

A splendid Remedy for Indigestion and Constipation is

'D.C.L.' Digestive Malt Bread

We issue an artistic Booklet full of interesting information and novel and unusual recipes for Bakers and the Home. If you have not got a Copy, drop us a post card and we will send you one free.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF "D.C.L." MALT EXTRACT AND "D.C.L." YEAST. **THE DISTILLERS Co: LTD: EDINBURGH.**

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER *makes a perfect high-class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomées of the South Kensington School of Cookery. Invaluable also for a variety of sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany each packet.*

Digitized by Google

PATTISONS' WHISKY

PATTISONS'

Scotland's Best.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Digitized by Google

ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL ADMIXTURES, SUCH AS KOLA, MALT, HOPS, &c.

CADBURY'S
COCOA

Absolutely Pure, therefore Best.

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—THE LANCET.

No Alkali used to darken the colour.

"Cocoa is in itself a perfect food, and requires no addition of drugs whatever."—DR. ANDREW WILSON, in the *Illustrated London News.*

Insist on having CADBURY's—sold only in Packets and Tins—as other Cocoas are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

SOAPMAKERS BY ROYAL WARRANT

To Her Majesty

THE QUEEN

Pears

AND TO

His Royal Highness

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD. Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
All Advertisements to be addressed to T. B. Browne's Advertising Offices, 163, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google